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# THE ILIAD OF HOMER



THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER

*TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE*

BY

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London

PERCIVAL AND CO.

1891

KF 1359

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## PREFACE

THE translation which is here printed was the chief literary work of Mr. Purves's life. It was begun about the year 1871, and after many interruptions, often of considerable length, it was completed in 1884. What time was subsequently spent in revision it is impossible to say, but it is clear that some parts of the work were revised more than once, while others appear to have been left with little alteration from the first draft.

In revising the manuscript for the press as little change has been made as possible. What was obviously wrong (an infinitesimal portion of the whole) has been corrected. I have also endeavoured to preserve the same rendering in English when the original is repeated—about which Mr. Purves was quite indifferent, often translating repeated passages by two different versions—and, by transposition or otherwise, I have removed a good deal of the blank verse into which the prose ran, especially in the later books. The few lines which Mr. Purves overlooked have been added, in square brackets.

I have also written "holy" or "sacred" *Ilium*, etc., instead of "fortress" or "fastness" *Ilium*. Mr. Purves has explained his view of the epithet *ἱερός* in his notes on *Selections from Plato*, p. 382, and there is much to be said for it (I have not ventured to speak of a "sacred fish" in *Iliad* XVI. 407 l); but, on the other hand, "fastness" or "fortress" seems to me to lead us too far away from the associations which the Greeks connected with the word *ἱερός*.

The edition of the *Iliad* which Mr. Purves used, and which he generally followed in his interpretation, was the small edition by La Roche, Berlin, 1870.

I wish to express my hearty thanks to Mr. W. R. Hardie, my friend and colleague, who has read over all the proof-sheets for me; and I am also bound to acknowledge the great assistance received, in writing the Introduction, from the analyses and remarks which Mr. Monro has prefixed to the several books in his edition of the *Iliad*.

EVELYN ABBOTT

BALLIOL COLLEGE,  
OXFORD, 1st July 1891.

# CONTENTS

BOOK	PAGE
I. THE PLAGUE AND THE WRATH . . . . .	1
II. THE DREAM—THE ASSEMBLY—THE CATALOGUE . . . . .	18
III. THE OATHS—THE WATCHING FROM THE WALL— THE COMBAT OF PARIS AND MENELAUS . . . . .	42
IV. THE BREAKING OF THE OATHS—THE VISITATION OF AGAMEMNON . . . . .	56
V. THE PROWESS OF DIOMEDES . . . . .	72
VI. THE MEETING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE . . . . .	98
VII. THE DUEL OF HECTOR AND AJAX—THE GATHERING OF THE DEAD . . . . .	113
VIII. THE STINTED BATTLE . . . . .	127
IX. THE EMBASSY TO ACHILLES—THE ENTREATIES . . . . .	143
X. THE STORY OF DOLON . . . . .	163
XI. THE PROWESS OF AGAMEMNON . . . . .	179
XII. THE BATTLE ON THE WALL . . . . .	203
XIII. THE BATTLE BY THE SHIPS . . . . .	216
XIV. THE DECEIVING OF ZEUS . . . . .	239
XV. THE REPULSE FROM THE SHIPS . . . . .	254
XVI. THE DEEDS OF PATROCLUS . . . . .	275
XVII. THE PROWESS OF MENELAUS . . . . .	299

BOOK	PAGE
XVIII. THE MAKING OF THE SHIELD . . .	319
XIX. THE RENOUNCING OF THE WRATH . . .	336
XX. THE BATTLE OF THE GODS . . .	348
XXI. THE BATTLE BY THE RIVER . . .	363
XXII. THE DEATH OF HECTOR . . .	381
XXIII. THE FUNERAL GAMES . . .	395
XXIV. THE RANSOMING OF HECTOR . . .	420



## INTRODUCTION

THE subject of the *Iliad* is the wrath of Achilles ; with this the poem begins, with this it ends ; and however far we seem at times to wander from the theme, it is this which gives the poem whatever degree of unity it possesses. The wrath is regarded from two points of view, or to speak more accurately, it is twofold in its operation. In the first and longer part of the poem, the wrath of Achilles is directed against Agamemnon : the cause of it is the loss of Briseis ; and the effect of it is the absence of Achilles from the war. In the second part, the wrath of Achilles is directed against Hector : the cause of it is the death of Patroclus ; and the effect of it is the return of Achilles to the battle, and the death of Hector.

By this arrangement of his plot the poet has secured a double advantage. On the one hand he has gained opportunities of bringing before us other heroes besides Achilles, without dwarfing them by immediate comparison ; and on the other hand, when Achilles appears, the interest is concentrated upon him and Hector. The crowd of figures which attracted the interest in the earlier part of the poem disappears ; we see nothing and think of nothing but the tremendous duel between the first of the Greeks and the first of the Trojans.

Of the origin of the Homeric poems we know nothing, and

it is not necessary to repeat here what is known or has been conjectured about their early history. On this subject the reader cannot do better than consult the article on Homer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Nor need I attempt to tell the story of the "Homeric question," since it was reopened more than a hundred years ago by F. A. Wolf. A short notice of the more important views which have been put forward on the nature and structure of the *Iliad* will be found in Mr. Monro's edition, and the whole subject is admirably treated in Professor Jebb's *Introduction to Homer*.

I propose merely to give an outline of the story, with some notice of the difficulties which it presents—difficulties which have been greatly exaggerated, partly because Homer has been compared with something which is not Homer, and partly because a degree of unity has been required from the epic poem which we do not find in the dramas of Aeschylus, or even in the dialogues of Plato.

*Book I*      After a short prelude, the poet enters on his subject. He begins with a description of the plague which Apollo has sent upon the Grecian host in revenge for the treatment of his priest Chryses by Agamemnon. For when Chryses wished to ransom his daughter, the king sent him away with bitter reproaches, and bade him come no more to the camp. Then follows—

1. The scene in the assembly, in which the quarrel breaks out between Achilles and Agamemnon. Agamemnon yields so far as to give up Chryseis, but resolves to replace her by taking away the captive of Achilles—Briseis. Achilles is only restrained from open violence by the presence of Athene (54-317).

2. The scene at the tent of Achilles. Briseis is brought

away by heralds whom Agamemnon has sent. After her departure Achilles laments to his mother, Thetis, the indignity which has been put upon him, and begs her to induce Zeus to give victory to the Trojans, that the Greeks may feel the need of his arm. This Thetis undertakes to do on the twelfth day when the gods have returned from the Aethiopians (318-429). *Book I*

3. The restoration of Chryseis to her father. She is conducted home by Odysseus, who also brings a hecatomb to appease the god (430-492).

4. The scene in Olympus. Thetis appeals to Zeus to give he victory to the Trojans till the Achæans make good the wrong which they have done to her son. Zeus after a time consents. When the gods assemble, Hera taunts him with his secret interview with Thetis; a quarrel arises in which Hephæstus acts as mediator. The Olympian day ends with feasting and song (493-611).

The second book takes up the story at the point where the first book ends. Intent on carrying out his promise to Thetis, Zeus sends a "pernicious" dream to Agamemnon to persuade him to make an attack upon Troy on the morrow, in the hope that he may take the city (1-47). *Book II*

1. In the morning Agamemnon summons the Greeks to an assembly, but while they are gathering he calls together the chiefs and tells them of his dream. To these he makes the strange proposal, that while they urge the host to arm, he will propose in the assembly to abandon the war and go home; if the people agree to this, the chiefs must restrain them. The reason which he gives for this remarkable plan is the desire to test the feeling of the army (48-87).

2. The assembly. Agamemnon addresses the host, which at the close of his speech immediately rushes to the ships in

*Book 11* eagerness to return home. As in the first book the divine intervention was needed to calm the wrath of Achilles, so it is now needed to prevent the war from coming to an untimely end. Athene descends and inspires Odysseus, who, partly by force and partly by persuasion, induces the Greeks to return once more to the assembly (88-207).

3. The second assembly; scene with Thersites. When the host is again assembled, Thersites, a man of the people, bitterly reviles Agamemnon, and again suggests a return home. Odysseus silences him with blows, and himself addresses the army, urging them to continue the war; he is followed by Nestor on the same side. Finally Agamemnon, who alludes with some regret to his quarrel with Achilles, not only urges the Achæans to make careful preparations for battle, but threatens with death any one who shrinks from his duty (208-400).

4. The assembly disperses. Agamemnon invites the chiefs to his tent, and sacrifices to Zeus with a solemn prayer that he may take Troy ere set of sun. The army is gathered together and arranged by its leaders, Athene inspiring it with courage. In numerous similes the poet describes its advance into the field (401-483).

5. The "Catalogue" (484-785)—which is arranged as follows. Bœotia comes first; round it, in geographical order, are collected Orchomenus, Phocis, Locris, Eubœa, Attica, Salamis, Argolis, Achæa. Then follow the states to the south and west, from Laconia to Aetolia; then Crete and the eastern islands; and finally we come back to Thessaly.

6. That the Trojans may meet the Greeks, Iris is sent to Troy, where an assembly has met at the gates of Priam's palace. At her suggestion Hector gives the word for battle, and the Trojans march out of the gates (786-811).

7. Catalogue of the Trojans, in which the Trojans and *Book II*  
Dardanians come first, then the Pelasgian and Thracian allies,  
and finally the Asiatic allies (812-end).<sup>1</sup>

The "Catalogue" is commonly regarded as an addition to the original *Iliad*. This view rests partly on the general ground that the style of the "Catalogue" is much nearer to that of the Hesiodic or Bœotian school of poetry than to the style of Homer; and partly on the occurrence of discrepancies between the "Catalogue" and the rest of the poem. A number of heroes are mentioned in the "Catalogue" who do not appear elsewhere in the *Iliad*, such as Nireus, Antiphus, Agapênor, Prothoüs, and others—names which, it is interesting to observe, do appear in the traditional catalogues of the suitors of Helen. On the other hand, a number of places are mentioned in the poem of which there is no notice in the "Catalogue," such as the seven cities, "the last in sandy Pylos," which, in Book IX., Agamemnon offers to Achilles—in fact, this part of the Peloponnesus, which appears to be absolutely at Agamemnon's disposal, is entirely passed over, whether by accident or design cannot be known. Once more, the centre of the "Catalogue" is not Mycenæ, the abode of Agamemnon—but Bœotia, a part of Greece in which Achæans and Danaans are never placed. But though in some respects unsuited to its place in the *Iliad*, the "Catalogue" is no doubt an ancient enumeration of the cities of Greece with reference to the part which they played, or claimed to play, in Trojan legend. When it was inserted in its present place, the "Catalogue" and the *Iliad* had both become so fixed in their structure that neither was altered to suit the other.

<sup>1</sup> Monro, *Il.* ii. Introd. and note on l. 816 ff.

*Book III* The third book opens with a description of the advance of the two armies; on the Trojan side all is shouting and noise: the Achæans advance in silence, awaiting the command of their leaders. The two chief causes of the war are then brought before us. Paris is skirmishing in front of the Trojans, but at the sight of Menelaus, eager for vengeance, he retires to the crowd. Smarting under Hector's reproof, he offers to meet Menelaus in single combat, and so decide, once for all, the possession of Helen and her goods (1-75).

Hector advances, and makes the challenge known to the Greeks. Menelaus accepts it, and proposes that solemn oaths be sworn binding either side to the terms. Priam is to swear on behalf of the Trojans. Upon this Hector sends heralds to bring Priam from the city, and makes preparations for a solemn oath and covenant. The fighting is suspended, and the two armies draw up separately (76-120).

The scene is now changed to Troy. In the likeness of Laodicê, Iris informs Helen of the impending duel, and at her suggestion Helen comes out upon the walls to look on. Here, by the Scæan gate, she finds Priam and the elders of Troy assembled, who remark on her divine and fatal beauty (121-160). Priam calls her, and asks who certain of the Achæans are, as he sees them in the field before the walls. Agamemnon is described, Odysseus, Ajax, Idomeneus, etc. But Helen's brothers, Castor and Pollux, are nowhere to be seen (161-244).

The heralds now arrive, summoning Priam to take the oaths. As yet he has heard nothing of the proposed duel, but on receiving the summons he at once leaves for the battle-field. The oaths are sworn, the victims slain, and Priam returns to Troy. Hector and Odysseus mark out lists

for the combat, and Hector casts lots who shall throw the *Book III* first spear. The lot falls on Paris, whose arming is carefully described (245-339).

The duel. Menelaus is getting the better and dragging off Paris by his helmet when Aphrodite intervenes by breaking the chin-strap. Menelaus again attacks, and in order to save her favourite Aphrodite carries away Paris from the battle to his house in Troy (340-382).

Aphrodite brings Helen back from the wall to Paris, much against her will. Helen reproaches him bitterly with his failure in the duel, but he nevertheless claims her love (383-447).

Menelaus seeks Paris on the field in vain. Agamemnon proclaims the victory of Menelaus (448-end).

The third book is of the greatest interest in the development of the story. Not only is Menelaus contrasted with Paris, to the great disparagement of the latter, but we are allowed to see the other leaders of the Greeks as the Trojans saw them. On the other hand, Helen is brought before us in all her beauty; we see her in her relations to Priam, and to Paris, to whom she is as it were bound by a spell. The feeling of the Trojans towards Paris, and especially the feeling of Hector, is strongly marked.

Had the covenant been duly carried out, Helen would now have been given back to the Achæans, and the war would have come to an end. How little Paris dreams of such a surrender is shown by the scene between him and Helen at the end of the third book—a scene which thus becomes an integral part of the story. Nor could the war end thus if the promise of Zeus to Thetis is to be fulfilled, or the anger of those deities satisfied who are hostile to Troy.

It is therefore necessary that the covenant should be annulled.

*Book IV*      The gods meet in counsel to debate the situation. At the suggestion of Hera, and with the consent of Zeus, Athene is sent down to induce the Trojans to break the oaths. Assuming the form of Laodocus she urges Pandarus the Lycian to shoot at Menelaus (1-103).

With elaborate and picturesque detail the poet describes the preparations of Pandarus and the wounding of Menelaus. The wound, however, is not mortal, and is quickly healed by Machaon; but the perfidy of the Trojans and the danger of Menelaus fill the Achæans with rage and grief; they are at last thoroughly roused for war. The Trojans on their part advance (104-222).

As commander-in-chief Agamemnon marshals the Achæans. He passes through the army, chiding the slack and encouraging the forward (223-249). By this means we are brought face to face with all the great chieftains of the Achæans: Idomeneus (250-271), the two Ajaces (272-291), Nestor (292-325), Menestheus and Odysseus (326-364), Diomedes and Sthenelus (365-422), whose importance is of course increased by the absence of Achilles. The armies then advance and the battle opens with slaughter on either side (423-end).

The story of the *Iliad* begins in good earnest with the fighting at the end of the fourth book, but before we go on with the analysis of the poem, a few words may be said on the incidents which have occupied us in the last three books. The action of the Achæans in rushing to their ships for the purpose of returning home, and the conditions of the duel between Menelaus and Paris, are of course inconsistent with



the promise given by Zeus to Thetis at the end of the first *Book IV* book, but we may not conclude from this that these incidents did not form a part of the poet's original design. The purpose of Zeus is known to himself only ; it has not been revealed to the Greeks or the Trojans, who are therefore free to act according to their own inclinations. What so natural as that men who had been engaged nine years in a fruitless war should seize the opportunity of returning home? What so natural as that two armies engaged in a war which has arisen out of the conduct of two persons should agree to have the dispute settled by those two, and abide by the result? But these human inclinations, if left to take their natural course, would inevitably thwart the counsels of the gods, and therefore they are crossed by divine agency. Athene twice descends to earth—once to prevent the Greeks from embarking, and a second time to induce Pandarus to break the oaths. The inconsistency, therefore, with which we began, resolves itself into nothing more than the conflict of human purposes and divine.

Nor is the poet forgetful of his great theme—the wrath of Achilles. By the action of Thetis that wrath is as it were entered among the counsels of the gods ; and in these books we see that Zeus will not suffer any action of Trojans or Achæans to cancel, though for a time it may defer, the penalty which Agamemnon must pay for the wrong which he has done. This resolve he has also to carry out in spite of the opposition of Hera and Athene, who are eager to make an end of Troy at once. So far as these deities are hostile to the Trojans, Zeus can rely on their assistance in preventing the war from coming to a premature end ; but by inhibiting the prowess of the Greeks in order to give honour to Achilles, he is in conflict with them.

The subject of the fifth book is the prowess of Diomedes, who in the absence of Achilles has an open field for the display of his valour. This theme is continued in the sixth book. In the fifth book also the deities come down and take part in the battle, on this side or that as they favour one or the other.

*Book V*      Encouraged by Athene, Diomedes slays one of the sons of Dares, and drives off his chariot; the other son escapes by the favour of Hephæstus, whose priest Dares is. Athene and Ares now agree to leave the battle-field. The Trojans are amazed and retire before the Danaans, whose chiefs are victorious, each slaying his man (1-83).

Diomedes bounds to the front, but he is wounded in the hand by an arrow shot by Pandarus. Athene heals him and bids him return to the fray, but not to engage with any of the deities but Aphrodite. He enters the battle with increased vigour, slaying the Trojans on every hand (84-165).

Aeneas, seeing the prowess of Diomedes, seeks out Pandarus in order to make a joint attack. Pandarus lays aside his bow; the two mount a chariot and drive against Diomedes, who slays Pandarus. Aeneas leaps down to protect the body, but Diomedes strikes him also with a stone on the hip. Aphrodite interposes to save her son, and prepares to carry him out of the battle (166-317).

Nothing daunted, Diomedes attacks Aphrodite as she is carrying Aeneas, and wounds her in the hand. She drops Aeneas, who is at once hidden in a cloud by Apollo. Aphrodite, wounded and lamenting, is led away by Iris to Ares, in whose chariot she returns to Olympus. Her mother, Diônê, comforts her with stories of deities who have been wounded by men,—of Hera, Ares, and Hades. Athene and Hera make merry

over Aphrodite's wound; Zeus bids her remember that she *Book V* has other cares than wars and conflicts (318-430).

Diomedes attacks Aeneas once more, though he is protected by Apollo, but Apollo repulses him with sharp reproaches. Then he conveys Aeneas to his temple, and going to Ares bids him enter the battle and check Diomedes (431-459).

Ares rouses the Trojans. Sarpêdon calls on Hector, who rallies his forces, and Aeneas is restored by Apollo to the battle. On the other side the two Ajaces, Odysseus, Diomedes, and Agamemnon are busy encouraging their forces. Great deeds are done, but Diomedes is at length compelled to retire by Hector, when supported by Ares. Sarpêdon slays Tlepolemus, but is himself in danger from Odysseus, when his companions come to the rescue (460-710).

Hera and Athene harness their chariot, and with the permission of Zeus they visit Troy-land. Hera encourages the Greeks; Athene invites Diomedes to attack Ares in spite of her previous prohibition. She enters the chariot with him, and the two make for Ares, whom Athene wounds. Ares returns to Olympus, and makes complaint to Zeus; he is received with bitter reproaches, but Pæëon is nevertheless bidden to heal his wound. Athene and Hera also leave the battle (711-end).

The Greeks and Trojans are left to carry on the war *Book VI* without the aid of the divine combatants. The battle rages indiscriminately, but the advantage is on the side of the Greeks (1-72).

Upon this Helenus, the Trojan seer, advises Hector and Aeneas to rally their forces, and when this is done Hector is to repair to Troy and bid the aged women make supplication to Athene in the Acropolis with the gift of a precious robe.

*Book VI* This advice Hector follows and so leaves the field for the city (73-118).

Meanwhile Glaucus the Lycian and Diomedes meet. Glaucus tells the story of his race, which is derived from Grecian ancestors. The two agree to avoid each other in the fight, and in confirmation of their compact they exchange armour (119-236).

The scene now changes to Troy, whither we are carried by Hector, who returns to the city to fulfil the bidding of Helenus. First he visits his mother, whom he asks to lead a procession of aged women to the temple of Athene, in the hope that they may propitiate her with a gift, and engage her to bring to an end the prowess of Diomedes. This request is at once performed, but in vain (237-310).

Next he visits the palace of Paris, whom he reproaches for his absence from the battle-field. Helen joins in the reproof, while giving an affectionate welcome to Hector. Paris promises to join Hector as he leaves the city (311-368).

Hector then passes on to his own house, but Andromache has gone out to see the battle from the wall. Hector goes in search of her; meeting of Hector with his wife and child—whom he now sees for the last time. After parting with Andromache he is overtaken by Paris, and the two brothers leave the city (369-end).

Apart from its dramatic interest the close of the sixth book is of high value, for the light in which it places the character of Hector. The scene with Andromache is doubtless intended for comparison with the scene at the end of the third book between Paris and Helen, but we are also allowed to see Hector with his mother and with Helen, whom he

treats with a gracious kindness. And we may notice here that the poet of the twenty-fourth book, whether he was the poet of the rest of the *Iliad* or not, has placed the last word of lamentation over the great Trojan—not in the mouth of Andromache, or Hecabe—but in the mouth of Helen, a pathetic touch which cannot be due merely to the fact that Helen stood in a less close relation to him than the other two.

As indications of the epic manner, so careless of consistency in things which are immaterial, we may notice: (1) that the duel with Menelaus is all but ignored in the interview of Paris and Hector; (2) that nothing is said in the interview of Hector with Paris and Andromache of the object which he had in view in returning to Troy.

We return to the battle-field with Hector and Paris. *Book VII*. Athene and Apollo meet by the oak-tree, and arrange to put an end to the indiscriminate fighting by urging Hector to challenge one of the Greeks to single combat (1-42).

Helenus, who as a seer is aware of the wishes of the gods, urges Hector to challenge some Greek to single combat, assuring him that his day of doom is not yet come, and to bid the rest cease from fighting. Hector at once agrees to the proposal; the ranks on both sides are kept back while Hector proposes a new duel. Menelaus rises to accept the challenge, but Agamemnon restrains him, declaring that Hector is his superior—Hector, whom even Achilles shuddered to meet. Nestor vainly regrets his lost youth, but nevertheless nine chiefs come forward and offer themselves for battle: the lot falls on Ajax (43-199).

The duel of Hector and Ajax, which is left indecisive, though going against Hector, is finally broken off by

*Book VII* the approach of night. Hector and Ajax interchange gifts (200-312).

The Greek chiefs assemble for consultation in the tent of Agamemnon. After the banquet Nestor proposes: (1) that the corpses of the slain be collected and burnt before the ships; (2) that a wall be built for the defence of the ships (313-344).

In like manner the Trojans hold an assembly in the acropolis of their city—being in much alarm and trepidation. Antenor proposes to give back Helen and her goods, but Paris will not hear of the restoration of Helen. Priam proposes that an envoy be sent to Agamemnon to ask for a truce in which to bury their dead, and the envoy is also to propose the restoration of Helen's goods. The Greeks in their assembly reject, on the proposal of Diomedes, the offer of Helen's goods, but assent to the truce (345-420).

Collection and burial of the corpses on both sides. This occupies a whole day (421-432).

On the next day the Achæans build their wall with a trench in front for the security of the ships; leaving only one passage for the horses. This also occupies the whole of the day. Poseidon is indignant at the work, which has been built without hecatombs, and is also a disparagement to himself and Apollo. Zeus promises that Poseidon shall have full liberty to erase the wall after the departure of the Achæans. The Achæans spend the night in feasting after their labours (433-end).

Though the seventh book is closely joined on to the sixth by the opening lines, the incidents which are related in it are by no means well connected. The cessation of warfare is unexpected, and not less so the duel of Hector and Ajax,

which ends lamely enough. No reason is given why the Trojans should be in such fear and trepidation as to propose that Helen should be restored, or why the Achæans should suddenly resolve to protect their ships with a wall. Equally without a "motive" is the desire which now comes on both sides to collect and bury the dead. The truth is that this book represents a pause in the story between the fighting which began in the second book and now comes to an end, and the renewal of the battle on a larger and fiercer scale under the impulse of Zeus, which forms the second great division of the poem. In this second conflict the wall which is now built is indispensable.

Zeus holds an assembly of the gods in which he forbids any deity to aid either side under pain of punishment, enforcing the threat by a declaration of his superior power. Athene replies, assenting to withdraw from the battle, yet commiserating the Trojans. Zeus yokes his chariot and repairs to Gargarus on Mount Ida, whence he watches the battle (1-52).

*Book  
VIII*

The Trojans and Greeks meet in battle once more. Zeus, seeing them, holds up a balance, and finds the doom of the Greeks depressed. He announces the will of destiny by thunder from Ida, sending a flash into the midst of the Greeks, to their great alarm. Retreat of the Greeks, and danger of Nestor, who is saved by Diomedes. The two make for Hector, whose charioteer is slain. The Trojans are being repressed, when Zeus checks the further career of Diomedes by a thunder-bolt, and on the advice of Nestor Diomedes retires, in spite of the taunts of Hector (53-166).

Exultation of Hector, who threatens to fire the ships. He is eager to strip Nestor of his shield and Diomedes of his

*Book  
VIII*

corslet. His triumphant words arouse the indignation of Hera, who attempts, but in vain, to induce Poseidon to fight in behalf of the Greeks. The Greeks are now driven behind their trench, upon the wall. Hera seeing their position urges Agamemnon to rally them and keep Hector from the ships. At the prayer of Agamemnon Zeus in pity sends a favourable omen. The battle rages, all the chiefs of the Greeks taking part in it; Teucer is busy with his bow, but he cannot hit Hector, and is at length stricken down by a stone from Hector's hand. Hector's prowess is seen on every side (167-349).

Anger of Hera and Athene, who now perceive that Zeus is fulfilling his promise to Thetis. They harness a chariot and go forth from Olympus, but Zeus sees them, and despatches Iris to bid them return, which, much against their will, they find it necessary to do (350-437).

Zeus returns from Ida to Olympus: angry altercation between him and Hera. Zeus declares that the Greeks will be yet harder pressed on the morrow, but for the present night puts an end to the conflict (438-488).

Hector holds an assembly of the Trojans, at which he bids them bivouac on the field, that the Greeks may not steal away in the night; the city meanwhile is to be watched. On the morrow he will drive the Greeks out, and make an end of Diomedes. The Trojans do his bidding: the book ends with a description of the watch-fires (489-end).

In the eighth book Zeus begins in good earnest to redeem the promise given in the first book to Thetis. This is distinctly recognised by Athene—and is indeed the motive of the part taken by Zeus both among the gods and in the battle-field. Yet his will is somewhat delayed by the prowess of



Diomedes—a trait which connects this book closely with Books V. and VI.

The Greeks are in dire distress: Agamemnon bids the *Book IX* heralds silently summon an assembly, in which he proposes that they should flee away home. Diomedes, who has not forgotten the taunts of Agamemnon (IV. 370 ff.)—taunts which his subsequent prowess has proved false—refuses to listen to the proposal. Nestor suggests that for the time all “give way to night,”—the younger men keeping watch by the trench, while Agamemnon entertains a council of war. This advice is followed; the guards are told off in seven companies, and Agamemnon collects the chiefs in his tent (1-90).

Nestor proposes that an attempt be made to soothe Achilles. To this Agamemnon consents, enumerating the gifts which he is willing to give, and ending the tale with an offer of his daughter and of seven cities in Messenia. On the advice of Nestor, Phoenix, Ajax, and Odysseus are chosen to convey the offer to Achilles. Two heralds are also appointed to accompany them. After libation and the parting cup, the envoys go on their way with much admonition from Nestor (91-181).

They find Achilles playing on his lyre, Patroclus near him. They are welcomed and taken into the tent, where entertainment is put before them. When the meal is ended, Odysseus begins the conference, repeating the offers of Agamemnon. He also dwells on the distress of the Greeks, whom it is Achilles' duty to save (182-306).

Achilles replies very plainly. He has gained and will gain nothing by fighting. Agamemnon has always had the lion's share, and he has now taken Briseis. He must form his

*Book IX* plans without Achilles, who will go home on the morrow. Of the proffered gifts he will receive nothing, nor will he marry Agamemnon's daughter. Peleus will find him a wife in Phthia : why should he remain at Troy to die ? He bids Phoenix abide in his hut for the night that he may sail home with him on the morrow (307-429).

Phoenix now takes up the tale, endeavouring to persuade Achilles. He relates the story of the curse laid upon him by his father ; of his own love for Achilles, who was to him in the place of a son. He reminds him of the work of Infatuation and of the Prayers ; and tells the story of Meleager, who was at last persuaded to forego his wrath. He reminds Achilles of the honour which will be his if he yields. Achilles replies briefly that he has no need of such honour, and begs Phoenix not to take the side of his enemies, but to remain and go home with him to Phthia (430-619).

It is now the turn of Ajax, whose speech is brief. Achilles is beyond persuasion. Though a man will accept a price for the life of a brother or a son, *he* is inexorable for the sake of a girl. Yet he appeals to his sense of hospitality and his regard for those who have come under his roof. Achilles replies that his rage will not be satisfied—he will not join in the war till Hector comes up to the huts of the Myrmidons. His own hut and ships Hector will gladly leave untouched (620-655).

The conference ends. Phoenix, Achilles, and Patroclus retire to rest ; the others return to the hut of Agamemnon, where Odysseus relates the result of the interview. Diomedes, who expresses a wish that the envoys had not been sent, counsels rest for the remainder of the night, and on the morrow a renewal of the battle (656-end).

Objections have been brought against the ninth book (1) as inconsistent with Greek feeling on the ground that, in refusing the offers made to him, Achilles would be offending against Nemesis; and (2) as inconsistent with later passages in the poem.

To the first objection we may reply that it is answered to some extent in the book itself, for both Phoenix and Ajax cry out upon the implacable nature of the wrath of Achilles. This extreme vehemence is, however, part of the character of Achilles as conceived by the poet; we see it again and in a manner equally inconsistent with later Greek feeling in his treatment of the corpse of Hector. And as the last scene cannot possibly be omitted from the poem, we cannot rely on "inconsistency" of this kind as a ground for rejecting the ninth book. We may also compare the inexorable anger of Philoctetes in the play of Sophocles.

As to the second objection: that passages in the later books of the poem imply that no attempt has been made to soothe the wrath of Achilles, it may be said that the passages quoted are not decisive. In XI. 608, Achilles merely says that the Greeks will assuredly now come about his knees with supplication, in which he may even be referring to what has already occurred; if they came before, when the distress was not so great, surely they will come again, and with increased offers. In XVI. 71, Achilles has relented so far as to allow Patroclus to put on his armour to join the battle; and while doing so he remarks: "Were I and Agamemnon friends, the Trojans would quickly be destroyed"—words which merely refer to the quarrel of Achilles and Agamemnon. The lines XVI. 84 ff. are more difficult, yet they also arise naturally out of the situation. Patroclus is bidden by Achilles to repulse the Trojans from the ships, but not to

pursue them, otherwise his victory will seem to make the anger of Achilles of no account, and the Greeks will not restore Briseis and add presents. In other words, too great success on the part of Patroclus will put Achilles in a worse position: the counsel of Diomedes will be taken, and instead of increasing their gifts the Achæans will not again offer what they have already offered.

Against these passages may be set others in which there is a reference to Book IX: *e.g.* XVIII. 448, XIX. 140, 194, 243. And what is more important still, if Book IX. were omitted, we should never be in the presence of Achilles from Book I. to Book XVI. (except the brief passage in Book XI.); as it is, he is brought before us in a scene as closely connected as any scene can be with the main theme of the poem,—the wrath of Achilles.

*Book X* It is still the night in which the envoys have returned from Achilles. Agamemnon, being sleepless, rises, intending to visit Nestor. In like manner Menelaus rises, intending to visit Agamemnon. The two brothers meet. Agamemnon bids Menelaus summon Ajax and Idomeneus, and goes on his way to Nestor. Nestor is eager for the presence of Ajax and Idomeneus, and is ready to blame Menelaus for his slowness in such a crisis. Agamemnon explains that Menelaus has already gone in search of them. Nestor then wakes Odysseus, and afterwards Diomedes. They all visit the watch, whom they find duly wakeful (1-193).

A council is held outside the trench. Nestor suggests that some one should go and spy out the Trojans, whether they intend to remain near the ships or go to Ilium. Diomedes expresses his willingness to go, and, as many others are eager to go with him, he is bidden to choose his companion. He

chooses Odysseus. The night being now far advanced, the two heroes arm themselves and set out quickly, with prayer to Athene; their going forth is attended with favourable omens (194-298). Book X

Hector on his part also summons a council of the Trojans, at which he proposes a great reward to any one who will go out as a spy into the Grecian camp and discover whether they are keeping watch or preparing for flight. Dolon is willing to go, if Hector will pledge himself to reward him with the horses of Achilles. Hector agrees to the terms, and Dolon sets out on his way, only to fall into the hands of Diomedes and Odysseus. He is captured, and forced to explain the position of the various contingents of the Trojan army. He points out more especially where the Thracians lie, who have newly come to the war with their king Rhêsus, whose horses and equipage are of exceeding splendour (299-445).

Having obtained this information, Diomedes slays Dolon. He and Odysseus then fall upon the Thracians in their sleep, of whom they slay twelve, including Rhêsus. They also carry off his horses and chariot. Apollo now rouses Hippocoön, the counsellor of Rhêsus (446-525).

Diomedes and Odysseus return to the Grecian camp. When they arrive they tell the tale of their success, and so pass on to their huts, where they refresh themselves after their toil (526-end).

It is generally thought that the Doloneia did not form a part of the original *Iliad*. The reasons for this opinion are as follows:—

1. The introduction of the incident is awkward. The embassy to Achilles is enough to occupy one night, without

the second adventure, which renders necessary not only a second meeting of the Greek chiefs, but also a second meeting of Hector's council after the meeting described in Book VIII.

2. Rhêsus and the Thracians are not mentioned elsewhere in the poem, nor is there any allusion to his horses, in spite of their surpassing excellence, or to Dolon, or to the achievement of Diomedes and Odysseus.

3. There are many peculiarities in the language of this book. For these see Monro's introduction to the book.

The ninth and tenth books seem to be alternatives for filling up the night after the close of the battle in Book VIII., but there can be no question that Book IX. is far the finer effort of the two.

*Book XI*     The conflict is renewed at daybreak, by the will of Zeus, who sends Strife into the midst of the Grecian host. Agamemnon arms himself for battle, and under his leadership the Greeks advance beyond the trench, while the Trojans are lying on the slope of the plain. The Trojans are driven back to the Scaean gate, Agamemnon slaying on every hand, and Hector being warned by Zeus to withdraw from the battle so long as Agamemnon remains in the field (1-283).

Agamemnon retires from the battle. Hector and Paris retrieve the fortunes of the Trojans. Diomedes, Odysseus, Machaon, and Eurypylus retire wounded to their huts. Ajax also is driven back (284-595).

The scene changes to the Grecian camp. Achilles catches sight of Machaon returning wounded from the war in Nestor's chariot, and sends Patroclus to inquire who the wounded man is. Nestor, diffuse as ever, after a long discourse requests Patroclus to ask Achilles to allow him to join in the battle with the Myrmidons. When returning to the tent of

Achilles, Patroclus meets the wounded Eurypylus, and goes *Book XI* with him to his hut, to assist in tending his wound (596-end).

The eleventh book has been called the turning-point in the plot of the *Iliad*. In the narrative just analysed we find the first notice of the change in the "wrath" of Achilles; the first indication of the part which Patroclus is to play in bringing him back into the battle. As one wounded Greek follows another to the tents, we feel that the day of ruin, so long threatened, is now at hand; Achilles himself perceives that this is so, and sends Patroclus to inquire about the wounded man who is driven past him. And when Patroclus comes out from his tent at the call of Achilles, we are told that this was "the beginning of evil for him." Thus we are prepared for the severe distress of the Greeks in the books which immediately follow, and for the new scenes which begin with Book XVI.

The twelfth book opens with a description of the destruction of the rampart which the Greeks have built, at a time subsequent to the fall of Troy. Poseidon and Apollo, who were greatly offended by the building of the wall, turned all the rivers of the Troad upon it and swept it into the sea (1-33).

We are then carried into the battle at a point a little in advance of the close of the eleventh book. Hector and the Trojans are on the outer edge of the ditch, but their horses cannot be made to cross it. At length, on the advice of Polydamas, Hector bids the Trojans leave their chariots and advance on foot in five divisions, which is done by all but Asius (34-107).

Asius will not leave his chariot; he drives along the way

*Book XII* which the Greeks made over the trench to the gate in the wall. He is met by the two Lapithæ, Polypoetes and Leonteus, who hold the gate against him (108-172), and make havoc of the Trojans who come near them (173-194).

Meanwhile Hector and his companies are eagerly striving to break the wall. An omen appears to them—an eagle in contest with a serpent—which terrifies the Trojans, so that Polydamas advises them to desist, thereby incurring the severe reproof of Hector. The battle rages more furiously than ever, but the wall is still unbroken (195-289).

Then Sarpêdon urges Glaucus to join him in a yet fiercer attack. They advance on the point where Menestheus is placed, who sends for help to Ajax. Ajax comes to his aid, and Teucer also, by whose shot Glaucus is wounded. The conflict is more stubborn than before, but the balance remains even till Hector joins the Lycians, and with the cast of a huge stone breaks in the gate of the wall. At last the way is open into the camp; Hector enters and the Trojans with him (290-end).

There are some slight difficulties of detail both in the eleventh and the twelfth books. In the eleventh, for instance, it is remarkable that Patroclus, who serves so hasty a master, should be so dilatory in executing his commands. Nor are the movements of Hector and Paris to and from "the left" of the battle quite clear. In the twelfth book we are left to guess whether the gate which Hector breaks in is the gate which is approached by Asius and defended by the Lapithæ, and the success which Sarpêdon seems about to secure is delayed in order that Hector may win the greater glory.

*Book  
XIII*

Zeus having brought the Trojans to the Achæan ships now disregards the battle, turning his eyes away towards Thrace.



Meanwhile Poseidon, seeing the distress of the Greeks, comes to their help from Samothrace, where he has been watching. In the form of Calchas he speaks with the two Ajaces, and fills them with confidence, urging them to resist Hector. He then visits the Greeks, who are resting by their ships, Teucer, Leïtus, and others, whom he reproaches for giving way before the Trojans—the enemy which they have so often defeated. He curiously attributes the change to hatred of Agamemnon, and disinclination to fight for him. Agamemnon may be to blame for his treatment of Achilles, but the Greeks must not suffer themselves to be defeated (1-124).

The Greeks rally round the two Ajaces. Even Hector is checked in his onset and compelled to call to his men. The battle rages furiously; Meriones meets Deïphobus; Telamonian Ajax slays Imbrius; Hector slays Amphimachus, the grandson of Poseidon (125-205).

Poseidon is greatly distressed at the fall of his grandson. In the likeness of Thoas he meets Idomeneus, who is on his way to fetch his armour, having left the field with a wounded comrade, and urges him to join the battle. Idomeneus now becomes the leading figure in the conflict, in which he is ably supported by Meriones. They direct their course to the left of the battle (206-360).

Idomeneus slays Othryoneus, the wooer of Cassandra, over whom he exults with bitter taunts, and Asius, who is approaching to attack him. The charioteer of Asius is also slain, and his chariot carried off by Antilochus. On the other side Deïphobus slays Hypênor. Idomeneus challenges Deïphobus, who goes in search of Aeneas; he finds him in the rear of the army, owing to his anger against Priam, who has slighted him. Aeneas and Deïphobus now advance on Idomeneus. When he sees Aeneas coming, Idomeneus calls

*Book  
XIII*

for help, and Aeneas also summons his comrades. Battle of Aeneas and Idomeneus, who is forced to retire, but Deïphobus is wounded by Meriones. Aeneas and Antilochus continue the fight, so long as Poseidon supports Antilochus, but the god now leaves the battle. On the Greek side Meriones and Menelaus are among the foremost ; on the Trojan Paris slays Euehênor. Such was the battle on the left (361-672).

In the mid-battle Hector is opposed to the Ajaces. A list is given of the nations who resist him, and a contrast is drawn between the following of the two Ajaces. Polydamas advises Hector to summon a council of the bravest. Hector consents and goes through the battle seeking the foremost heroes till he finds Paris on the left. From Paris he learns who are slain and who are wounded of the Trojans. Paris accompanies Hector to the centre, where Ajax challenges Hector to fight (673-end).

The passages in the thirteenth book which are regarded with most suspicion are—

1. The opening lines. The "sudden indifference of Zeus comes upon us as a surprise," and the more so as Poseidon and Zeus are said in a later passage (Il. 345-360) to be counteracting each other in the battle.

2. The list of tribes in 685-700, which not only includes nations not mentioned elsewhere (Ionians and Phthians), but involves some contradictions with the story (cf. l. 687 with l. 723).

3. So much of the advice of Polydamas as refers to the assembling of a council is altogether (Il. 740-744) neglected by Hector, unless we suppose that Hector abandons the idea when he finds so many Trojans wounded or slain.

*Book  
XIV*

Nestor, on hearing the shouting, arms and goes out to

seek Agamemnon. He meets Diomedes, Agamemnon, and Odysseus, all wounded. Agamemnon proposes that the Greeks should depart in the night, advice which is opposed by Odysseus, with sharp reproof of Agamemnon. Diomedes proposes that they join the battle, for though unable to fight they may encourage others. Poseidon once more comes forward, and while reminding Agamemnon of Achilles, encourages him with the hope of victory. With a mighty shout he rouses the spirit of the Greeks (1-152).

*Book  
XIV*

Hera, looking out from Olympus, sees Zeus on Ida and Poseidon in the Grecian camp. She resolves to beguile Zeus into sleep, and with this object adorns herself, borrowing the girdle of Aphrodite. She takes her way to Lemnos, where she meets Sleep, whom she induces to aid her, much against his will, by the promise of Pasithea. Together they proceed to Ida, where Sleep remains behind in a tree in the likeness of a bird, while Hera approaches Zeus. Charmed by her beauty, he enfolds both her and himself in a thick cloud, within which they lie down and sleep (153-353).

Sleep carries the news to Poseidon, who can thus assist the Greeks without fear. He bids them resist Hector, and show Achilles that they can do without him. The battle is renewed with wild tumult by the ships: Hector is struck down with a stone by Ajax, but his friends gather round and carry him away to the banks of the Xanthus. The slaughter becomes more ferocious; the Locrian Ajax being most distinguished. At length the Trojans are driven back beyond the rampart (354-end).

The fourteenth book develops the situation which is brought before us in the thirteenth. In the thirteenth book Poseidon takes advantage of the heedlessness of Zeus to

restore in some degree the fortunes of the Greeks ; in the fourteenth Hera renders Zeus wholly oblivious of everything but herself, and Poseidon is allowed a still more ample scope of action. It is true that nothing is really achieved by the assistance which Poseidon renders to the Greeks, but the interest of the poem is intensified by the long-continued struggle by the wall. The episode of Zeus and Hera also forms a striking contrast to the grim scenes of warfare in the Grecian camp.

It is generally admitted that the beginning of the fourteenth book is but ill adapted to the close of the thirteenth. The advantage which the Greeks have obtained is forgotten ; and when Nestor leaves his tent, he sees the Greeks as they are described at the end of Book XII., when they were driven in confusion from the wall. But the discrepancy is not very important ; and, speaking generally, the temporary success of the Greeks has not changed the situation : their wall has been carried by the foe.

*Book XV*      Zeus, awaking, perceives the deception which has been practised upon him, and what has been done during his sleep. In his rage he is moved to punish Hera severely, but he contents himself with reminding her of previous chastisement, and bids her return to Olympus and send to him Iris and Apollo, to convey his commands to Poseidon and Hector. When she reaches Olympus she finds the gods in assembly. She acquaints them with the mood of Zeus, to whom they must all submit, and also informs Ares that his son Alcathous is slain. Ares in his rage would immediately join in the fray, regardless of the prohibition of Zeus, but he is checked by Athene. Iris and Apollo are sent to Zeus on Ida (1-148).

Iris is sent to Poseidon to bid him leave the battle under *Book XV* pain of Zeus' anger. Poseidon receives the command with a very ill grace, but on the monition of Iris he gives way, expressing, however, his unabated wrath against Troy. Apollo is bidden to take the ægis of Zeus, wherewith to scare the Achæans, but more especially he is to resuscitate Hector. He finds him just recovered from the blow of Ajax, fills him with new courage and restores him to the battle, to the great dismay of the Greeks (149-280).

Thoas, seeing Hector restored to battle, advises the Greeks to send the crowd back to the ships, the bravest only remaining for defence. The Greeks and Trojans fight in mass, while Apollo with the ægis aids the Trojans. Slaughter of the Greeks, who are again forced back from the wall, Hector driving over on a pathway made by Apollo, who scatters the rampart as a child scatters his sand-heap on the shore. The Trojans are now by the ships in their chariots; the Greeks repulse them with long spears from the sterns of the vessels (281-389).

Patroclus, seeing that the Trojans have crossed the rampart, leaves the wounded Eurypylus, and returns to Achilles to entreat him to join the war (390-404).

The battle rages by the ships. Hector and Ajax are the foremost combatants. Ajax summons Teucer to his aid, but when Teucer would shoot at Hector his bow-string breaks, upon which he puts on armour and rejoins Ajax. Hector, seeing the change, encourages his men; Ajax answers by calling on the Greeks to fight for life and death. The battle is maintained by Menelaus and Antilochus, but nevertheless the Greeks are driven back from the first rank of ships (405-652).

Nestor calls on the Greeks to save the ships, and Ajax,

*Book XV* though the rest have retired, strides from ship to ship defending them with a long spear. Hector presses onward, seizes the stern of the ship of Protesilaus, and calls for fire, but Ajax is still able to slay every one who comes fire in hand (653-end).

The reader will observe that the Trojans are represented as crossing the rampart twice—once in Book XII. on foot, and again in Book XV. in their chariots, by a way which Apollo makes for them. And as Patroclus is said to leave Eurypylus when the Greeks are driven from the wall, the question rises—which repulse is meant, the first or the second? Clearly the second, as the story now stands, but some critics have suggested that Books XIII.-XV. are an interpolation in the original story—in which Patroclus left Eurypylus when the rampart was crossed for the first time. And it is true that by this means the long delay of Patroclus with Eurypylus would be avoided. But to this it may be answered, that the action of Poseidon and Hera cancels the advantage which the Trojans had gained at the end of Book XII. It is only at the second advance that the ships are really in danger, and it is this danger which influences Achilles. Moreover, to an audience which could never have “eneugh o’ fechtin,” the incidents of Books XIII.-XV. would possess a very high degree of interest.

*Book  
XVI*

Patroclus brings the sad news to Achilles, who allows him to put on his armour, and go into battle with the Myrmidons. He warns him against advancing too far towards Troy; he is to be content with repelling the enemy from the ships. Meanwhile Ajax is hard pressed; at last Hector drives him back, and the ship of Protesilaus

is set on fire. Achilles, on seeing this, urges Patroclus to join the battle at once (1-129). Book  
XVI

Patroclus arms and goes out at the head of the Myrmidons, who are arranged under five leaders. Achilles urges them to do valiantly and, as they depart, he offers a prayer to Dodonæan Zeus. The Myrmidons fall *en masse* on the Trojans, who, thinking that Achilles has renounced his wrath, are filled with alarm. The Trojans are driven from the ships and the fire is quenched, but the battle is nevertheless maintained. After much fighting, the Trojans are at length driven back over the trench, and Patroclus seeks to cut off their retreat to the city (130-418).

Patroclus and Sarpêdon approach each other. Zeus hesitates whether he shall suffer his son to fall, but Hera urges that if Zeus saves his son other deities will wish to do the like, and the order of fate will be disturbed. Sarpêdon is slain by Patroclus. With his dying voice he commends the care of his body to Glaucus, who is miraculously healed of his wound and so able to defend it (419-507).

The battle rages round the body. The Trojans are driven back, but the body is carried away by Sleep and Death to Lycia, at the command of Zeus (508-683).

Forgetting the commands of Achilles, Patroclus pursues the Trojans to the city wall. He is repulsed by Apollo, who encourages Hector to resist him. Death of Cebriones and fight over his body. Repeated onsets of Patroclus, who is at length disabled and disarmed by Apollo. Thus helpless he is wounded by Euphorbus and finally slain by Hector (684-end).

In the sixteenth book the poet begins to open a path out of the difficulties into which he has brought the

Grecian army. On the one hand, the appearance of Patroclus and the Myrmidons in the battle-field averts the threatened destruction of the ships; on the other, by the death of Patroclus, the wrath of Achilles against Agamemnon is changed into still deadlier wrath against Hector, so that a reconciliation is now possible between the two Grecian chiefs, who have a common enemy.

It has been asked: Why does Achilles suffer Patroclus and his Myrmidons to go to the war while refusing to go himself? The answer, so far as one can be given, is perhaps something of this kind. In yielding to Patroclus Achilles shows a sympathetic side of his nature, which has hitherto been hidden; he will grant to him what cannot be gained by presents and promises. Achilles is also still unreconciled to Agamemnon, and he preserves his dignity by standing personally aloof from the assistance which he sends to the army. And, again, he has declared that he will not take up arms till his own ships are attacked. And even if this answer is insufficient, we may remember that a poet is within his rights when at the expense of an insignificant fault he achieves a brilliant success (*Arist. Poetics*, c. 25).

*Book  
XVII*

Menelaus comes forward to defend the body of Patroclus. He is met by Euphorbus, whom he slays; but when he is about to carry off Euphorbus' armour, Hector approaches and compels him to retire. Hector now spoils Patroclus of his armour (which is the armour of Achilles), but Menelaus returns with Ajax, who defends the body (1-139).

Glauco taunts Hector with his failure to repulse Ajax and carry off the body. Hector prepares for a new onset; he retires and puts on the armour of Patroclus, and also



promises great rewards to any one who will secure the body, and beat off Ajax. The battle waxes more furious than ever; at first the Trojans are successful; afterwards the Greeks beat them back towards Troy (140-318).

Aeneas, at the instance of Apollo, rouses the Trojans, but nevertheless Ajax cannot be shaken from his position. A thick dark mist settles down over those fighting round Patroclus, though elsewhere all is clear and bright. Neither side is able to secure any definite advantage (319-399).

The poet breaks off for a moment to tell us that Achilles was not as yet aware of the death of Patroclus; but he at once returns to the conflict, which is spoken of as one of life and death (400-422).

The horses of Achilles stand weeping and lamenting for their lost charioteer. Zeus pities them, and renews their courage so that they again carry Automedon into the battle. But without a companion Automedon is unable to do battle: Alcimedon joins him and guides the horses, while Automedon dismounts and fights. Hector and Aeneas, seeing the horses of Achilles, make for them, but Automedon calls on the Ajaces and Menelaus, with whose help the Trojan chiefs are driven back (423-542).

The battle is renewed round the body of Patroclus. Zeus sends Athene to encourage the Greeks—she enters the battle and reminds Menelaus of the reproach which will be his if the corpse of Patroclus is lost. On the other hand Apollo visits Hector, and Zeus for a time favours the Trojans. Idomeneus retires from the battle. Ajax, seeing that Zeus is against him, wishes to send a message to Achilles; at his prayer the thick mist is lifted and he bids Menelaus find Antilochus and send him to Achilles.

Much against his will Menelaus leaves the conflict

*Book* round Patroclus, and sends Antilochus to carry the news to  
*XVII* Achilles of the death of his friend. He then returns and at the request of Ajax he and Meriones carry the body out of the battle, while the two Ajaces engage the enemy (543-end).

The central point of the seventeenth book is of course the contest round the body of Patroclus. The Greeks are so far successful that they succeed in saving the body, but at the same time they are driven back across the plain from the point which Patroclus reached. These varied fortunes are marked by the attitude of Zeus, who at one time sends Athene to inspire the Greeks with courage, and again assists the Trojans with the terror of his ægis.

A striking feature in the book is the cloud which envelops the battle round Patroclus, and which is at length removed in answer to the prayer of Ajax. This singular characteristic, while it increases the gloom and horror of the conflict, may perhaps be intended to conceal it from the vision of others, and so prevent the news of the death of Patroclus from reaching Achilles till it is announced by Antilochus. Antilochus is himself entirely ignorant of what has happened till he is informed by Menelaus.

As a whole the seventeenth book delays the action of the *Iliad*, in order that we may feel once more the imperative need of the presence of Achilles.

*Book* The news of the death of Patroclus is brought to  
*XVIII* Achilles, who receives it with a wild passion of grief. His cry is heard by his mother Thetis, who comes up from the sea-deeps with her sister Nereids. He tells her of the death of Patroclus, and that his arms have been taken

by Hector, whom he will slay. Thetis warns him of his own approaching doom when Hector is slain, but Achilles is not to be diverted from his purpose. She promises to bring him new armour; and while her sisters return into the sea she seeks Hephæstus on Olympus (1-147).

*Book  
XVIII*

The Achæans are driven before Hector to the ships, and the body of Patroclus is well-nigh taken by the Trojans in spite of all that the two Ajaces can do to repulse the attack, when Iris is sent by Hera to Achilles to warn him of the danger. Achilles replies that he has no armour wherewith to enter the battle, upon which Iris bids him go to the ditch and show himself to the Trojans. Achilles goes, protected by Athene, who wraps his head in flame. He stands upon the trench and cries aloud thrice, at each cry scaring the Trojans into confusion. The Greeks recover the body of Patroclus, and lay it on a bed with lamentation, in the presence of Achilles. Hera hastens on the night, and the battle is for the time brought to a close (148-242).

The Trojans, filled with alarm, gather in a hasty assembly. Polydamas advises them to retire into the city, without waiting for the onset of Achilles in the plain; entrenched behind the city walls they will be safe from their great enemy, who will weary his horses in vain round the city. Hector rejects the advice: he bids the Trojans renew the battle at the ships, and will himself meet Achilles. To this the Trojans agree, to their ruin.

Meanwhile Achilles laments Patroclus: telling of his own death and of the vengeance which he will take upon the Trojans. The body of Patroclus is washed and laid out amid the wail of the Myrmidons. Zeus reminds Hera that at last she has brought Achilles back to the battle (243-367).

**Book  
XVIII**

Thetis reaches the house of Hephæstus, where she is welcomed by Charis, who summons her husband from his workshop. Hephæstus, remembering the kindness which he once received from Thetis, hastens to meet her. She tells him that she has come to ask for arms for Achilles, the son of her sorrow. Hephæstus promises the arms at once, and departs to fashion them. The shield is described at length. When they are finished he brings them to Thetis, who at once hastens to carry them to Achilles (368-end).

In the eighteenth book Achilles becomes once more the leading figure in the *Iliad*. The change has come; the old wrath has given place to the new, and his presence on the field is now as necessary as his absence has been hitherto. The poet makes, as it were, a new beginning. Thetis appears once more in answer to the prayer of Achilles. By her intercession with Zeus his previous request has been granted, with a result bitter to mother and son. His entreaty now is for arms wherewith to slay Hector, though his own doom is at hand after Hector's death. The "pity of it" grows deeper and deeper. First Hector, and next Achilles must fall, and behind both is the ruin and desolation of Ilium. In this new pathos the quarrel of Achilles and Agamemnon sinks into its proper proportions. Each hero thinks of it as an infatuation or bewilderment.

In speaking of the fourteenth book we had to notice that the beginning was but ill adapted to the end of the thirteenth. A similar difficulty occurs in regard to Books XVII. and XVIII. The impression left by the closing lines of the first is that the body of Patroclus has been finally rescued, but in the second we find that it is again in danger; the presence of Achilles is needed to win for it final security.

On the other hand, it may be urged that the inconsistency, which is but slight, has the effect of bringing back Achilles into the battle even before he receives his armour, and what is more important still, of bringing him to the side of his dead friend.

A more suspicious passage is the short dialogue of Hera and Zeus, which certainly could be omitted without loss. But we may notice that Hera has already been busy in this book—sending Iris to Achilles, and bringing on the night before its due time. The lines, moreover, point to the change of relations between Hera and Zeus, now that the prayer of Thetis no longer divides them.

The description of the shield is an episode, and as such it might be omitted. It is in no connection with what has gone before, or with what follows. Yet it was a thought worthy of a great poet, when he had brought his hero back again to the conflict, to pause awhile and give us—not a series of mythological scenes—but a picture of the world, and of the life of man. The busy scenes portrayed carry us far away from Hector and Achilles, and fill our minds with the varied richness of human existence, at the moment when we are entering on the last act of the tragedy.

Thetis brings the armour to Achilles, whom she finds weeping over the body of Patroclus; she promises to preserve the body from corruption (1-39).

*Book  
XIX*

Achilles summons an assembly in which he renounces his wrath and proposes to renew the battle. Agamemnon, on his part, confesses his infatuation, relates the story of Atê and Zeus, and repeats the offer of the gifts (40-144).

Achilles is still eager to fight at once, but Odysseus

*Book XIX* reminds him that the men are fasting and cannot fight. Agamemnon orders the gifts to be brought out; and on the persuasion of Odysseus, Achilles gives way and dismisses the assembly. The gifts are taken to his tent, and with them goes Briseis, who laments over the dead Patroclus (145-300). Achilles will not be comforted nor eat food, but laments Patroclus; his strength is, however, sustained by nectar and ambrosia given to him by Athene. The Greeks assemble from the ships, Achilles arms himself, and calls for his horses, who warn him of his approaching doom (301-end).

It is obvious that the renunciation of the wrath which is the chief subject of Book XIX. is intended to recall the scene in Book I., in which the wrath first broke out. As the quarrel began in open assembly—an assembly summoned by Achilles—so it is in an assembly summoned by Achilles that the renunciation takes place.

There are also numerous allusions which connect Book XIX. closely with Book IX. The gifts then promised are now ready to hand, and can be brought at a moment's notice from the tent of Agamemnon. But as in Book IX., so here, Achilles is quite regardless of the gifts; he has renounced his wrath, not because of any satisfaction received from Agamemnon, but because the old wrath is, as it were, forgotten in the new and without a formal reconciliation he cannot take his place in the Grecian army.

If in parts the action of this book seems to drag, we may remember that it is doubtless the poet's intention to contrast the eagerness of Achilles to renew the conflict, regardless of the old quarrel, with the punctilious care of Agamemnon in making reparation so far as possible for the wrong which he has done.

The gods are summoned to Olympus. Zeus announces *Book XX* his intention of standing aloof, but gives the other gods permission to fight. They descend and join the ranks: on the side of the Greeks are Hera, Athene, Hermes, Hephæstus; on the side of the Trojans, Ares, Apollo, Artemis, Læto, Xanthus, and Aphrodite (1-40).

The presence of the gods makes the battle more equal, balancing the terror caused by the appearance of Achilles. The approach of the hostile deities is signified by thunder and earthquakes (41-74).

Achilles seeks out Hector, but at the persuasion of Apollo, Aeneas, though at first unwilling, ventures to confront him (75-109).

Hera, seeing Aeneas approaching Achilles summons, the deities who support the Achæans to council. Shall they turn Aeneas back, or shall some one encourage him? Poseidon suggests that they keep out of the battle, unless some god on the other side interfere. The gods thus remain apart from the conflict—one section on the mound of Heracles, the other on the hill of Callicolônê (110-155).

Conflict of Aeneas and Achilles. Before they begin, Achilles reminds Aeneas of a previous defeat; Aeneas replies by recounting his genealogy. When the conflict is about to reach a decisive point Poseidon carries away Aeneas, pleading the wrath of Zeus if the race of Dardanus become extinct. Poseidon removes him to a remote part of the battle, and bids him avoid Achilles—when Achilles is dead his turn will come (156-339).

Achilles, marvelling at the escape of Aeneas, urges the Achæans to fight, Hector also calls on the Trojans; but on the advice of Apollo he avoids Achilles, who slays one Trojan after another, and finally Polydôrus, the brother of

*Book XX* Hector. Upon this Hector attacks Achilles, but is carried away by Apollo. Achilles, again baffled, turns upon the rank and file of the Trojans (340-end).

There are some points in which this book exhibits a want of connection which it is hard to explain.

1. From the opening lines of the book we should expect a tremendous conflict between the gods who are the favourers of either side, but when the poet has led up to this—even to describing the portents which marked the approaching conflict—the subject is dropped and we hear no more of it. When the gods again appear they are withdrawn from the battle, on this side and that, and we are told that they have no immediate intention of joining in it. Individual deities interfere to save the leading Trojans from Achilles, and that is all.

2. Achilles, whose wrath should lead him direct to Hector, is confronted by Aeneas, who is brought before us with much elaboration.

3. When Aeneas is in danger, he is saved, not as we should expect, by Aphrodite, but by Poseidon, who is at all times the relentless enemy of the Trojans.

Whatever the cause of these inconsistencies, the result of them is to delay the final conflict between Achilles and Hector, and by this means to make Achilles a greater figure in our eyes than he would appear if, after his return to the battle, he had been brought into immediate conflict with Hector.

*Book  
XXI*

The twenty-first book consists of three parts: (1) the battle by the river, which includes the fighting of Achilles by the river, and his conflict with the river-god; (2) the war among the gods; (3) the pursuit of the Trojans to the city.



1. Achilles pursues the Trojans to the ford of the river Scamander. He takes twelve captives, and slays Lycaon, in spite of his entreaties. Scamander, enraged at the slaughter, emboldens Asteropæus the Pæonian to meet Achilles, but Asteropæus is slain and many Pæonians besides (1-210).

The river-god rebukes Achilles, bidding him slay his enemies in the plain, not in the stream. Achilles refuses, upon which Scamander appeals to Apollo. Conflict of Achilles and Scamander, in which Achilles, much distressed, calls on the gods for aid. Athene and Poseidon come to his assistance; he marches over the flooded plain, leaving the bed of the river; but Scamander, calling on Simois, renews the conflict. Hera, in pain for Achilles, calls on Hephæstus to attack the river with his fire, which he spreads all over the plain and even into the bed of the stream. Scamander surrenders and calls on Hera to abate the force of the fire (211-382).

2. The gods now join in the fray, Ares attacks Athene, but is felled to the ground by a stone which she hurls at him. Aphrodite approaches to lead him away, but Hera, seeing her, sends Athene to attack her, and she is stricken to the ground beside Ares (383-433).

Poseidon challenges Phœbus, reminding him of the injury done by Laomedon, but Phœbus will not encounter him. Artemis reproaches her brother, upon which Hera beats her with her own bow and quiver. Hermes also refuses to join battle with Lêtô. Phœbus departs to Ilium in order to protect the walls; the rest of the gods return to Olympus (434-520).

3. Achilles drives the Trojans into the city, the gates of which are opened at Priam's orders. He is about to enter the city himself when he is checked by Phœbus, who in the

*Book  
XXI* likeness of Agênor leads him in chase away from the gates, so that the Trojans have time to enter.

It must be confessed that the three parts of this book are of unequal merit. The conflict of Achilles and the river-god is one of the finest passages in the *Iliad*, both in conception and execution. It is a splendid example of the manner in which supernatural agency can be introduced into the action; and it also serves to increase our interest in Achilles. On the other hand, the conflict of the gods is an inferior episode, and though it serves to connect this book with the last, it is but a very poor fulfilment of the expectations raised by the resolution of the gods to join in the battle. The escape of the Trojans into the city leads up to the situation required in the next book, in which Hector is left, alone and unsupported, to contend with Achilles.

*Book  
XXII* The gates of Troy are closed, Hector being left without. At the same time Achilles is undeceived by Phœbus, and returns in wrath towards the city. Priam, who sees him approaching, calls to Hector to retire within the wall. Hecabe also endeavours to win her son back, but Hector refuses to retire, and awaits Achilles. He may not flee; it is useless to hope for mercy; nothing remains but a duel for life and death (1-130).

As Achilles approaches Hector is seized with alarm and turns to flight. For a time he escapes, but Zeus, who sees the impending struggle, decides to allow Hector to perish. Athene descends to aid Achilles, and when the decisive moment comes, after Achilles has chased Hector three times round Troy, and his scale is uppermost in the balance of fate, Athene accosts Achilles, promising to bring Hector face to face with him. Taking the form of Deïphobus, she

induces Hector to withstand Achilles, in the belief that his brother is near to help. *Book  
XXII*

Before the duel begins Hector proposes that whichever combatant is victorious shall give back the other's corpse for burial, but to this Achilles refuses to agree. In the conflict Hector is placed at a disadvantage by the treachery of Athene. Having lost his spear, he rushes on with his sword, but Achilles strikes him down. In a last entreaty he begs that his body may be given up, but the prayer is fiercely rejected (131-366).

The Greeks come round and stab the dead body of Hector. Achilles first proposes that they shall attack the city; then remembering the dead Patroclus, he would return to the camp, carrying the dead body of Hector and singing a song of victory. Finally he ties Hector to his chariot and drags him through the dust to the tents (367-404).

The slaughter of Hector is seen by Priam and Hecabe, who break into loud lamentations. The sound pierces into the chamber of Andromache, who rushes to the wall, to see her husband dragged at the chariot of Achilles. Her grief and lamentation (405-end).

In the death of Hector the wrath of Achilles reaches at once its highest point and its final completion. Savage and relentless, he strikes down his foe, and, unsatisfied even with death, outrages the slain body. At no point in the poem is it more necessary to bear in mind that the wrath is the poet's theme; for at no point is the action of the poem more revolting to modern and in some respects to ancient feelings of morality. The motive of Achilles is personal revenge; but Hector is fighting to save his city from destruction; fate and the divine powers are on the side of Achilles;

Hector has reached the day of his doom and is doomed by the treachery of Athene. Hector proposes the laws observed even in savage warfare; Achilles to limit his fierce wrath in any particular, and the dead body. The only mitigation which the picture in this terrible picture is the hint that the wild prompts Achilles to drag Hector behind his chariot to a sudden impulse; his first thought had been to leave him to the ships in procession, chanting the song

It is the triumph of ferocious passion, in which as we conceive it, can have no part. Yet it is the triumph of swift, beautiful, irresistible strength which gives the victory to lion or tiger. And what is important, it is the triumph of friendship "faithful unto death," for the doom of Achilles follows close on the fall of Hector. From these points of view the final action of Achilles would claim a sympathy from the Greeks which we find it difficult to extend to it. Yet even from these points of view the action of Athene in betraying Hector is hardly intelligible or tolerable. We are reminded of Aphrodite in the *Hippolytus* of Euripides. In order to understand such conceptions of the divine power, we must remember that the Greeks made no distinction between good and evil deities; evil was the work of a hostile, good of a friendly god; and that they were unscrupulous about the means by which they accomplished an end, if the end seemed good in itself. The part which Athene plays in this last and greatest scene of the *Iliad* is played by Odysseus in the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, and Odysseus is the hero especially dear to Athene.

At the close of the twenty-second book the body of Patroclus is lying in the Grecian camp, and the body of

Hector has been taken there. The friend of Achilles and the champion of Troy are alike unburied. Such a conclusion was intolerable to the Greek mind, which regarded the honour of burial as the inalienable right of the dead man. The funeral rites must be paid, if the dead are to be happy or the living guiltless. As in the *Ajax* of Sophocles the drama is prolonged far beyond the point at which the action seems to have come to an end, so in the *Iliad* the two last books carry us beyond the point at which the wrath of Achilles reaches its consummation. The twenty-third is occupied with the funeral games held in honour of Patroclus; in the twenty-fourth the body of Hector is given to Priam by Achilles, who also enters into a truce in order that the body may be buried. Even here the wrath of Achilles is not wholly left out of sight. By a gracious act of courtesy, at the end of the funeral games Achilles shows that his resentment against Agamemnon has passed away, and in the final scene with Priam the savage ferocity which marks the death of Hector is softened into a pathetic tenderness towards the aged and desolate father.

From this point of view these two books, the genuineness of which has often been called in question, may be said to form a fitting close to the great poem. It is true that the *action* of the *Iliad* ends at the close of the twenty-second book, but it is also true that in Greek poetry the interest in a hero extends beyond his death to his burial. At the same time it appears probable, from the remarkable peculiarities of language which divide the twenty-fourth book from the rest of the *Iliad* and connect it with the *Odyssey*, that this book, at any rate, was added as an after-thought to the original poem.

The incidents in the two last books are briefly these :

*Book  
XXIII*

1. The burial of Patroclus. Returning to the ships Achilles bids the Myrmidons pass thrice round the corpse of Patroclus with their horses and chariots; after which they partake of the funeral feast. He is then taken to the tent of Agamemnon, whom he requests to issue orders for collecting wood on the morrow for the funeral pyre. The rest take their evening meal, but Achilles remains alone by the shore, where he is visited in a dream by the shade of Patroclus (1-107).

In the morning wood is collected. The body of Patroclus is taken in procession to the place appointed, where the pyre is built. Achilles places a lock of his hair in the hand of his dead friend, and after dismissing the rank and file, retains the chieftains to join him in the burial. The body is placed on the pyre with the fat of many victims, but Hector is not to be given to the fire but to the dogs—a fate which is averted by Aphrodite and Apollo (108-191).

The pyre burns but slowly. Achilles prays to the winds, Boreas and Zephyr, and Iris, hearing his prayer, at once visits the winds, who on hearing her words rush across the sea and blow up the flames, while Achilles pours wine on the pyre, lamenting his friend. Thus the night passes away (192-225).

In the morning the pyre has burnt down, the winds depart, and Achilles falls into a slumber, from which he is aroused by the approach of Agamemnon and others. The bones of the dead are collected into a golden bowl, and carried into the tent; but a circle is made round the place of the pyre, and a mound of earth raised (226-257).

2. The funeral games. Achilles gathers the people into an assembly, and brings out prizes to be won in various contests. There are eight contests in all.

1. A chariot race, which is described in very great detail (258-652). *Book  
XXIII*
2. Boxing-match (653-699).
3. Wrestling-match (700-739).
4. Foot-race (740-797).
5. Tilting with spears (798-825).
6. Throwing a weight (826-849).
7. Contest of archery (850-883).
8. Throwing the spear. In this there is really no contest. Achilles courteously gives the prize to Agamemnon.

After the games the other Achæans retire to rest, but Achilles is wakeful through the night, remembering Patroclus. When dawn appears he yokes his horses and drags the body of Hector thrice round the funeral pyre, and then returns to his tent, leaving it in the mire and dust. The gods are moved to pity at the sight and would carry it away, but this Hera and Athene and Poseidon will not permit. When it has lain twelve days Apollo pleads for Hector, and though Hera opposes, Zeus resolves to send for Thetis, that she may induce Achilles to give up the body for ransom. Thetis is summoned to Olympus and charged with a message to her son, whom she visits. On hearing that the gods resent his treatment of the corpse of Hector, Achilles consents to accept a ransom (1-140). *Book  
XXIV*

Iris is sent to Troy to bid Priam visit Achilles and ransom his son: he is to go alone with a herald, but Hermes will be his conductor. Hecabe would fain prevent him from going, but her entreaties are disregarded. He gathers together the ransom, and fiercely driving the Trojans from his gates, bids his sons harness the car.

*Book* When all is ready Hecabe approaches with a libation, and  
*XXIV* when this is duly poured, Priam and the herald Idæus set out upon their journey in the night (141-328).

Hermes is sent by Zeus to guide Priam on his way. He meets him at the crossing of the river, in the guise of a Myrmidon, a servant of Achilles, who tells him that in spite of the indignities the corpse of Hector is uninjured, and guides him through the camp to the tent of Achilles. Then he leaves him, announcing that he is Hermes, and bids him approach Achilles (329-467).

Priam enters the tent of Achilles. He makes his supplication, by which Achilles is moved, and consents to accept the ransom and give up the dead. He also allows a truce for the burial. The body is placed on the car, and all is ready for departure in the morning. Meanwhile a bed is prepared for Priam outside the tent of Achilles, who retires to rest within. But before dawn Hermes again appears to Priam and cautions him to be gone back to Troy before Agamemnon discovers his presence in the camp. He conducts him as far as the ford of Scamander (468-694).

It is now morning. As Priam approaches Troy he is seen by Cassandra, at whose cry all the men and women assemble and receive Hector with wailing. The body is then placed upon a bed and lamented by Andromache, Hecabe, and Helen. Nine days are occupied in collecting wood; on the tenth the body is burnt; on the next the bones are gathered and a mound built (695-end).



# THE ILIAD

## BOOK I

### THE PLAGUE AND THE WRATH

SING, O goddess, the fatal wrath of Peleus' son Achilles, which brought ten thousand troubles on the Achæans, and sent to Hades many valiant souls of heroes, and made themselves a prey to dogs and every fowl—such was the will of Zeus—after that day when first Atrides, king of men, and divine Achilles, quarrelled and were parted. *Book I*  
1—22

Who of the gods incited them to strife? The son of Leto and of Zeus. He was wroth with the king, and sent an evil plague upon the host, and the people died, because Atrides had slighted his priest, Chryses; he came to the swift ships of the Achæans, seeking to redeem his daughter, and proffering unbounded price; in his hand he bore the chaplet of archer Apollo, set on a wand of gold; and he made his prayer to all the Achæans, but most of all to the two Atridæ, the marshallars of the people: "Ye sons of Atreus, and ye well-greaved Achæans, may the gods, who dwell in houses of Olympus, grant you to take Priam's town and to return safely home. But give me back my dear daughter, and accept the ransom, reverencing the son of Zeus, archer Apollo."

Then all the Achæans consented with a shout, to

*Book I* reverence the priest and take the rich ransom; but the  
23—59 thing pleased not Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, and he dismissed him with contumely and hard injunction: "Let me not find thee, old man, beside the hollow ships, either tarrying now or returning afterwards, lest the wand and the chaplet of the god protect thee not. And thy daughter I will not give back; sooner shall old age come upon her in my house in Argos, far from her own land, plying the loom and sharing my couch. Hence, anger me not, lest it be the worse with thee."

He said, and the old man feared and obeyed: he went silent along the shore of the sonorous sea, and much as he walked alone the old man prayed to Apollo the king, whom sweet-haired Leto bore: "Hear me, archer of the silver bow, who protectest Chrysê and divine Cilla, and art the lord of Tenedos; Smintheus, if ever I have laid roof upon thy fair temple, if ever I have burned to thee fat thighs of bulls and goats, fulfil my prayer: let thine arrows avenge my tears upon the Danaans."

So prayed he, and Phœbus Apollo heard. And he came down Olympus' tops in wrath, with bow at back, and arrow-covering quiver; and the arrows rattled upon his shoulder as he walked in wrath, and his going was like the night. He sat him down a little from the ships, and drew a shaft, and terrible was the twang of the silver bow. And first he turned him to the mules and the nimble dogs, but next upon the men he loosed sharp shafts: he shot, and the fires of the dead burned thick.

Nine days his arrows went throughout the host, but on the tenth day Achilles called the people to assembly, and the goddess, white-armed Hera, put it in his heart; for she yearned over the Danaans, because she saw them dying. And when they were assembled, and the mote was full, fleet-foot Achilles rose, and thus he said—

"Son of Atreus, now at last are we like to be driven

home baffled—if indeed we die not the sooner—seeing that pestilence and war combine to bring the Achæans low. Come, therefore, let us ask of some seer, or some priest, or some dream-reader—for dreams too are from Zeus—the cause why Phœbus Apollo is so incensed against us ; is there default in vow, or default in hecatomb ? perchance, if he taste the savour of lambs and of unblemished goats, he may remove this plague from us.”

He said, and sat him down ; and then rose up Calchas, Thestor’s son, chief of diviners, who knew the present, and the future, and the past, and guided the ships of the Achæans to Ilium by his divination, which Phœbus Apollo gave him, and thus with prudent words he spoke, and said—

“Achilles, dear to Zeus, thou biddest me expound the wrath of Apollo, the king who strikes afar. And I will tell thee, but do thou make covenant, and swear that thou wilt stand by me with hand and word ; for one, I think, will be angered, a potentate among all the Argives, to whom the Achæans pay obedience. Too strong is a king when he is wroth with a meaner man ; and if he digest his anger to-day, yet he bears a grudge in his breast until he have wreaked it ; therefore consider, if thou wilt hold me scathless.”

And thus made answer fleet-foot Achilles : “Take heart, and speak boldly whatever oracle thou knowest ; for verily, by Apollo, loved of Zeus, to whom thou, Calchas, prayest, and dost prognosticate to the Danaans, no one of all the host, while yet I live on land and see the light, shall lay heavy hand upon thee, no, not wert thou to speak of Agamemnon himself, who boasts to be the best of all the Achæans.”

And then the blameless seer grew bold and spake : “He finds no fault because of vow or hecatomb, but because of his servant, whom Agamemnon slighted and would not give back his daughter or take a ransom ; for this the Archer hath sent us trouble, and will send yet more ; nor will he

*Book I* take this miserable plague from the Achæans until we give  
97—134 back the quick-eyed maid to her dear father, unbought, unransomed, and send a holy hecatomb to Chrysê, then might we move him and appease his mood."

With that he sat him down, and then arose warrior Atrides, wide-ruling Agamemnon, in anger, and his dark heart was swelled with rage, and his eyes were like a flame of fire, and he scowled upon Calchas, and spoke first to him—

"Prophet of evil, never speak'st thou me word of advantage; thy divination is ever of mishap; never didst thou utter word of good, or bring it to fulfilment; and now thou speakest an intimation among the Danaans, that the Far-worker sends sorrow upon them because I would not take a goodly ransom for the girl Chryseis; much rather would I have her in my house, for I prefer her before Clytemnestra, my wedded wife; nor is she found inferior in stature, or in figure, or mind, or accomplishment. Yet will I render her back, if that be best, for I seek the salvation of the people, and not the destruction. But then provide me presently a gift, that I be not the only one ungifted among the Argives, which were not meet. And ye all perceive that my gift goes from me elsewhere."

Then answered firm-foot divine Achilles "Thrice-glorious Atrides, most covetous of men! How shall the magnanimous Achæans give thee a gift? We know not of any common goods that lie in store; what spoil we have taken from the cities we have divided, and it were not seemly that the people should collect their gifts and gather them together again. Wherefore do thou yield up the maiden to the god; and we Achæans will indemnify thee thrice and fourfold when once Zeus shall grant us to spoil the well-walled city Troy."

Then answered ruler Agamemnon: "Think not to befool me thus, god-like Achilles, for all thy valiancy; thou canst not outwit me, nor wilt thou persuade. Or that thou may'st retain thine own prize, would'st thou have *me* give back this

girl, and sit dully, empty-handed? Yet if the magnanimous Achæans will give me a gift after my own heart, a fit compensation, well; but if they will not, I will come myself and take away thy prize, or that of Ajax, or that of Odysseus; he shall have cause for anger to whom I come. But of this we will deliberate again; at present let us draw a ship to the divine sea and collect a crew of rowers carefully, and embark a hecatomb, and put aboard fair-cheeked Chryseis, and let some man of counsel be commander, Ajax or Idomeneus, or divine Odysseus, or thou, Pelides, most redoubtable of men, that thou mayest do sacrifice and mollify him who deals afar.”

*Book I*  
135—174

And thus with lowering look spake fleet-foot Achilles: “O brow of shamelessness, and heart of fraud, how shall any Achæan pay thee ready obedience and go on campaign or contend in field? I came not hither to fight with the spearman Trojans, for they have done me no wrong; they never drove my horses, or my kine, or burnt my corn in loamy Phthia, nurse of men, for many murky mountains lie between, and much of clamorous sea; but for thy pleasure we came, thou clad in impudence, that we may win recompense for thee, thou shameless, and for Menelaus from the Trojans; and this thou regardest not at all. And now thou threatenest to take my prize, my hard-won prize, which the sons of the Achæans gave me. Never have I equal share with thee when the Achæans spoil some fair city of the Trojans; yet do *my* hands perform the most in the tumultuous fray; but when we make division, thou hast ever the greater portion, and I come to my ships, weary and war-worn, with small prize, but sweet. And now will I go home to Phthia with my pinneted ships, for that is far better; nor will I stay, I trow, to heap up goods and gold for thee, and be myself unhonoured.”

Then answered Agamemnon, king of men: “Flee, if thy soul desire it! I would not have thee stay because of me;

*Book I* there are others who will pay me honour; and Zeus the  
175—212 counsellor is with me. Of all the heaven-bred kings I hate thee worst; thou lovest nought but strifes, and frays, and feuds; and if thou be valiant, it is the gift of heaven. Betake thee home, with ships and men, and lord it over the Myrmidons; but I regard thee not, and hold slight thy wrath, and will threaten thee rather thus. Even as Phœbus Apollo takes Chryseis from me, whom I will send home with ships and men, even so will I come to thy booth, and lead away fair-cheeked Briseis, thy prize, that thou mayest know how much I am above thee, and that another hereafter may shrink from deeming himself mine equal, and measuring himself with me."

He spake, and Pelides chafed, and his heart was divided within his shaggy breast, whether he should draw the sharp sword from his thigh, and make them all start from their places, and slay Atrides; or curb himself, and keep his anger back. While thus he pondered in heart and mind, and drew the broad sword from the sheath, Athene came from heaven; for white-armed Hera sent her, who loved and cherished them both alike. She stood behind, and took Pelides by the auburn hair, and was seen of him alone; the rest beheld her not. And Achilles wondered, and turned him round, and knew Pallas Athene; and terrible were his eyes. And thus he spake to her with winged words—

"Why art thou come, O child of ægis-bearing Zeus? Was it to see the arrogance of Atride Agamemnon? But I will tell thee what shall yet befall; soon may he lose his life by his high-handedness."

Then spake in turn the goddess, gray-eyed Athene: "I came from heaven to abate thy wrath, if thou wilt hear me; and white-armed Hera sent me, who loves and cherishes you both alike. Leave off thy brawling, and draw not the sword; but buffet him with words, and pick them not, for I will tell thee what shall surely come to pass. Hereafter thou shalt

have thrice as goodly a gift, in amends for this insult ; refrain thyself, and do my bidding.” *Book I*  
213—248

Then thus replied Achilles, swift of foot: “I must observe thy word and Hera’s, although I am much in rage ; for it is well to do so ; he who hearkens to the voice of the gods is also heard of them.”

He said, and laid a heavy hand upon the silver hilt and thrust the sword back into the scabbard, obedient to the word of Athene. And she departed to Olympus, to the hall of ægis-bearing Zeus, and the company of the other gods.

Then in his turn the son of Peleus addressed Atrides with words of spleen ; for his anger was not yet spent—

“Winesodden, with eye of dog, and heart of timid doe ! Never dost thou dare to arm thyself for war with the people, or go on ambush with the champions of the Achæans ; that, thou thinkest, were death indeed. Much more is it to thy mind, if any in the broad host of the Achæans withstand thee, to take away his gift. Devourer of thy people, thou rulest over dastards ; else now, Atrides, had been thy last of outrage. But this I tell thee, and confirm with a mighty oath ; verily by this wand, which never more shall put forth leaves and twigs, or grow green again, for the knife hath peeled it of bark and leaf, and cut it from its stem among the mountains ; and now do the sons of the Achæans bear it in their hands, the justicers, who maintain the laws of Zeus ; by this shall be my oath. Surely the assembled Achæans shall feel the want of Achilles, and thou shalt not be able to help, for all thy vexation, when many fall beneath the death-dealing hand of Hector ; and thou shalt eat thy heart for rage, because thou slightedst the best of the Achæans.”

Thus spoke Pelides, and flung on the ground the wand embossed with studs of gold, and sat him down ; and Atrides looked and raged. Then started up Nestor, the sweet speaker,

*Book I* the clear orator of the Pylians, from whose mouth flowed  
249—288 words sweeter than honey. Two generations of men had he seen die, who in time past were born and bred along with himself in goodly Pylus, and now he was king among the third. And thus benevolent he spoke forth, and said—

“Ah me! a great grief comes upon the Achæan land. Glad would Priam be, and Priam’s sons; and all the Trojans would rejoice at heart, were they to know of this contest between you, who in council are the wisest and in war the bravest of the Achæans! Be said by me, for both of you are younger. In former days I consorted with men more valiant than you, who ever held me in regard. Never saw I such men, nor ever shall, as Peirithous and Dryas, shepherd of the people, and Cæneus and Exadius and godlike Polyphemus. They grew up the stoutest of men; the stoutest were they, and they fought with the stoutest, the Centaurs of the mountains, and destroyed them terribly. With them I consorted when I came from Pylus, a far journey from beyond the sea, upon their invitation. And I fought also, as well as I might; but with them no man might fight, of such as are now upon earth. And yet they listened to my counsel, and obeyed my word; do ye too obey, for obedience is best. Do not thou, for all thy supremacy, take away the maiden; but touch her not, seeing she was given as a gift by the sons of the Achæans. And thou, Pelides, eschew strife and contention with the king, for never sceptre-bearing king, however honoured of Zeus, had equal dignity to his. Although thou be valiant, and though a goddess bore thee, yet is he superior, because he rules over many more than thou. Atrides, do thou cease from passion; and Achilles I beseech to abandon his wrath—Achilles, who is the bulwark of evil war to all the Achæans.”

And thus in answer spake ruler Agamemnon: “Old sir, thou hast said well; but this man would fain be above us all; he would be our master, and governor, and



paramount; but there are some, I trow, will not obey him. *Book I*  
And if the everlasting gods have made him brave, has he *289—325*  
therefore their leave to utter words of insolence?"

And thus divine Achilles interposed: "Fitly should I be called craven and dastard were I to yield to thee in every matter. Give thy injunction to others, for I will none of it; and I will tell thee another thing, which see thou remember. I will not lift hand to fight for the girl, with thee or with any other, since you who gave have taken her away; but nought else that I have by me in my black ship shalt thou take away in my despite. Come, if thou wilt, and try, that all here may see and know: soon shall thy black blood jet out around my spear."

Such was the war of contending words; then they rose up, and dissolved the assembly by the ships of the Achæans. Pelides went to his huts and his balanced ships with the son of Menœtius and with his men; but Atrides drew down a swift ship to the sea, and picked out twenty rowers, and sent aboard a hecatomb for the god, and brought fair-cheeked Chryseis and put her in the ship, and the captain was sagacious Odysseus.

Thus they embarked and sailed the watery way; and Atrides bade the people purify themselves. They made lustration, and threw the water in the sea, and sacrificed to Apollo unblemished hecatombs of bulls and goats beside the beach of the unresting sea; and the savour went up to heaven in the wreathing smoke.

So were they busy throughout the army; but Atrides paused not from the quarrel, wherewith he had menaced Achilles; and he called to Talthybius and Eurybates, who were his heralds and ready attendants—

"Go to the hut of Pelide Achilles, take fair-cheeked Briseis by the hand, and fetch her hither; and if he will not give her, I will come myself with a force and take her; that shall appal him more."

*Book I*      He said, and sent them forth with the hard injunction.  
326—361 They went unwilling along the beach of the unresting sea ;  
and they came to the huts and the ships of the Myrmidons.  
And they found Achilles sitting between his booth and his  
black ship ; and he was not glad when he saw them. They  
stood before the king in shame and confusion, and spake not  
aught. But he understood, and said—

“Welcome, heralds, messengers of Zeus and of men.  
Draw near ; I blame not you, but Agamemnon, who sent  
you on account of the girl Briseis. Arise, Patroclus,  
heavenly-born ; lead forth the maiden, and deliver her to  
them. And you two I call to witness, before the blessed  
gods, and mortal men, and the froward king himself, that if  
ever there be a need of me to ward off dire destruction from  
you all—— He is distraught, and malign in his mood, and  
knows not how to look before and after, and reason how the  
Achæans may fight in safe-guard beside the ships.”

He spoke, and Patroclus obeyed his friend, and brought  
fair-cheeked Briseis from the hut, and gave her to them ;  
and they returned to the ships of the Achæans ; and the  
woman went with them, reluctantly. But Achilles fell a  
weeping, and went apart from his friend, and sat him down  
on the shore of the gray sea, looking over the infinite ocean ;  
and much he prayed to his mother, and spread his hands  
abroad—

“Mother, if thy son is so soon to die, surely he should  
have had honour of Olympian Zeus, the Thunderer on high ;  
and now I have not even a little honour. The son of Atreus,  
wide-ruling Agamemnon, hath put slight upon me ; he hath  
taken away my prize, and possesses it himself.”

So spake he weeping, and his lady-mother heard him,  
where she sat in the sea-deeps beside her old father ; and  
speedily she rose from the gray sea, like a vapour ; and she  
sat down before him, as he wept, and caressed him with her  
hand, and spoke, and said her say—

"My child, why weepest thou? what is thy grief? *Book I*  
Speak : keep not back, but impart it." *362—397*

Then answered fleet-foot Achilles, groaning heavily :  
"Thou knowest all my trouble; why should I tell it? We went to Thebe, the goodly city of Eëtion, and we spoiled it and brought the prey hither. The sons of the Achæans made fair partition, and chose for Atrides bright-cheeked Chryseis. Then Chryses, the priest of far-fatal Apollo, came to the swift ships of the bronzen-coated Achæans, seeking to redeem his daughter, and offering immense ransom; and he bore in his hand the chaplet of archer Apollo, on a wand of gold; and he made his prayer to all the Achæans, but most of all to the two Atridæ, the marshallers of the people. Then all the Achæans assented with acclamation, and would regard the priest and take the splendid ransom; but the thing pleased not Atride Agamemnon, and he sent him away rudely, and added a harsh command.

"And the old man went his way, in indignation; and Apollo heard his prayer, for he held him dear, and shot an evil shaft upon the Argives. And the people died thick and fast, for the arrows of the god visited all the host of the Achæans. And a seer, who understood them well, interpreted to us the signs of the Far-darter; and I myself began, and spake of propitiation; but Atrides waxed wroth, and he started up and threatened a threat, which now he has made good. The one maiden the quick-eyed Achæans conduct to Chrysê in a swift ship; and they bear an offering for Apollo the king; and the other, the daughter of Brises, whom the sons of the Achæans gave me, was taken from my hut but now by heralds. Therefore, if thou canst, succour thy son; get thee to Olympus and beseech Zeus to help thee, if ever thou hast rejoiced his heart by word or deed. Often have I heard thee boast in my father's hall, when thou saidst that thou alone didst avert dishonour from Cronion of the

*Book I* black cloud among the immortals, when the other Olympians  
398—434 sought to bind him, Hera and Poseidon and Pallas Athene. But thou camest, goddess, and didst unloose his bonds, having speedily fetched the Hundred-handed to high Olympus, him whom the immortals call Briareus, but men *Ægeon* (for he is stronger than his father); he sat down beside Cronion, exulting in his honour; and the blessed gods shrank back, and bound no bond. Kneel down before him, and tell him of these things, and clasp his knees; perhaps he will help the Trojans, and slay the Achæans, and coop them up behind the ships by the sea-beach, that all may reap of the king's sowing, and that the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, may know his infatuation, in that he hath slighted the bravest of the Achæans."

Then answered Thetis, dropping down the tear: "Ah me, my child, why did I breed and bear thee to my sorrow? Would thou might'st have sat by thy ships without tear and without trouble, because thy fate impends, and that shortly; but now thou art both doomed to die, and also most miserable; ill-fated was thy birth in our halls! But I will speak for thee to Zeus, who rejoiceth in the thunder; I will go to deep-snowed Olympus, and learn if he will hear me. Meanwhile, do thou sit by thy swift-faring ships, and keep thy wrath against the Achæans, and desist from the battle altogether; for Zeus went yesterday to the Ocean Stream to banquet with the blameless *Æthiopians*, and all the gods accompanied. And not till the twelfth day will he return to Olympus. Then will I go to Zeus, in his bronze-paven hall, and supplicate him, and doubtless he will hear me."

She spake and went her way, and left him there, enraged because of the fair-girdled damsel, who had been ravished from him. Meantime Odysseus drew near to Chrysê with the holy hecatomb. And when they were come inside of the deep haven they furled the sail, and laid it in the black ship, and lowered the mast by the stays into its crutch alertly,

and rowed the ship to its mooring. And they cast out the anchor-stones and made fast the stern cables, and landed beside the surf of the sea ; and they brought out the hecatomb for far-fatal Apollo, and Chryseis came aland from the sea-passing ship. And sagacious Odysseus brought her to the altar, and gave her into the arms of her father, and said—

“ Chryses ! Agamemnon, king of men, sent me to render back thy daughter, and to sacrifice to Phœbus a holy hecatomb for the Danaans, that we may propitiate the king, who at this time hath sent lamentable grief upon the Argives.”

He said, and gave her into his hand, and he received his daughter joyfully ; and speedily they ranged the holy hecatomb around the well-built altar of the god, and poured the lustral water, and took up handfuls of barley groats. And Chryses prayed for them aloud, holding up his hands—

“ Hear me, O Silver-Bow, protector of Chrysê and divine Cilla, lord of Tenedos ; before thou didst hear my prayer, and didst regard me, and afflict the people of the Achæans grievously, and now yet again ratify my prayer, stay this malign pestilence, which thou hast sent upon the Achæans.”

So prayed he, and Phœbus Apollo gave ear. And when they had prayed, and cast the barley upon the cattle, they drew back their heads, and cut their throats, and flayed them, and cut out the thigh bones, and wrapped them up in folds of fat, and laid raw morsels atop ; and the old man burned them on faggots, and poured on sparkling wine ; and youths stood by with fire-prongs in their hands. And when the thighs were consumed, and they had tasted of the meat, they cut up the rest, and ran the pieces through with spits, and broiled them carefully, and drew them off again. And when their work was done, and the food prepared, they made their meal, and there was no stint of the equal banquet. And when the desire of meat and drink was over, the young men filled the bowls brimful, and bore the wine round to all, and poured first in each cup a-little for libation ; and all day long

*Book I*  
435—471

*Book I* the Achæan men sought to propitiate the god with song,  
472—507 singing the beautiful pæan, in praise of the Far-walker; and *she* he heard and took pleasure.

And when the sun went down and the darkness fell they slept beside the moorings of their ship. But when dawn appeared, rathe and rosy fingered, then they set sail for the broad host of the Achæans; and Apollo, who deals afar, sent them a favouring wind; and they stepped the mast and spread the white sail, and the wind bellied it out, and the dark wave hissed about the stem as the vessel went; and she ran before the wind and made her course. And when they were come to the broad host of the Achæans they drew the black ship aground, high upon the sand, and shored it up with props, and dispersed here and there among the huts and ships.

But Peleus' heaven-born son, Achilles, swift of foot, sat in anger beside his swift-sailing ships; he went not to the assembly, where glory is won, nor to the war, but abided there, and fretted his heart, and longed for the battle and the shouting.

And when the twelfth dawn was come, the everlasting gods came all together to Olympus, and Zeus the first; and Thetis forgot not the request of her son, but arose out of the sea-wave, and with peep of day she went up to high heaven and Olympus. And she found Cronides, whose voice is heard afar, sitting apart from the other gods on the topmost top of pinnacled Olympus; and she knelt down before him, and clasped his knees with her left hand, and took his beard with her right, and made her supplication to Zeus the king, the son of Cronus—

“O Father Zeus, if ever I have helped thee among the immortals by word or deed, accomplish my prayer, give honour to my son, who is doomed to die before his fellows, because now Agamemnon, king of men, hath put dishonour upon him, for he hath taken away his meed, and retains it

himself ; wherefore do thou give him honour, O Zeus, Coun- *Book I*  
sellor Olympian ; and let the prevalence be for a while with 508—541  
the Trojans, that the Achæans may value my son, and  
augment him with much honour."

She said, but cloud-compelling Zeus answered not, and  
sat long silent. And Thetis would not leave her hold, when  
once she had embraced his knees, but besought him once again.

"Give me thy certain promise, and nod confirmation ; or  
else say me nay. Why shouldst thou hesitate ? that I may  
know how much I am the least in honour among the gods."

And then in much disturbance answered cloud-compelling  
Zeus : "This is a hard matter, for thou wilt embroil me with  
Hera, and she will gibe me with upbraiding words ; without  
this she is ever jangling with me among the deathless gods,  
and saying that I take side with the Trojans in the battle ;  
wherefore do thou get thee away again, lest Hera know of  
thee, and I will consider how this thing may be accom-  
plished. And now I will nod in approbation, that thou  
mayest have assurance ; for this is my chiefest token among  
the immortals ; because when I have given my nod the thing  
may not be retracted, or evaded, or left unaccomplished."

Cronion spake, and nodded with his dark brows ; and the  
immortal hair of the king waved about his head ; and great  
Olympus quaked.

So they broke up their conference ; she dived into the  
deep sea from glittering Olympus, and Zeus went to his own  
house. And all the gods rose from their seats before their  
father ; none ventured to await his coming, but all stood up  
to meet him. Then he sat down upon his chair ; nor did  
Hera not know, for she had seen, that silver-footed Thetis,  
the daughter of the old man of the sea, had made intrigue  
with him ; and immediately she addressed Zeus with words  
of gall—

"Who of the gods hath made intrigue with thee, thou  
plotter in secret ? Thou ever lovest, when I am absent, to

*Book I* deal in hidden justicings; never hast thou told me thy  
542—577 thought boldly and freely.”

Then thus replied the sire of gods and men: “Hera, expect not to know all my thoughts; that were too hard for thee, although my wife; but so much as is fit to hear none shall know before thee, of gods or of men. But into what counsel I choose to take, apart from the gods, pry not, nor make inquiry.”

Then answered broad-eyed lady Hera: “Thrice-reverend Cronides, what hast thou said? Assuredly in time past I have not pried or made inquiry, but undisturbed thou counselest at thy pleasure. But now my mind misgives me grievously that thou hast been persuaded to somewhat by silver-footed Thetis, the daughter of the old man of the sea; for by peep of day she knelt before thee, and clasped thy knees; and therefore, I think, thou hast nodded confirmingly that Achilles shall have honour, and that many shall die beside the ships of the Achæans.”

And thus made answer cloud-compelling Zeus: “Witch! thou art ever busy with thy mind, nor can I escape thee. But nevertheless thou shalt not be able to perform anything, but rather shall be in my disfavour, which shall be worse for thee. And if it be as thou sayest, such is my pleasure. Sit thou silent, and obey my word; lest all the gods that be in Olympus protect thee not from my approach when I lay upon thee my hands untouchable.”

He said, and broad-eyed lady Hera was afraid; she held her peace, and refrained her heart; and the heavenly gods sat embarrassed in the hall of Zeus. And artificer Hephæstus was the first to speak, and give comfort to his mother, white-armed Hera.

“This will be a sad matter, nay, indeed, intolerable, if ye two come to variance because of mortals, and make a brabble among the gods; we shall have no pleasure in our goodly feast if un wisdom prevail. And I will advise my mother,



but she has wisdom of her own, to make peace with Zeus, *Book I*  
our father, lest he again rebuke her, and mar our merriment : 578—end  
for were the Olympian lord of lightning minded to hurl her  
from these seats—he is the potentate : wherefore do thou  
address him with soft words, and presently the Olympian  
will look upon us propitiously.”

He ended, and, springing up, placed the cup of double  
bowl in his mother's hand, and said—

“Have patience, my mother, and contain thyself for all  
thy anxiety, lest I see my darling beaten before my eyes ;  
and then I shall not be able to help thee, however grieved ;  
for the Olympian is hard to match with. In time before,  
when I sought to succour thee, he grasped me by the foot,  
and flung me from the celestial threshold. All day I fell,  
and with the setting sun I lighted in Lemnos, with yet a  
little life in me ; and the Sintian men made haste and tended  
my hurts.”

He said, and white-armed goddess Hera smiled, and took  
the goblet from her son. And he continued, and bore  
round the wine to all the gods, from left to right, drawing  
sweet nectar from the bowl ; and laughter inextinguishable  
arose among the blessed gods when they saw Hephæstus  
puffing through the hall.

So all day they made their feast till set of sun ; and  
there was no stint of the equal banquet ; and Apollo's delight-  
ful lyre ceased not, nor the sweet voice of the Muses, who  
sang in alternation.

But when the bright light of the sun was sunken, they  
went each to bed to their own houses, which the famous  
Haltfoot had made for them with cunning art ; and Zeus,  
the Olympian lord of lightning, went to his own couch,  
where he used to lie when sweet sleep came upon him ;  
he laid him down and slept, and beside him Hera of the  
golden chair.

## BOOK II

### THE DREAM—THE ASSEMBLY—THE CATALOGUE

*Book II* So gods and horse-plumed men slept all the night ; but  
1—26 deep sleep came not upon Zeus, for he was meditating in his heart how Achilles might have honour, and many men might die beside the ships of the Achæans ; and he thought it best to send to Atride Agamemnon deadly Dream ; and thus he spake to him in winged words—

“Go, deadly Dream, to the swift ships of the Achæans, to the booth of Atride Agamemnon, and tell him my commission truly ; bid him make haste, and arm the long-haired sons of the Achæans ; for now may he take the spacious city of the Trojans ; because the gods, who dwell in houses of Olympus, are no longer divided, but Hera hath prevailed on them with prayer, and trouble is appointed for the Trojans.”

He said, and Dream received the word, and went ; rapidly he came to the swift ships of the Achæans, and to Atride Agamemnon ; and he found him lying in his booth, wrapped round with sleep divine. And he stood above his head, in the likeness of Helen's son, Nestor, whom Agamemnon honoured above all the elders ; in his resemblance spake the heavenly dream—

“Sleepest thou, son of Atreus the warrior, the master of horses ? Should the man of many cares sleep, the counsellor, to whom the people are entrusted ? Now mark my word, and speedily : I come to thee a messenger from Zeus, who,

though afar, takes pity upon thee, and cares for thee : he bids thee make haste, and arm the long-haired Achæans ; at last thou mayest take Troy's spacious town ; for the immortals, who dwell in houses of Olympus, are no more divided, but Hera hath entreated them, and trouble is appointed for the Trojans from Zeus. This do thou receive of me, and forget not, when delicious sleep hath left thee." *Book II*  
27—64

He spake, and left him there, revolving that which was not to be accomplished ; unwise ! he thought that very day to take Priam's town, and knew not the purpose of Zeus, that he was yet about to send trouble and tribulation on Trojans and on Danaans in the deadly fight. He awoke from sleep, and the divine voice was in his ear ; and he sat up and put on a soft tunic, fair and fresh, and cast an ample robe about him ; and under his bright feet he bound fair sandals, and over his shoulder he cast a sword with silver bosses. And he took the eternal sceptre of his fathers, and went among the ships of the bronzen-coated Achæans.

And Dawn the goddess came to high Olympus, announcing day to Zeus and all the immortals ; and Agamemnon bade the clear-voiced heralds make proclamation of assembly to the long-haired Achæans ; they made their proclamation, and the men assembled speedily.

But first of all he summoned a council of the high-souled elders, beside the ship of Nestor the king, the Pylian-born ; and when they were seated, he broached a deep proposal—

"Give ear, my friends ; a heavenly dream came to me in my sleep through the immortal night ; and most like was it to divine Nestor in stature and in figure and in mien ; and it stood above my head and said to me : 'Thou sleepest, son of Atreus the warrior, the master of horses. Should the man of many cares sleep all night, the counsellor, to whom the people are entrusted ? Now mark my word, and speedily : I come to thee from Zeus, who, though afar, hath compassion upon thee, and careth for thee. He bids thee make all haste,

*Book II* and call the long-haired Achæans to arms ; for now thou  
65—102 mayest take the broad-wayed city of the Trojans ; because the  
immortals, who dwell in houses of Olympus, are no more  
divided, but Hera hath prevailed on them with prayers, and  
trouble is appointed for the Trojans by Zeus. All this forget  
not.' He said, and flew away, and sweet sleep left me.  
Therefore come, let us essay to arm the sons of the Achæans :  
but first I will make trial of them with words, as is right, and  
will bid them flee home with the ships of many benches ; and  
do ye, severally, seek to dissuade them."

He spake, and sat down ; then up rose Nestor, who was  
king of sandy Pylus ; and thus discerningly he spoke and said—

"O friends, O lords and leaders of the Argives, had any  
other Achæan told us this dream, we should think it false,  
and put it from us ; but he hath seen it, who still is chief  
among the Achæans. Come, then, let us call to arms the sons  
of the Achæans."

He said, and led the way from the council ; and the sceptred  
kings arose, and followed the shepherd of the people ; and the  
people hastened to their places. Like tribes of numerous  
bees, that swarm and swarm from a hollow rock, and hover  
in clusters about the spring flowers ; some fly together this  
way, and some that ; so marched these many tribes in com-  
panies forth upon the broad sea-beach from ships and from  
huts to their assembly ; and among them ran like fire Rumour,  
messenger of Zeus, and urged them to go ; and now they  
were assembled. And there was confusion in the assembly,  
and the ground rumbled as the people sat down ; and there  
was an uproar ; and nine heralds, with much shouting, sought  
to control them, and make them leave off their clamour, and  
listen to the heaven-bred kings ; and the people ceased from  
their noise, and sat down quickly in their places, and were still.  
Then lordly Agamemnon rose up, the sceptre in his hand,  
which Hephæstus had wrought laboriously. First he gave it  
to Zeus the king, the son of Cronus ; and Zeus gave it

to the messenger, the Argicide; and Hermes the prince gave it to Pelops, driver of horses; and Pelops gave it to Atreus, shepherd of the people; and when he died, Atreus left it to Thyestes, master of flocks; and Thyestes had left it for Agamemnon to bear, the lord of all Argos and the numerous isles; on this he leant and addressed the Argives—

*Book II*  
103—142

“O friends, O warriors of the Danaans, ministers of Ares; Zeus the son of Cronus hath grievously bound me in bands of disaster; cruel! who nodded and confirmed to me that I should take the fortress of Ilium, and return home; but his counsels were of deadly deceit, and now he bids me begone to Argos, inglorious and having lost much people. Such doubtless is the will of potent Zeus, who hath cast down many tall cities, and will yet cast down; for he is mightiest. But shame were it for men hereafter to know that the people of the Achæans, so many and so mighty, had waged a war so uselessly as we; we fight with men fewer than ourselves, and an end appears not; for were the Achæans and the Trojans to make sacrifice and oaths of faith, and number themselves, the Trojans assembling every goodman of a house, and we Achæans being ranked in tens, and each ten were to choose a man of the Trojans to pour their wine,—many a ten would want their cup-bearer! So much more numerous, I trow, are the sons of the Achæans than the Trojans who dwell within the city; but they have allies, shakers of spears, from many cities, who greatly counteract me, and suffer me not to take the fair town of Ilium. Nine twelvemonths of great Zeus are passed away, and the timbers of the ships are rotted, and the cordage worn; ay, and our wives and our little children sit in our houses, and wait for us; and the work to which we came is utterly unaccomplished. Come then, let us do according to my word; let us take our ships and flee to the land of our fathers; for we may no longer hope to take broad-streeted Troy.”

He ended, and his words stirred up the crowd; every

*Book II* man's heart in his bosom, that had not heard the secret  
 143—179 counsel : and the assembly was in commotion, like the  
 long waves of the Icarian sea, when the east wind and the  
 south have raised them, descending from the clouds of Zeus  
 the Father ; or as when the west wind comes and bends the  
 deep cornfield with vehement sweep, and it stoops with  
 all its ears ; so was all the meeting in commotion. And  
 with jubilant shout they hurried to the ships, and beneath  
 their feet rose up a cloud of dust ; and they cheered each  
 other on to lay hand to the ships, and drag them to the  
 divine sea ; and they began to make clear the launching-  
 channels, and take the shores from under the vessels ; and  
 the cry of the home-sick went up to heaven.

Thus there had been return for the Argives, in spite of  
 fate, had not Hera spoken thus with Athene :—

“ Ah me, unwearied child of ægis-bearing Zeus, will the  
 Argives thus lightly flee to their fatherland over the sea's  
 broad back ? and will they leave Argive Helen a boast to  
 Priam and the Trojans—Helen, because of whom many an  
 Achæan hath fallen in Troy, far from his fatherland ? But  
 now, get thee among the people of the bronzen-coated  
 Achæans ; dissuade each man with words of gentleness, nor  
 suffer them to draw the rounded ships down to the sea.”

She said, nor did the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, dispute  
 her will ; and she went fleeting down Olympus' tops. And  
 she found Odysseus, wise as Zeus in counsel, standing ; for he  
 had laid no hand to his black transomed ship, because grief  
 touched him near in heart and spirit. And gray-eyed  
 Athene stood near, and spake—

“ Son of Laertes, blood of gods, contriver Odysseus, will  
 ye indeed fling yourselves upon the benches of your ships, and  
 flee to your fatherland ? and will ye leave Argive Helen a  
 boast to Priam and the Trojans—Helen, because of whom many  
 Achæans have fallen in broad Troy, far from their fatherland ?  
 Up, go into the concourse of the Achæans, and be not slack,

and dissuade each man with thy gentle speeches, nor suffer them to drag the round ships to the sea." *Book II*  
180—215

She said, and he perceived the voice of the goddess; he cast away his cloak and ran; and Eurybates the Ithacan, the herald, who was ever at his hand, took up the cloak. And Odysseus came before Atride Agamemnon, and received of him the sceptre imperishable of Pelops; with that he went among the ships of the bronzen-coated Achæans. And when he came to a king or a notable man, he would stand and dissuade him with words of gentleness—

"Fie, sir! it suits thee not to be dismayed as a coward; sit quiet thyself and hold the people still; for as yet thou knowest not fully the mind of Atreus' son; now he makes trial of the sons of the Achæans, but soon he will chastise them; nor were we all in council to hear his words. Beware, lest he wax angry, and do a mischief to the sons of the Achæans. Fierce is the anger of a heaven-bred king: from Zeus is his honour, and Zeus the Counsellor loves him well."

And when he saw a man of the people, and found him bawling, he would smite him with the sceptre, and rebuke him—

"Sirrah, sit still, and listen to thy betters; for thou art paltry and feeble, of no estimation in war or in council. Not all of us Achæans shall play the king here; we love not many masters; let there be one master, one king, to whom the son of subtle-witted Cronus has given the power."

Thus with authority dealt he through the army; and again they hurried to the assembly from ships and huts, with such a noise, as when the wave of the murmuring sea breaks roaring, and the billow crashes on the wide shore.

Then all sat down, and remained still in their places; Thersites only, the loose of tongue, kept yet a chattering, full of many ribald speeches, of flout and idle jeer against the princes, so he might move the Argives to a laugh. The most

*BOOK II* evil-favoured he who came beneath Ilium; his legs were  
 216—257 bandy and his foot was lame, and his round shoulders met  
 upon his breast; his head above was warped and sprinkled  
 with thin down. Most hateful was he to Achilles and to  
 Odysseus, for them he vilified oft; but now he began with  
 shrill scream to rail also at divine Atrides; and the Achæans  
 were indignant and wroth with him exceedingly; and he  
 called aloud, and taunted Agamemnon—

“Son of Atreus, what is thy lack, and what thy discontent? Thy booths are full of copper, and thou hast many chosen women-slaves, whom we Achæans give to thee first, when we have taken a city. Or wouldest thou have gold also, brought from Ilium by some man of the horse-mastering Trojans, the ransom of a son, whom I or some other Achæan have bound and led captive? or wouldst thou have a damsel for thy bed, to be thy private leman? One who is a leader should not bring the sons of the Achæans into mischief. Poltroons and abject, women, not men! let us return home with our ships, and leave this man to enjoy his prizes; that he may see whether we will help him longer, or will not. He hath put slight upon Achilles, his superior far; for he hath taken away his prize, and keeps it for himself; truly Achilles has no anger in his heart at all; he minds not; or else, Atrides, that had been thy last of insult!”

So spake he, arraigning Agamemnon, shepherd of the people: but soon divine Odysseus stood beside him, and scowled upon him, and spake angrily—

“Peace, babbler; check thy ready speech, and seek not thou alone to wrangle with the princes! No meaner wretch than thou, I think, came beneath Ilium with Atreus’ sons; wherefore take not the name of the kings in thy mouth, nor keep watch for our return, nor taunt thy betters.<sup>1</sup> One thing I tell thee, and it shall come to pass, if ever again

<sup>1</sup> Lines 252-256 are omitted. See La Roche, small edition, *ad loc.*



I find thee fooling as now to-day, may not Odysseus' head stand upon his shoulders, nor let him longer be called father of Telemachus, if I take thee not and strip thee of thy garments, thy cloak and tunic, that cover thy nakedness, and send thee weeping to the swift ships, after I have beaten thee out of the assembly with infamous blows." *Book II*  
258—295

He said, and smote him with the sceptre on the back and shoulders ; he writhed together, and the big tear burst forth. And a bloody weal started up beneath the golden sceptre ; and he cowered down in consternation, and his looks were dazed ; and in his pain he wiped away the tear. And the rest, for all their trouble, laughed merrily at him ; and thus a man would say, and look towards his neighbour—

"Aha, Odysseus hath done often well ; propounder of wise counsel and orderer of the battle ; but he did the best of all his deeds among the Argives when he stopped the mouth of yonder loose-tongued malapert. Surely his courage will not prick him again to browbeat the kings with words of ribaldry."

So spake the commonalty ; and Odysseus, spoiler of cities, stood up, the sceptre in his hand, and beside him gray-eyed Athene, in the likeness of a herald, commanded the people silence, that nearest and farthest alike of the sons of the Achæans might hear his word and lay his counsel to heart. And thus with wise words he spake and said—

"Atrides, O king, the Achæans go about to make thee contemptible among all men, and stand no longer by the promise they promised, while they were yet coming hither from Argos of the horse-meadows, that thou shouldst not return till fenced Ilium was taken ; for, like young children, or widow women, they whimper together and desire return. Doubtless there is toil enow for a man to return in vexation ; even he frets by his cross-beamed ship who tarries but a month away from his wife, stormstayed by winter blast and uprisen sea ; and we linger here now nine times twelve

*Book II* revolving moons; wherefore I blame not if the Achæans fret  
296—332 beside the pinneted ships; yet it is not well to tarry long and come back empty-handed. Take heart, my friends, and wait a little while till we see whether Calchas be a true divine or no. We remember well—and ye are all my witnesses, whom the fates of death have not carried away—how but yesterday, as it were, or the third day, after the ships of the Achæans assembled at Aulis, fraught with evil for Priam and the Trojans, we were sacrificing to the immortals in hecatombs without blemish upon the holy altars, about a spring, beneath a fair plane-tree, whence flowed the sparkling water. Then appeared a great sign: a serpent, bloody-backed, horrible, whom the Olympian himself sent forth to light, glided from beneath the altar and darted to the plane-tree. And there were the younglings of a sparrow, her little brood, on the topmost branch, crouching beneath the leaves; eight were they, and the ninth was the mother that bore them. Then he devoured them, twittering pitifully, and the mother flew round and round, screaming and lamenting her children, but with a writhe he caught her by the wing. And when he had eaten the sparrow's brood and herself, the god, his sender, made him a manifest token, for the son of crooked-counselled Cronus turned him into a stone, and we stood wondering at the thing. And after this dire monster had invaded our hecatombs, immediately Calchas began to speak his divination: 'Why are ye silent, long-haired Achæans? it is to us that Zeus the counsellor hath showed us this mighty portent, long, late-fulfilled, illustrious evermore. Even as the snake hath eaten the sparrow's brood, and herself the mother, eight were they, she the ninth; so many years shall we make war in the place whither we go, and in the tenth year we shall take the broad-wayed city.' Such was his exposition, now fulfilled. Come therefore, well-greaved Achæans, remain, every man of you, until we have taken Priam's great town."

He ended, and the Argives shouted loud in approbation *Book II*  
of divine Odysseus' word, and thunderously the ships sent 333—370  
back the cheer of the Achæans. Then spake Gerenian  
Nestor, guider of horses—

“Good lack, ye prate like baby boys who deal not yet in  
deeds of war! What shall be said of covenant and of oath?  
Into the fire with counsels and policy of men, and libations  
of pure wine, and clasp of hand wherewith we plighted faith.  
Idly we wrangle, and cannot make an end, for all the time  
that we have lingered here. But do thou, Atrides, hold  
unfaltering purpose, and command the Argives in the stress  
of fight, and leave those to destruction—one or two, nothing  
will come of them—who consent not with the other Achæans,  
and would go back to Argos, before we know whether the  
promise of ægis-bearing Zeus was truly meant or no: for  
surely Cronus' all-mastering son gave approval in that day  
when the Argives were embarking on the swift-passing ships,  
bringing the Trojans death and slaughter; he lightened upon  
our right and showed auspicious omens. Wherefore let no  
man be eager to return home before he have lain beside some  
Trojan wife and have avenged the yearning and the groans of  
Helen. And if any man be very desirous to be gone, let him  
but put hand to his black transomed ship, and he shall find  
fate and death before his fellows. And do thou, O prince,  
consider wisely thyself, and listen to the word of another, for  
what I say shall not be trivial. Separate the men, Agamem-  
non, by families and by tribes, that family may help family,  
and tribe tribe; and if thou do thus, and the Achæans obey,  
thou wilt know which commander and which people are  
worthy and which unworthy, for they will fight severally;  
and thou wilt know whether it is through divine ordinance  
thou canst not take the city, or through cowardice of men  
and fatuity in battle.”

Then ruler Agamemnon made him answer: “Once more,  
old sir, thou excellest the sons of the Achæans in the

*Book II* assembly ; for would, O Father Zeus, and Athene, and  
*371-407* Apollo, I had but ten such counsellors as thou among the Achæans ! then soon should king Priam's citadel bow down and be taken and despoiled by our hands. But ægis-bearing Zeus, the son of Cronus, hath sent trouble upon me, and entangles me in brawls and implacable feuds, for Achilles and I disputed the possession of a maiden, and I was the first to grow angry ; yet could we two but once combine our counsel, the Trojans should no longer have reprieve from evil, no, not even a little. And now begone to your meal, that afterward we may join the battle ; let each man whet well his spear, and adjust his shield, and feed his swift-foot steeds abundantly ; and let each look well to his chariot and prepare for the fighting, that all day long we may be able to try decision of dismal war, for there will be no intermission, not even a little, unless night shall first come and separate the mighty hosts. The band of the protecting shield shall be wet with sweat upon the breast, and the hand shall be weary that holds the spear, and the horse shall sweat that tugs at the polished car. And him whom I find not in the battle, but tarrying beside the pinneted ships, him nothing shall deliver from feeding the dogs and the fowls of heaven."

He ended, and the Argives shouted on high, loud as the waves that break, impelled by the south wind, on the jutting crag of some lofty shore, for ever buffeted by the shifting winds that blow now this way and now that. They rose up in a bustle, and dispersed among the ships, and made fires among their booths, and took their meal. And some sacrificed to one, and some to another, of the sempiternal gods, praying that they might not die, but escape from the broil of Ares. And the king of men, Agamemnon, offered a steer, fat, five years old, to Cronus' almighty son ; and he bade the elders to feast the notables of the Panachæans ; first of all Nestor and Idomeneus the kings, and then the two Ajaces and the son of Tydeus ; and the sixth was Odysseus, wise as Zeus himself,

and Menelaus, good at need, came uninvited, for he knew *Book II*  
what his brother was doing. And they stood round the beast, 408—442  
and took up handfuls of barley groats, and ruler Agamemnon  
spake and prayed—

“O Zeus, most glorious, most great, thou of the black  
cloud, who dwellest in the æther, let not the sun set and  
the darkness fall before I have tumbled headlong Priam’s  
smoky roof-tree, and burned his doors with a flame of fire,  
and rent the coat of Hector upon his breast, and riven it  
with the spear, and let many of his men around him fall on  
their face and gnaw the ground.”

Such was his prayer; but Cronus’ son granted him not  
yet fulfilment; he took the sacrifice, but added trouble un-  
enviable. Then when they had prayed, and cast on handfuls  
of barley groats, they drew back the head of the steer, and  
cut its throat, and flayed the hide, and cut out the thigh-bones,  
and wrapped them in a fold of fat, and laid raw morsels  
atop, and they burned them on a fire of leafless splinters, and  
they ran the inwards through with spits and held them over  
the flame. And when the thighs were consumed and they  
had tasted of the inwards, they cut up the remainder and  
spitted the pieces, and roasted them carefully, and drew them  
off. And when their labour was done, and the meal ready,  
they partook, and had their pleasure of the equal banquet.  
And when desire of meat and drink was gone, Gerenian  
horseman Nestor thus began—

“Thrice-glorious Atrides, king of men, Agamemnon, let us  
no longer talk together and make delay of the work which  
heaven puts in our hand. Come, therefore, let the heralds of  
the bronzen-coated Achæans make proclamation, and assemble  
the people from among the ships; and let us all together, as  
we are, go up and down the wide host of the Achæans, that  
we may more speedily awake sharp war.”

He said, nor did Agamemnon, king of men, refuse. At  
once he bade the loud-voiced herald call the long-haired

*Book II* Achæans to the field: they made proclamation, and the men  
443—481 assembled; and the heaven-bred kings hurried to and fro  
about Atrides, selecting each their own; and gray-eyed  
Athenè was there amidst them, bearing the ægis, the thrice-  
precious, the ageless, the immortal; around it flutter a  
hundred tassels, each of plaited gold, and each worth a  
hundred beeves. And she swept in light through the army  
of the Achæans, and urged them to advance; and she roused  
strength in every heart, to battle and to fight incessantly;  
and immediately war became more delightful to them than  
to return to their fatherland in the hollow ships.

Even as a consuming fire, which fastens on the endless  
forest, among the mountain tops, and the blaze is seen far  
off; so, as they came, did the blazing gleam from their bright  
armour flash through the æther, and reach up to heaven.

As tribe on tribe of winged fowl, of geese or cranes or  
long-necked swans, in the Asian meadow, about the streams  
of Cayster, fly this way and that, exulting in their flight, and  
settle down with a cry, and all the meadow is loud; so did  
tribe upon tribe, from ships and from huts, pour forth into  
the Scamandrian plain; and the ground resounded terribly  
beneath the feet of men and of horses. And they stood in  
the flowery meadow of Scamander, innumerable, as the leaves  
and the flowers of spring.

Or as swarm on swarm of congregated flies, who dart to  
and fro in the sheep-cote in spring-time, when the pails run  
with milk; as many as these stood the long-haired Achæans in  
the plain, eager to meet the Trojans, and to smite them utterly.

And as goatherds easily divide broad flocks of goats, that  
are mingled in the pasture, so did the generals dispose the  
men, on this part and on that, and prepare them for the  
onset; and midmost was ruler Agamemnon, in eyes and head  
like to Zeus, who hurls the thunder, and in loins to Ares, and  
in breast to Poseidon. As a bull is goodliest of all the herd,  
conspicuous among the gathered kine; so goodly did Zeus

make Atrides in that day, preëminent and premier among *Book II*  
many warriors. 482—518

Tell me now, O Muses, who dwell in houses of Olympus, —for ye are goddesses, and present ever, and know all things; and we hear but an old tale, and know not rightly,—who were the lords and leaders of the Danaans that came beneath Troy. Their multitude I could not recount or name, not had I ten tongues, and ten mouths, and an unwearying voice, and a heart of iron, had not the Olympian Muses, the daughters of ægis-bearing Zeus, been my remembrancers. Now will I tell the names of the chieftains and the number of the ships.

## THE CATALOGUE

The leaders of the Bœotians were Pèneleôs and Lêitus and Arcesilâus and Prothoënor and Clonius; of those who dwelt in Hyria and rocky Aulis and Schœnus and Scôlus and Eteônus of the many braes; The speia and Græa and Mycalêssus of the wide spaces, and those who dwelt about Harma and Eilesium and Erythræ, and those who possessed Eleon and Hylê and Peteon, Ocaleë and Medeon, goodly city; Côpæ and Eutrêsis and Thisbê of the many doves, and Corôneia and grassy Haliartus, and Platæa and Glisas, and Hypothêbæ, goodly city; and holy Onchêstus, Poseidon's bright grove, and the inhabitants of Arnê, rich in grapes; and Mideia and divine Nisa, and Anthêdon on the seaboard; fifty were their ships, and in each sailed six score Bœotian men.

And those who dwelt in Asplêdon and Minyan Orcho-menius; their leaders were Ascalaphus and Ialmenus, sons of Ares, whom Astyochê, maiden sweet, bore to strong Ares in the house of Azide Actor; she went up to the upper chamber, and he was with her in secret; and with these sailed thirty hollow ships.

And Schedius and Epistrophus were the captains of the Phocians, the sons of Iphitus, gallant son of Naubolus; and

*Book II* of the Phocians were they who possessed Cyparissus and  
519—556 rocky Pytho, and divine Crisa and Daulis and Panopeus ;  
and some were they who dwelt about Anemôreia and  
Hyampolis, and they who dwelt beside the river, divine  
Cêphissus, and they who held Lilæa hard by Cêphissus' springs ;  
and with them followed forty black ships. These two  
captains set the Phocians in order ; and their place was next  
the Bœotians, upon the left.

And the general of the Locrians was Oïleus' son, fleet Ajax,  
the lesser ; not so great was he as Telamonian Ajax, but much  
lesser ; he was short of stature, and his jerkin was of linen  
stuff, and in spearmanship he excelled Panhellenians and  
Achæans. And the Locrians dwelt in Cynus and Opus and  
Calliarus and Bêssa and Scarphê and lovely Augeiæ, and  
Tarpê and Thronium, that is on Boagrius' stream ; and with  
Ajax came forty black ships of the Locrians, who dwell  
beyond holy Eubœa.

And there were the Abantes, breathing might, who  
possessed Eubœa ; and their towns were Chalcis and Eretria,  
and Histieæ of the clustering grape, and Cêrinthus by the  
sea, and Dium's high portalice, and Carystus, and Styra ; and  
their captain was Chalcôdon's son, Elephênor, branch of Ares,  
chieftain of the valiant Abantes ; with him came the fleet-  
footed Abantes, long-haired behind, spearmen, impatient with  
the outstretched ash to rend the corselet on the enemy's breast ;  
forty in number were their black ships.

And those who possessed Athens, beautiful city, home of  
generous Erechtheus, child of grain-giving earth, and nursling  
of Athene, Zeus' daughter ; she gave him a place in Athens,  
in her own fat temple ; and there through the revolving years  
the Athenian men propitiate him with bulls and rams. Their  
leader was Menestheus, son of Peteôs ; never yet was man on  
earth could set in order chariots and shielded men as he ;  
only Nestor might vie with him, for he was the elder ; and  
with him came fifty black ships.



And Ajax led from Salamis twelve ships [and placed them where stood the ranks of the Athenians]. *Book II*  
557—598

And the men of the Achæans who possessed Argos and Tiryns of the walls, Hermionê and Asinê, about the deep gulf, Trœzen and Eïones, and vine-clad Epidaurus, and Aegina and Mases; their chiefs were Diomedes, good at need, and Sthenelus, son of glorious Capaneus; and with them came Euryalus the third, god-like wight, son of Mécisteus the king, son of Talaüs; but captain of them all was Diomedes, good at need; and with him came eighty black ships.

And they who possessed Mycenæ, beautiful city, and rich Corinth, and goodly Cleonæ, and Orneïæ, and lovely Aræthyria, and Sicyon, where once Adrastus ruled, and they who dwelt in Hyperesia, and lofty Gonoessa, and Pellênê, and Aegium, and through all Aegialus and over broad Helicê; a hundred ships from thence did princely Agamemnon command, the son of Atreus; with him came the most and the best; and himself had donned the flashing metal, conspicuous among all the men of might, exulting, because he was chief of all, and his following was the greatest.

And they who possessed Lacedæmon of the clefts and hollows, Pharis and Sparta and Messê of the many doves, and Bryseïæ, and lovely Augeiæ, and Amyclæ, and Helos, city by the sea, and Laa, and Oetylum; all these led Menelaus, good at need, brother of Agamemnon, with sixty ships; but their muster was separate. And himself moved among them, eager and confident, and urged them to the war; much he desired to avenge the yearnings and the groans of Helen.

And those who dwelt in Pylus and delightful Arênê and Thryum, ford of Alpheüs, and fair-founded Aepy, and Cyparisseïs, and Amphigeneia, and Pteleum, and Helos, and Dorium, where the Muses met with Thamyris the Thracian as he came from Oechalia and Oechalian Eurytus, and made an end of his singing; for he boasted bravely of sure victory, even were the Muses to contend with him, the daughters of

*Book I.* ægis-bearing Zeus; and they were angry, and blinded him,  
599—637 and took away his wondrous song, and made him forget his  
minstrelsy. Their leader was Gerenian horseman Nestor;  
and with him sailed ninety hollow ships.

And they who held Arcadia, beneath Cyllênê's high  
mountain, where men be very brave, about the tomb of  
Aepytus, and the dwellers in Pheneüs and Orchomenus of the  
many sheep, and Rhipê, and Stratia, and wind-swept Enispê,  
and Tegea, and lovely Mantinea, and Stymphâlus, and  
Parrhasia, all these the son of Ancæus led, lordly Agapênor,  
with sixty ships; and in every ship were many Arcadian  
men, practised in battle; but Agamemnon, king of men, son  
of Atreus, had given them transomed ships to cross the main,  
because they knew not the doings of the sea.

And they who inhabited Buprasium and divine Elis, and  
all that lies within the circle of Hyrmînê and Myrsinus, on  
the seaboard, and the Olenian rock, and Aleisium, they had  
four leaders, and ten swift ships came with each, and many  
an Epeian therein; Amphimachus and Thalpius were their  
chiefs, the sons of Cteatus and of Eurytus, both of Actor's  
blood; and third was stout Diôres, son of Amarynceus; and  
the fourth band was led by Polyxenus of mien divine, son of  
Agasthenes the king, son of Augeias.

And they who came from Dulichium and the Echînæ,  
holy islands, which lie across the sea, over against Elis, them  
Phylide Meges led, equal of Ares, whom horseman Phyleus,  
dear to Zeus, begat; and once he was angry with his father,  
and went to dwell in Dulichium; and with him went forty  
black ships.

And Odysseus led the valiant Cephallenians, who held  
Ithaca and Neritum, tossing with leaves, and Crocyleia, and  
rough Aegilips, and dwelt in Zacynthus and Samos, and  
possessed the mainland and the opposite land; all these  
Odysseus, wise as Zeus himself, commanded, and with him  
came twelve ships of scarlet prow.

And the leader of the Aetolians was Thoas, Andræmon's son; they dwelt in Pleuron, and Olenus, and Pylênê, and Chalcis by the sea, and rocky Calydon, for the sons of valiant Oeneus lived no longer, and himself was gone, and auburn Meleager was dead; wherefore Thoas had all the charge of the Aetolian rule; and with him came forty black ships. *Book II*  
638—676

And Idomeneus of the famous spear led the Cretans, who possessed Cnosus and Gortyn of the walls, Lyctus and Miletus, and white Lycastus, and Phæstus, and Rhytium, goodly-seated cities, and all the lands of hundred-citied Crete; captain of all these was Idomeneus of the famous spear, and Mériones, mighty as slaughtering Ares; and with them came eighty black ships.

And Heraclide Tlepolemus, tall and brave, led from Rhodes nine ships of the undaunted Rhodians, who dwelt in Rhodes, divided among three cities, Lindus, and Ialysus, and white Cameirus; these were led by Tlepolemus of the famous spear, whom Astyocheia bore to the might of Heracles; he brought her from Ephyrê, from Selleis' stream, after he had taken many towns of heaven-bred men. And when Tlepolemus was grown to manhood in the firm-built hall, in a little while he slew his father's uncle, Licymnius, branch of Ares, a man nearing his old age. And he hastened and built ships, and gathered together much people, and fled beyond the sea, for his kinsmen threatened him, the sons and the grandsons of the might of Heracles; and he came to Rhodes in his wandering, after many a trouble. And the men of Rhodes dwelt in three cities, according to their tribes, beloved of Zeus, who is the king of gods and men; and Cronion shed wealth upon them bountifully.

And Nireus led from Symê three balanced ships—Nireus, son of Aglaïa and Charopus the king—Nireus, the fairest-favoured who came beneath Ilium of all the Danaans after blameless Pelides. But he was of no account, and his people were few.

And they who possessed Nisýrus, and Carpathus, and

*Book II* Cases, and Cos, city of Eurypylus, and the Calydnian islands, 677—714 them Pheidippus and Antiphus commanded, sons of Thessalus the king, of the blood of Heracles ; and with them mustered thirty hollow ships.

And those again who dwelt in the Pelasgian Argos, in Halos and in Alopé and in Trachis, and they who possessed Phthia and Hellas, land of beautiful women, whose names are Myrmidons, and Hellenes, and Achæans, them Achilles commanded, with fifty ships. But they bethought them not of melancholy war, for there was none to lead them forth in order, for swift divine Achilles sat among his ships in anger because of the damsel, fair-haired Briseis, whom he took for himself from Lyrnêssus, with no little pains ; Lyrnêssus he took, and the walls of Thêbê, and Mynes he laid low and Epistrophus, spearmen good, sons of Euênus the king, son of Selêpius ; because of her he sat in anger, but soon was he to rise again.

And they who possessed Phylacê and flowery Pyrasus, halidom of Demeter, and Iton, mother of sheep, and Antron by the sea, and Pteleüs of the meadow-flats ; their leader was the brave Protesilaus, while yet he lived ; but now the black earth covered him over, and his wife remained in Phylacê with grief-torn cheeks, in house but not in home, for a Dardan slew him as he leapt from his ship, the first man of the Achæans. Yet were his people not uncommanded, although their chief was gone ; for Podarces, branch of Ares, was their general, the son of Iphiclus of the many sheep, the son of Phylacus ; and he was brother-german of high-souled Protesilaus, but younger in birth ; for his brother was older and mightier, yet were the people well commanded, although they mourned for their goodly chief ; with him followed forty black ships.

And they who dwelt in Phæræ, along the Bœbéïd lake, in Bœbê, and in Glaphyræ, and in goodly Îôleus ; them with eleven ships the son of Admêtus commanded, Eumêlus, whom

Alcestis, divine among women, fairest of Pelias' daughters, *Book II*  
bare to Admêtus. 715—751

And they who inhabited Methônê and Thaumakia, and possessed Melibœa and rough Olizon; their captain was Philoctetes, bowman good, with seven ships; and fifty rowers sailed in every ship, well skilled each man in valiant archery. But he lay in an island, grievously tormented, in goodly Lemnos, where the sons of the Achæans left him, in anguish from the evil bite of a venomous snake; there he lay suffering; but soon were the Argives beside their ships to take remembrance of Philoctetes the king. Nor were these uncommanded, although their lord was absent; but Medon ordered them, the bastard son of Oileus, whom Rhênê bore to Oileus, taker of cities.

And they who held Tricca and Ithômê of the crags, and Oechalia, city of Oechalian Eurytus; their leaders were the sons of Asclepius, healers twain, Podaleirius and Machaon; and with them were mustered thirty hollow ships.

And they who held Ormenium, and the fountain Hypereia, and Asterium, and the white heads of Titanus; them Eurypylus led, Euaemon's bright son; and with him came forty black ships.

And they who dwelt in Argissa and Gyrtônê, Orthê and Elônê and Oloössôn, white city; them Polypœtes commanded, steadfast warrior, son of Peirithoüs, whom immortal Zeus begot. Him glorious Hippodameia conceived to Peirithoüs in that day when he took vengeance on the shaggy Centaurs, and drove them out of Pelium, to dwell among the Aethices. Not alone was he, with him was Leonteus, branch of Ares, the son of valorous Corônus, Cæneus' son; and with him came forty black ships.

And Guneus led from Cyphus two-and-twenty ships. Him the Eniëniâns followed, and the Peræbi, steadfast in war, who settled their dwellings about inclement Dodona, and those whose tilth was beside delightful Titarêsus, who

*Book II* pours his lovely stream into Peneüs, yet mingles not with the  
752—786 silver dimples of Peneüs, but floats upon his surface, like to oil; for he is a fragment of awful Styx, the river of oath.

And Prothoüs, Tenthredon's son, led the Magnêtes, who dwelt about Peneüs and Pelium of the tossing leaves; their leader was Prothoüs, and with him came forty black ships.

Such were the lords and generals of the Danaans; but who excelled, and how, Muse, tell me true, of man and horse, who followed with the Atridæ.

Of horses there excelled those of Eumêlus, grandson of Phêrês; swift as birds were they, of one colour and of one age, and of one height by the plummet-level; and Apollo of the silver bow bred them, in Pêreia, female both; and flight went before them in the battle. And of men the champion was Telamonian Ajax, while yet Achilles kept his wrath; for he was the peerless; also most excellent of all the horses were those that bare along the blameless son of Peleus. But he sat among the pinneted sea-passing ships, exasperated against Atride Agamemnon, shepherd of the people; and his men took their pleasure beside the sea-beach, with casting of quoit and of javelin, and with archery; and the horses stood each in their chariot-place, and ate of clover and parsley from the marsh; and the chariots lay carefully covered in the huts of their masters. And missing much their captain, dear to Ares, they went here and there about the camp, and fought not.

So went the men; and their going was as if the earth were swept with fire; and the ground groaned beneath them, as beneath the stroke of Zeus, the hurler of the lightning, when he is angry, and scourges the earth about Typhôeus with his bolt, in the Arimian land, where, so they say, is Typhôeus' bed; no less loudly did the earth groan beneath their feet as they went; and rapidly they sped across the plain.

And windfoot rapid Iris came messenger to the Trojans

from ægis-bearing Zeus with a grievous message ; and they *Book II*  
were debating in their assembly before Priam's door, and 787—823  
were all assembled, young and old. And fleetfoot Iris came near, and spoke ; and she made her voice like to the voice of Priam's son, Polites, who sat as scout of the Trojans, confident in his speed, high on the tomb of old Aesyêtês, waiting until the Achæans should sally from their ships ; in his likeness spake fleetfoot Iris—

“ Old sir, thou ever lovest to talk and talk as once in time of peace ; but war immeasurable is afoot. Many a time have I entered the fight of men, but never yet saw I so great or so mighty a host ; they are numerous as the leaves or the grains of sand, and they come across the plains to fight about the city. And thee, Hector, I chiefly enjoin to do as I say : there are many allies in the great city of Priam, and tongue differs from tongue in the separation of men ; therefore let each ruler give commands to his own people, and do thou draw up our Trojan citizens, and be their leader.”

She ended, nor did Hector reject the word of the goddess ; speedily he dissolved the assembly, and the men hastened to their arms. And all the gates were opened, and the people hurried forth, footmen and riders ; and great was the hubbub.

Now before the city, far out in the plain, is a steep mound, about which one may run ; men call it Batieia, but the immortals the tomb of Myrinê, light of step ; there were the Trojans and the allies separated from each other.

And the leader of the Trojans was great Hector of the dancing plume, Priam's son ; with him were armed the bravest and the best, men of the eager spear.

And the leader of the Dardanians was Anchises' brave son, Aeneas, whom Anchises had by divine Aphrodite, when she was with him on the braes of Ida ; not alone was he ; with him were Antenor's two sons, Archelochus and Acamas, proficient in war.

*Book II*      And they who dwelt in Zeleia, beneath the lowest foot  
824—858 of Ida, Trojans, and rich, who drink Aesêpus' black water ;  
their leader was Lycâon's bright son, Pandarus, to whom  
Apollo himself gave a bow.

And they who held Adrasteia and the canton of Apæsus,  
and Pityeia, and Têreia's high mountain ; them Adrastus led,  
and Amphius of the linen jerkin, sons of Percosian Merops ;  
skilled was he in all divination, and he would not have his  
sons go to the deadly war ; but they would not listen ; for  
the fates of black death led them on.

And they who inhabited Percôtê and Practium, and  
Sestos, and Abydos, and divine Arisbê, their leader was  
Hyrtacide Asius, captain of men, Asius son of Hyrtæcus,  
whom his great bright horses brought from Arisbê and  
Selleïs' stream.

And Hippothoüs led the tribes of the Pelasgians, stout  
with the spear, who dwelt in Larisa of the fertile land ; their  
leaders were Hippothoüs and Pylæus, branch of Ares, sons  
both of Pelasgian Lêthus, son of Teutamus.

But Acamas and warrior Peiroüs led the Thracians, as  
many as are bounded by the strong current of Hellespont.

And Euphêmus was leader of the spearmen Ciconians,  
son of Trœzênus, son of heaven-bred Ceas.

But Pyræchmes led the Pæonians, with their sinuous  
bows, from Amydôn afar, from Axius' broad water, Axius,  
the goodliest stream that is spread over earth.

And the shaggy heart of Pylæmenes led the Paphla-  
gonians from the Enetian land, where is the breed of wild  
she-mules ; theirs was Cytôrus, and Sêsamus, and they had  
their famous dwellings about Parthenius' river, Crômna, and  
Aegialus, and lofty Erythîni.

And Hodius and Epistrophus led the Alizônians, from  
Alybê afar, where grows the silver.

And the captains of the Mysians were Chromis, and  
Ennomus, who knew the signs of birds ; but his birds



delivered him not from death, for he was slain beneath the hands of fleet Aeacides, in the river, where also he made havoc of the Trojans. *Book II*  
859—end

And Phoreys next, and Ascanius of mien divine led the Phrygians from far Ascania ; eager were they for the broil.

And the commanders of the Mæonians were Mesthles and Antiphus, whose father was Talæmenes, and their mother the Gygæan lake ; they led the Mæonians, whose birth was beneath Tmolus.

And Nastes was general of the Carians, who gibber in their speech ; theirs was Miletus, and Phthira's hill of mingled foliage, and the windings of Mæander, and Mycalé's steep head ; their captains were Amphinachus and Nastes, Nastes and Amphinachus, bright sons of Nomion ; and Nastes went to the war all golden, like a girl ; fool ! for his gold averted not grim death ; but he was slain beneath the hands of fleet Aeacides in the river, and valiant Achilles had the gold.

And Sarpédon led the Lycians, and blameless Glaucus, from distant Lycia and from eddying Xanthus.

## BOOK III

### THE OATHS—THE WATCHING FROM THE WALL—THE COMBAT OF PARIS AND MENELAUS

*Book III* AND when every company was disposed in order, leaders and  
1—25 men, the Trojans came on with cry and shouting, like the  
scream of birds, of cranes high up in heaven, who flee from  
winter and tempestuous rain, and fly vociferous towards the  
streams of ocean, bringing death and slaughter to the Pygmy  
men; and with breaking day they wake the deadly strife.  
But the Achæans marched in silence, breathing might, and  
their hearts were resolute, to stand each by other.

As when the south wind wraps a mountain's top in mist,  
unwelcome to the shepherd, but to the thief more acceptable  
than night, and a man sees before him but a stonecast; so  
beneath their feet, as they went, rose up a whirlwind of  
obscuring dust, and rapidly they sped across the plain.

And as they drew near, marching against each other,  
Alexander, of mien divine, skirmished before the Trojans;  
and on his shoulders hung a leopard-skin, and a crooked bow,  
and a sword; and brandishing two spears of bronzen head,  
he invited all the champions of the Argives to fight hand to  
hand in grim hostility.

And when Menelaus, dear to Ares, saw him advancing  
before the rest with bounding steps, he was glad, as a lion in  
his hunger, who lights on a carcass of a horned stag or a  
wild goat; nor will he leave devouring, although swift dogs

and stalwart youths seek to drive him off; so glad was Menelaus when his eyes beheld godlike Alexander; for he thought to punish his wronger; and immediately he leapt all armed from his chariot upon the ground. *Book III*  
26—60

But when godlike Alexander saw him appearing among the foremost, he was confounded, and he retreated into the crew of his companions, eschewing death. As when a man spies a serpent in a mountain dell, and springs away, and his limbs tremble beneath him, and his cheeks are pale, and he turns back; so did godlike Alexander retire into the company of the magnanimous Trojans, dreading the son of Atreus; and Hector saw, and taunted him with words of reproach—

“Paris, thou evil Paris, fair to see, amorous beguiler of women, would thou hadst never been born, or hadst died unwedded! So would I desire it, and so were it better for thee than to live thus dishonoured and odious to all. Surely the long-haired Achæans laugh loud, who took thee for a champion of the foremost, because thou art of a goodly presence; for there is no vigour or spirit in thy heart. Wert thou no braver when thou didst gather thee companions true, and make voyage in sea-passing ships, and go among strangers, and bring back a lovely wife from a land beyond the sea, a kinswoman of valiant men, to be a destruction to thy father, and to the city, and to all our people, a cause of rejoicing to our enemies and of contumely to thyself? Wilt thou not abide the coming of Menelaus, dear to Ares? Then wouldst thou know the mettle of the man whose fair wife thou possessest. The lyre would not protect thee, nor the gifts of Aphrodite, nor thy hair, nor thy beauty, when thou wert tumbled in the dust. But the Trojans are faint of heart; else long ago thou hadst been lapped in stone, because of the evils thou hast wrought.”

Then godlike Alexander answered him: “Hector, thy heart is hardened, like an axe that is wielded by a man who skilfully fashions a ship-timber; and the axe cuts through,

*Book III* and adds strength to his stroke ; such is thy dauntless soul  
61—94 within thy breast. Yet thou hast rebuked me moderately,  
and not beyond measure. But taunt me not with the  
delightful gifts of golden Aphrodite ; not to be contemned  
are the glorious gifts of the gods, which they give of their  
favour, for none may take them at his own pleasure. And  
now, if thou wilt have me fight and do battle, let the rest of  
the Trojans and of the Achæans sit by, while I and Menelaus,  
dear to Ares, fight in the midst for Helen and for her wealth.  
And whichever prevails, and gets the better, let him take the  
wealth without abatement and the lady, and bring them to  
his house ; and let the rest of you do sacrifice and swear faith  
and friendship, that ye may continue to dwell in fertile Troy,  
and they may return to Argos of the horse-meadows, and to  
Achæa, home of fair women.”

He said, and Hector rejoiced when he heard the words ;  
and he took his spear by the middle, and stepped into the  
midst, and kept back the lines of the Trojans ; and they stood  
and halted : and the long-haired Achæans took aim at him,  
and shot at him with arrows, and slung at him with stones ;  
but Agamemnon, king of men, shouted afar—

“Hold, ye Argives, and shoot not, men of the Achæans ;  
for Hector of the tossing plume makes as if he would speak  
some word to us.”

He said, and they desisted readily, and were silent ; and  
Hector spake to both the armies—

“Hearken, ye Trojans and ye Achæans, who wear the  
greave, to the word of Alexander, the breeder of our quarrel :  
he would have the rest of the Trojans and the Achæans lay  
down their armour upon earth, our mother, while he and  
Menelaus, dear to Ares, fight alone in the midst for Helen  
and for her wealth : and whoever is victorious, and gets the  
better, let him take the wealth without abatement and the  
lady, and bring them to his house ; and let the rest of us do  
sacrifice, and swear faith and friendship.”

He said, and all were silent without sound; until thus *Book III*  
spake Menelaus, good at need— 95—129

“Listen to me also, for this trouble touches me nearer than you all; the Argives and the Trojans, I think, are already willing to separate, for both of you have suffered evil things because of my quarrel, and because of Alexander’s first sin. Therefore whichever of us is doomed to death and fate, let him die; and the rest of you separate speedily. And do ye Trojans bring two lambs, a white wether and a black ewe, for Earth and for the Sun, and we will bring another for Zeus. And fetch too the might of Priam, that he himself may do sacrifice and take oath, for his sons are highhanded and of light faith, and perchance some one may do presumptuously and infringe the oath of Zeus. The thoughts of young men are ever capricious; but when an old man is among them, he looks before and after, and arranges a matter for the weal of both.”

So said he, and Achæans and Trojans alike rejoiced, expecting an end of lamentable war; they stayed their chariots, and drew them up in ranks, and lighted down, and took off their arms, and laid them upon the ground; they were near to each other, and there was a little space between.

And Hector sent two heralds to the city with all speed to bring the lambs, and to summon Priam. And lordly Agamemnon sent Talthylus to the hollow ships, and bade him fetch another lamb; and he disobeyed not divine Agamemnon.

And Iris came, messenger to white-armed Helen, in the likeness of her husband’s sister, the spouse of Antenor’s son, whom princely Helicaon had to wife, Laodice, fairest of Priam’s daughters; she found Helen in the hall, and she was weaving a great web, double-broad, purple-dyed, and she figured in it many conflicts of horse-subduing Trojans and bronzen-coated Achæans, which they suffered because of her beneath the hands of Ares. And fleetfoot Iris came near and said—

*Book III*      "Come hither, dear girl, that thou mayst behold the  
130—164 marvellous things which the horse-mastering Trojans and the  
bronzen-coated Achæans are doing; heretofore they have  
waged miserable war against each other in the plain, and been  
eager for the desolating battle; but now they sit peaceably,  
and the war is stopped, and they lean upon their shields, and  
their long spears are stuck in the ground, and Alexander and  
Menelaus, dear to Ares, will fight for thee with long lances;  
and thou shalt be called wife of the conqueror."

So spoke the goddess, and roused in her a sweet longing  
after her former husband, and her city, and her parents; and  
she made haste, and wrapped herself in white apparel,  
and went from her chamber, shedding the tender tear; not  
alone, with her went two bower-women, Aethre, daughter of  
Pittheus, and broad-eyed Clymene. And soon they came  
where stood the Scæan gate.

And there sat Priam and his counsellors, Panthoüs and  
Thymoetes and Lampus and Clytius and Hicetaon, branch of  
Ares, and Ucalegon and Antenor, prudent both; they sat,  
the elders of the people, above the western gate; they were  
old, and their wars were ended, but they were admirable in  
speech, and like the cicalas, who sit upon a tree amid the  
wood and utter a thin sweet voice; such were the seniors of  
the Trojans, who sat above the wall. And when they saw  
Helen coming towards them, they spake softly one to another  
with winged words—

"Little reproach, that Trojans and greaved Achæans should  
long have trouble because of such a woman; for her face is the  
face of the immortal goddesses. But beautiful although she be,  
let her return in the ships, and not remain, to be a destruction  
to ourselves and to our children in days to come."

So spake they; but Priam called to Helen: "Come  
hither, dear child, and sit before me, that thou mayest see  
thy former husband and thy friends and kinsmen. I find no  
fault with thee; the gods are authors of our trouble, who

have stirred up against me the calamitous war of the Achæans. *Book III*  
And I would have thee name yon wondrous man ; which of <sup>165—199</sup>  
the Achæans is he, who is so mighty and brave ? Other men  
I see, taller by the head, but never have I beheld one so  
stately, or of such a presence ; for there is majesty in his  
look."

Then Helen, divine among women, replied to him :  
"Father, I ever owe thee respect and reverence. O would  
that evil death had been my choice the rather, when I fol-  
lowed thy son hither, leaving my marriage chamber and my  
kin, and my daughter fondly loved, and the sweet com-  
panions of my youth ! But it was not so ; and mine eyes run  
down with tears. And I will tell thee what thou askest and  
wouldst know of me ; yon is Atrides, wide-ruling Agamem-  
non, a noble monarch and a man of war ; and he was the  
brother by marriage of shameless me—if indeed he was."

She spake, and the old man gazed with admiration, and  
said : "O happy Atrides, most fortunate, most blest ! how  
many of the Achæan men are thy subjects. In days of old I  
have visited Phrygia, land of vines, and there I saw the men  
of Phrygia, very many, masters of flying colts, the peoples of  
Otreus and of god-like Mygdon ; for they were then in cam-  
paign upon the banks of the Sangarius, and I was with them  
an auxiliary in that day when the man-matching Amazons  
came upon them ; but they were not so numerous as the  
quick-eyed Achæans."

Then next the old man espied Odysseus, and asked :  
"Tell me yet again, dear child, what man is this ; he is  
shorter by a head than Atride Agamemnon, but broader to  
look upon in breast and shoulders ; his harness lies on earth,  
our nouriſher, and he himself, like a ram among the flock,  
goes up and down the ranks of men ; like a ram he seems to  
me of curling fleece, who passes through the great flock of  
white ewes."

Then answered Helen, begotten of Zeus : "This is the

*BOOK III* son of Laertes, sagacious Odysseus, who was bred in Ithaca,  
200—238 a rugged land, master of wary wiles and close contrivings."

And thus the wise Antenor spake to her: "Lady, thou hast spoken the very truth; for once before divine Odysseus came hither, an envoy because of thy matter, along with Menelaus, dear to Ares. I was their host, and entertained them in my house, and knew the person and the mind of both. And when they mingled among the assembled Trojans, Menelaus was taller by the broad shoulders when they stood; but when both sat down Odysseus was of the nobler presence. But when they began to speak, and frame their counsel, Menelaus spake easily, yet not much, but in a clear voice, for neither used he many words nor yet did he speak stammeringly, although he was the younger. But when sagacious Odysseus had risen up, he would stand, and look down, and fix his eyes upon the ground, and he would move his wand neither backwards nor downwards, but held it stiffly, like a clown; one might have deemed him some surly fellow or some utter dunce; but when the deep voice came from his chest, and the words poured out like the flakes of winter snow, then never mortal man might vie with Odysseus; we looked upon him but thought no longer of his outward guise."

And third the old man saw Ajax, and asked: "Who is this other Achæan, a man tall and stout, who rises above the Argives by the head and the broad shoulders?"

Then answered Helen of the flowing robe, divine among women: "This is Ajax, the mighty bulwark of the Achæans; and on the other side stands Idomeneus among the Cretans, like a god, and his captains are gathered around him. Often did Menelaus, dear to Ares, entertain him in our house when he came from Crete. And now I behold all the other quick-eyed Achæans, who are familiar to me, and whose names I could tell, but two I cannot see, marshallars of the people, Castor, subduer of horses, and Polydeuces the boxer, mine own dear



brothers, whom one mother bore. Came they not hither *Book III*  
with the rest from lovely Lacedæmon, or having come in the *239—274*  
sea-passing ships, choose they not now to enter the fight of  
men, through dread of my shame and my many reproaches?"

So she asked, but they were laid in the life-inspiring  
earth, in Lacedæmon, in their fathers' land.

Meanwhile the heralds were bringing the victims, the  
pledges of faith, through the town,—the two lambs, and in-  
spiriting wine, fruit of the ground, in a bottle of goatskin;  
and Idæus the herald carried a shining bowl and golden  
cups; and he came near to the old man and called to him—

"Up, son of Laomedon; the notables of the horse-  
subduing Trojans and of the bronzen-coated Achæans require  
thee to go down into the plain and swear an armistice; then  
Alexander and Menelaus, dear to Ares, will fight for the lady  
with long spears; and she and her wealth will fall to the  
conqueror, and the others will do sacrifice and swear faith  
and fidelity, and we will continue in fertile Troy, and they  
return to Argos, pasture of horses, and Achæa, home of fair  
women."

He said, and the old man shuddered, and bade his attend-  
ants yoke the horses, and they obeyed him readily. And  
Priam mounted, and gathered up the reins, and Antenor  
went beside him in the fair chariot. And they directed the  
swift steeds to the plain through the Scæan gate.

And when they were come among the Trojans and  
Achæans, they lighted down upon all-nourishing earth, and  
stepped into the midst between the armies. And imme-  
diately Agamemnon, king of men, rose up, and sagacious  
Odysseus; and the stately heralds brought together the  
victims, the pledges of the gods, and mingled wine in a bowl,  
and poured water upon the hands of the kings: and Atreides  
drew forth the poniard, that ever hung beside the broad  
scabbard of his sword, and cut hairs from the heads of the  
lambs; and the heralds dealt them to the notables of the

*Book III* Trojans and the Achæans; and Atrides prayed aloud, and  
275—311 lifted up his hands—

“O Zeus our Father, who rulest from Ida, most glorious, most great; and thou, O Sun, who seest and hearest all things; and ye Rivers, and thou Earth, and ye Twain who among the dead below inflict punishment upon the perjurer, be ye witnesses and guardians of this our treaty. If Alexander slay Menelaus, let him keep Helen and all her wealth, and we will return in the sea-passing ships; but if auburn Menelaus kill Alexander, the Trojans shall render Helen and all her goods, and pay a fitting mulct to the Achæans, a prize that may remain to future generations. But if Alexander fall, and Priam, and the sons of Priam, will not pay me this penalty, then I will abide here, and continue to fight for a recompense until I find an end of war.”

He said, and cut with the unpitying bronze the throats of the lambs; and he laid them upon the ground, gasping, and presently lifeless, for the knife took away their strength. And they drew wine from the bowl in cups, and poured it out, and prayed to the everlasting gods; and thus would a man speak, Achæan or Trojan—

“O Zeus, most glorious, most great, and all ye immortals, whoever shall be first to break the truce and show hostility, may their brains be spilt upon the ground like this wine, their own and their children’s, and their wives be humbled by others.”

So they prayed; but Cronion granted them not yet fulfilment. And Priam, seed of Dardanus, spake a word—

“Hear me, ye Trojans, and ye Achæans who wear the greave; I for my part will go back to windy Troy, for I could not endure to see my son fighting with Menelaus, dear to Ares. Zeus only knows, and the immortal gods, whether of them is doomed to final death.”

So spake the reverend king, and laid the lambs upon the chariot; and he mounted up, and gathered in the reins; and

Antenor took his place beside him. And they went back to Ilium as they came. *Book III*  
312—347

And Hector, son of Priam, and divine Odysseus measured out a ground; and they took lots and shook them in a bronzen helmet, to know who first should cast the bronze spear. And the people prayed, and lifted up their hands to the gods, and thus would a man speak, Achæan or Trojan—

“O Zeus our Father, who rulest from Ida, most glorious, most great; whichever was the first beginner of all these evils, let *him* die, and go down to the house of Death, and let *us* have friendship and sworn fidelity.”

So they prayed, and great Hector of the waving plume shook the helmet, and turned away his face; and the lot of Paris leapt lightly forth. And the others sat down in their ranks, according to the place where stood the prancing horses of each, beside his rich-wrought arms; and divine Alexander, husband of Helen of the lovely hair, put on his goodly harness. First of all he clad his legs in fair greaves, buckled with silver clasps; and next he girt his breast with the corselet of his brother Lycæon, and fitted it to him; and about his shoulders he hung a bronzen sword, with silver bosses, and took a shield, great and strong; and upon his mighty head he placed a well-wrought helmet; and the horsetail plume nodded gallantly above. And he chose a stout spear, that fitted his hand. And in like manner martial Menelaus armed him.

And when they were equipped, each on his part, they came into the space between the Trojans and the Achæans, with grim looks; and all who saw them marvelled, both the Trojans, masters of horses, and the Achæans who wear the greave. And they stood near one another in the measured ground, full of mutual rancour, and shook their lances; and first of the two Alexander flung the spear of long shadow, and struck Atrides in the equal shield; but the head pierced

*Book III* not the bronze, and the point was bent back on the firm  
348—382 shield. Then next Atride Menelaus rushed on with the lance, and prayed to Zeus the Father—

“O Zeus our king, grant that I may punish him who wronged me first, divine Alexander, and let him be humbled beneath my hand; that men may hear and fear in time hereafter, and injure not their host and entertainer.”

He said, and shook the spear of long shadow, and threw, and struck Priam's son in the equal shield; through the bright buckler went that forceful spear, and through the rich-wrought corselet it pressed on, and rent the coat about his side; but he bent himself, and avoided black death. And Atrides drew the silver-studded sword, and rose upon his feet, and struck him on the ridge of the helmet; but the sword was dashed thrice and four times in pieces, and fell from his hand, and Atrides groaned in anguish, and looked up to broad heaven—

“Father Zeus, no god is more cruel than thou. I thought without doubt to punish Alexander for his wickedness; and behold, my sword is broken in my hand, and my spear is flown from my grasp without effect, and he is unwounded.”

He said, and sprang upon him, and caught the helmet by the thick horsehair, and wrenched him round, and dragged him towards the Achæans; for he was choked by the embroidered band, the chin-strap that passed beneath his tender neck. And now had Menelaus dragged him away, and won unbounded honour, had not the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, been quick to see; she broke the thong, cut from the hide of a slaughtered ox, and the empty helmet came away in his firm hand; and he tossed it with a swing among the greaved Achæans, and his true followers took it up. And he leapt upon Alexander again, eager to slay him with the bronzen spear; but Aphrodite caught him away, easily, as a goddess, and covered him with much mist, and set him down in his sweet-smelling, perfumed chamber. And she went to call

Helen ; and she found her on the lofty rampart, among the *Book III*  
congregated ladies ; and she laid hold of her celestial mantle, 383—419  
and shook it ; and she spake in the likeness of an ancient  
woman, a wool-dresser, who carded fair wool for her while  
yet she dwelt in Lacedæmon, and was most dear to her ; in  
her resemblance spake divine Aphrodite—

“Come hither: Alexander bids thee home. Yonder he lies  
in his chamber, on his rich-wrought bed, bright with beauty  
and with apparel ; nor wouldst thou think that he was come  
from duel, but that he was going to the dance, or had but sat  
him down, the dance concluded.”

She said, and stirred anger within her breast ; but when  
she saw the beautiful neck of the goddess, and her voluptuous  
breast, and sparkling eyes, she was astonished, and spake,  
and said her say—

“Incomprehensible, why put this deceit upon me? to  
what farther region wilt thou lead me, to what goodly city of  
Phrygia or lovely Mæonia, where thou hast yet a favourite  
of mortal men? Because Menelaus hath overcome Alexander,  
and seeks to bring home his wretched wife, hast thou because  
of that come hither with thy beguilings? Go now thyself,  
and take thy place beside him, and renounce the path of the  
gods, and let not thy feet return again to Olympus, but be  
ever cosseting and trouble-taking about him, until he make  
thee his wife or his bondwoman. But I will not go to  
partake his bed ; it were degradation ; and the Trojan  
women would hereafter vilify me ; and sorrow is all my  
thought.”

Then much in wrath spake goddess Aphrodite : “Stub-  
born, provoke me not, lest I be angry, and take away my  
favour, and hate thee as deep as I have loved thee beyond  
measure, and stir up enmity between Trojan and Danaan,  
and thou die an evil death.”

She said, and Helen, begotten of Zeus, was afraid ; and  
she wrapped herself in her bright and shining mantle, and

*Book III* went silently in the steps of the goddess, and the Trojan  
420—454 women saw not.

And when they were come to the beautiful house of Alexander, the maidens quickly turned them to their task; and their mistress, divine among women, went to the high-ceiled chamber. And Aphrodite, lover of the smile, brought a stool, and set it before Alexander; and Helen sat down, daughter of Zeus, who bears the ægis, and turned away her eyes, and spoke contemptuously—

“Thou comest from the battle! Would thou hadst died there, struck down by that brave man, my sometime husband! How didst thou boast before to be a better man than Atride Menelaus, with hand and might and spear! Go now, challenge forth Menelaus, dear to Ares, to fight with thee once again! But I would have thee abstain, nor duel it with auburn Menelaus, nor meddle with him rashly, lest thou find thy fall beneath his spear.”

Then Paris answered her with words like these: “Wife, gall me not with bitter reproaches. At this time Menelaus hath overcome with help of Athene, but I shall yet overcome him; for there be gods with us also. Come, let us take delight and dalliance; for never did love so occupy my soul, no, not when first I stole thee from lovely Lacedæmon, and set sail in my sea-passing ships, and was made one with thee in Cranaë’s isle; never did I love as now I love thee, and am possessed with sweet desire.”

He said, and went towards the couch; and his consort followed.

So slept they in the curious-carven bed; but Atrides went up and down the throng, like a wild beast, seeking to set eyes on divine Alexander; but none of Trojans or of famous allies could point him out to Menelaus, darling of Ares. Yet, had they seen him, none had kept it back from partiality; for all abhorred him like black death. And Agamemnon, king of men, addressed them—

“Hear me, ye Trojans, and Dardans, and auxiliaries; the *Book III*  
victory is manifestly with Menelaus, dear to Ares. Do ye 455—end  
therefore render up Argive Helen with her wealth, and pay  
a fitting indemnity, such a one as may remain to posterity.”

So spake Atrides, and the Achæans applauded.

## BOOK IV

### THE BREAKING OF THE OATHS—THE VISITATION OF AGAMEMNON

*Book IV* AND the gods sat in assembly in the house of Zeus, upon the  
1-25 golden floor; and beauteous Hebe poured them out the nectar. And they pledged each other in cups of gold, and looked down upon the city of the Trojans; and Cronides waited not long, but sought to provoke Hera with taunting words and sidelong speech—

“Two helpers has Menelaus among the goddesses, Argeian Hera and Alalcomenæan Athene. But now they sit and take their pleasure, and look on, spectators, while Aphrodite, lover of the smile, walks ever beside yon other, and turns away fate from him; and now she has delivered him from expected death. Yet the victory is with Menelaus, dear to Ares, and let us consider what shall next be done; whether we shall again stir up wild war and cruel contention, or make amity between the hosts; and if this be our good pleasure, let Priam's city continue, and Menelaus take Argive Helen again to his home.”

So spake he; but Hera and Athene sat sullen side by side, and there was evil in their hearts against the Trojans; and Athene kept silence, and said not aught, although she was enraged with Zeus the Father, and full of wild wrath; but Hera's breast contained not her indignation, and she spake—

“Dread son of Cronus, what a word is this? Wouldst



thou make void and nullify my labour, my labour and the sweat of my endeavour, and the toil of my horses, wherewith I have gathered this people together, that Priam and his sons may be undone? Do as thou wilt; but we the gods approve not." *Book IV*  
26—65

Then answered cloud-compelling Zeus, in much umbrage: "Witch, what evil do Priam and Priam's sons in thy sight, that thou art so persistent in desiring the downfall of Troy's goodly town? Wert thou to pass the gates and the high wall, and eat Priam raw, and Priam's sons, and all the Trojans, perhaps thy rancour would be satisfied. Do at thy pleasure: let not this matter breed a bate between me and thee in time to come; but listen and see thou hold in memory what I say: when I shall be minded to destroy some city of men thy favourites, seek not to delay mine anger, but let me be; for I have yielded thee thy will, reluctant much. Of all the cities of earthly men, that lie beneath the sun and the starry sky, most have I cherished holy Ilium and Priam, and the people of Priam with the ashen spear. Never did my altar there fail of the apportioned banquet, or of libation, or of sweet savour, our deity's proper honour."

Then broad-eyed lady Hera answered him: "I also have three beloved cities—Argos, and Sparta, and Mycene of the wide streets; them do thou destroy, when they have earned thy hatred; I interpose not for them, nor begrudge them; for if I should be jealous, and withstand their downfall, my jealousy avails not against thy preëminence. But my labour also may not be made vain; for I too am a god, and of one derivation with thee, the eldest born of wily Cronus' daughters; and I am first in place, by birth and bed, seeing I am called thy consort, who art king among the immortals. Let us then make concession each to the other, I to thee, and thou to me; and the immortals will follow our leading. And now bid Athene go down to the dire contention of

*Book IV* Trojans and of Achæans, and bring it about that the Trojans  
66—99 make a beginning of hostility against the far-famed Achæans,  
and infringe the peace.”

She ended, and the father of gods and men said not nay,  
but spake at once to Athene winged words—

“Make haste, get thee down to the host, to the Trojans  
and the Achæans, and bring about that the Trojans make  
beginning of hostility, and infringe their peace with the  
far-famed Achæans.”

He said, and added to her willingness; and she went  
fleeing down Olympus’ tops, like a star, which the son of  
crafty Cronus flings down, a portent to mariners or to some  
wide-camped host, a brilliant flame, from which the sparks  
fly thick; in that likeness Pallas Athene glanced down to  
earth, and descended in their midst; and wonder came upon  
all who saw, both Trojans, masters of horses, and Achæans,  
who wear the greave; and thus would a man speak, and  
look toward his neighbour—

“Either evil war and terrible encounter will be again  
renewed, or Zeus, the controller of the wars of men, will  
continue peacefulness.”

So would a man speak, Achæan or Trojan. And the  
goddess went among the multitude of the Trojans, in the  
similitude of a man, of Antenor’s son, Laodocus, spearman  
good, seeking for godlike Pandarus, if haply she might find  
him. And she found the son of Lycæon, blameless and bold,  
standing there; and round him stood in firm ranks his  
shielded warriors, who followed him from the streams of  
Aesêpus; and she stood near him, and spoke winged words—

“Wilt thou be said by me, martial son of Lycæon? be  
bold, and launch a swift shaft against Menelaus; and thou  
shalt have gratitude and glory from the Trojans, and most of  
all from Alexander the king; he will be the first to load thee  
with splendid gifts, if he see warlike Menelaus, son of Atreus,  
brought down by thy arrow, and laid upon the melancholy

pyre. Come, therefore, take thy aim at illustrious Menelaus, *Book IV*  
and vow to Apollo, the child of light, the glorious archer, <sup>100—136</sup>  
to offer a noble hecatomb of first-born lambs, when thou  
returnest to the town of holy Zeleia."

So spake Athene, and persuaded his foolish heart. He made haste, and took from its cover his polished bow, the spoil of a bounding wild-goat, which he himself had shot through the breast, lying in ambush, as it issued from a cave; and it fell feet upward on the rock. Sixteen handbreadths was the growth of the horns from the head; and the artificer had wrought them, and fitted them, and made the surface smooth, and added tips of gold. And Pandarus leant the bow against the ground, and dexterously stretched and strung it; and his brave companions held their shields before him, lest the martial sons of the Achæans should start to their feet before martial Menelaus, son of Atreus, was wounded. And he opened the lid of his quiver, and took out a fresh and feathered arrow, a well-spring of black pains; and quickly he fitted the sharp arrow upon the string, and vowed to Apollo, the child of light, the famous archer, that he would sacrifice a noble hecatomb of first-born lambs, when he returned home to the town of holy Zeleia. He grasped at once the notch of the arrow and the leathern string, and drew the thong to his breast, and the arrow-head to the bow; and when he had bent the horn into a round, the bow sounded, and the string twanged, and the keen arrow leapt forth among the crowd on eager wings.

Nor wert thou, Menelaus, forgotten of the blessed gods; and first to thy aid came the daughter of Zeus, the driver of the prey, who stood before thee, and turned aside the piercing arrow: and she waved it from his flesh, as a mother waves a fly from her child, when he lies in sweet sleep; and she directed it where the golden clasps of the belt met and the breastplate overlapped; and the sharp arrow lit upon the firm belt; through the curious belt went the arrow-head, and

*Book IV* through the rich-wrought corselet it pressed on, and through  
137—171 the skirt he wore, the screen of his flesh, a defence against  
javelins, his chief protection ; through that also it went, until  
it touched the skin of his flesh ; and immediately the black  
blood flowed from the wound.

And as when a woman of Mæonia or Caria stains ivory  
with crimson, to be a horse's headstall, a treasure-piece, which  
many a warrior would have for his chariot ; but it lies in  
store, the decoration of a king, an ornament for the horse,  
and a dignity to his master ; even so, Menelaus, were thy  
shapely thighs, and legs, and fair ankles beneath, bedyed  
with blood.

And Agamemnon, king of men, shuddered, when he saw  
the black blood dropping from the wound ; and Menelaus,  
dear to Ares, shuddered himself ; but when he saw the barbs  
and the sinew of the head outside the wound, his courage  
came again within his breast. And ruler Agamemnon spake  
among them, deeply groaning, and held Menelaus by the  
hand ; and their companions groaned—

“Dear brother, my truce has been thy death ; I put thee  
forth alone to fight with the Trojans before the Achæans,  
and the Trojans have wounded thee, and trampled on their  
plighted oath. But no light things are plighted oaths, and  
blood of lambs, and libations of unmingled wine, and pledges  
of confiding hands : for if the Olympian fulfil not now, yet  
will he fulfil at the last ; and the guilty shall pay manifold  
retribution, themselves, and their wives, and their children ;  
for well I know, within my heart and mind, that a day will  
come when holy Ilium shall perish, and Priam, and the  
people of Priam, with the ashen spear ; and Cronid Zeus,  
who sits on high, the dweller in the æther, will shake the  
blackness of his ægis against them, in indignation at this  
perfidy ; all this shall surely come to pass. But my heart will  
be exceeding sore for thee, Menelaus, if thou die and fulfil  
thy date of life ; and I shall go home to drougthy Argos

with much dishonour; for the Achæans will immediately bethink them of their fatherland; and we shall leave Argive Helen to be a boast to Priam and the Trojans; and thou shalt lie in Troy-land, and thy bones rot in the ground, and the work be left half-wrought. And thus will some man of the presumptuous Trojans say, as he skips upon the grave of illustrious Menelaus: 'Thus may Agamemnon evermore accomplish his anger, even as now he hath led the army of the Achæans hither in vain, and hath departed back to his land with empty ships, leaving behind brave Menelaus.' So will some one say; then may the earth gape wide for me."

And auburn Menelaus spake to him comfortably: "Take heart, and alarm not the people of the Achæans. The sharp arrow hath not struck me mortally, but outside the rich-wrought belt hath saved me, and inside the skirt and its lining, the work of cunning smiths."

And ruler Agamemnon answered him: "Heaven send it so, dear Menelaus! But a leech shall search thy wound, and put simples to it, and heal it of black pains."

He said, and spake to Talthybius, divine herald; "Talthybius, make haste, and call hither Machaon, the son of the blameless leech, Asclêpius, to look to martial Menelaus, captain of the Achæans, whom some dexterous bowman, Trojan or Lycian, hath shot with an arrow, a glory to him, but a sorrow to us."

He said, and the herald heard and obeyed; he went about the host of the bronzen-coated Achæans, looking for warrior Machaon; and he spied him standing, and about him the firm ranks of shielded men, who followed him from Trica, pasture of horses; and he stood near, and spake with winged words—

"Haste, son of Asclêpius; ruler Agamemnon calls thee to see martial Menelaus, lord of the Achæans, whom some skilful marksman, Trojan or Lycian, hath shot with an arrow, a glory to himself, but a grief to us."

*BOOK IV*      He said, and roused his heart within him; and they  
208—241 went through the throng and the broad army of the Achæans; and when they came where was the wounded man, auburn Menelaus, all the 'notables were gathered about him in a circle; and godlike Machaon came into their midst; and immediately he drew the arrow from the close-girt belt; and the sharp barbs bent and broke as he drew it out. And he took off the rich-wrought belt, and the skirt and the lining, the work of cunning smiths; and when he saw the wound, where the sharp arrow had lighted, he squeezed out the blood, and sprinkled gentle simples that he knew, which Chiron's love had given to his father.

And meantime, while they were busy about Menelaus, good at need, the ranks of the shielded Trojans came on; and the Achæans put on their armour again, and turned to battle.

Then mightst thou see divine Agamemnon, not asleep, nor crouching in a corner, nor shrinking from encounter, but hastening to the glorifying battle. He left his horses, and his chariot bright with bronze; and his esquire, Eurymedon, son of Ptolemæus, son of Peiraüs, withdrew the steeds from the battle, and held them, snorting high; and much Agamemnon charged him to have them at hand, when weariness should come upon his limbs, as he gave order up and down the host; for he went upon foot hither and thither, and reviewed the ranks of men. And where he found the Danaans, masters of fleet colts, brisk and busy, he would stand before them, and speak heartening words—

“Ye men of Argos, slack not might and main; for Zeus the Father will not help the traitor; but they who were the first to break their oath and do violence, their tender flesh shall the vultures eat; and their wives and little children we shall carry away in our ships, when we have taken their city.”

But those whom he found with no heart to hateful war, these would he taunt with indignant words—

"Ye laggards, ye disgrace to Argos, have ye no shame? *BOOK IV*  
Why stand ye stupefied like helpless fawns, that have run far <sup>242—277</sup>  
over the plain, and are blown, and stand, and the spirit is  
gone from them? Like them ye stand agape, and fight not.  
Or wait ye, perchance, till the Trojans are upon you, where  
the well-quartered ships are drawn up, by the beach of the  
gray sea, that ye know whether Cronion will stretch out his  
hand above you."

Thus did he captain it, reviewing the ranks of men; and  
as he went through the concourse, he came upon the Cretans.  
And they were arming themselves around warlike Idomeneus;  
he moved among the foremost, like a boar in might, and  
Meriones brought on the rearward lines. And Agamemnon,  
king of men, rejoiced when he saw them, and straightway he  
spoke to Idomeneus pleasant words—

"Idomeneus, I cherish thee above all the Danaans, masters  
of fleet colts, in war alike, and in whatever matter, and at  
the banquet, when the best of the Argives mix in the bowl  
the sparkling wine, the draught of honour; although the  
other long-haired Achæans may drink their stint, thy cup  
stands ever full, like mine own, to drink when we desire.  
On to the battle; be once more thyself."

Then answered Idomeneus, general of the Cretans:  
"Atrides, I will be a true companion to thee, as at the first  
I promised and consented; but stir up the rest of the  
long-haired Achæans, that we may fight at once, seeing the  
Trojans have violated truce; for death and trouble hereafter  
shall come upon them, because they have done a traitorous  
injury."

He said, and Atrides passed on rejoicing; and he came in  
his progress upon the Ajaces, and they were making them ready,  
and with them came a cloud of men afoot. And as when a  
goatherd looks from a height, and sees a cloud coming across  
the sea, impelled by the west wind; and though it be far off,  
it seems to him blacker than pitch, as it advances across the

*BOOK IV* sea, bringing much tempest ; and he trembles at the sight,  
278—314 and drives his flock into a cave ; like such a cloud behind  
the Ajaces moved to the consuming war the thick dark  
ranks of heaven-bred youths, bristling with spear and shield.  
And ruler Agamemnon saw them, and rejoiced ; and he spoke  
to them winged words—

“Ajaces, leaders of the bronzen-coated Argives, ye need  
no exhortation ; for you I have no command : unbidden ye  
urge your people to fight valiantly. Would, indeed, O Zeus  
our Father, and Athene, and Apollo, that such a spirit were  
in every bosom, then soon should Priam’s city stoop and fall,  
and be taken and despoiled by our hands.”

He said, and left them, and went on to others ; and he  
lighted upon Nestor, the clear speaker of the Pylians, arrang-  
ing his men and cheering them to fight ; and their leaders  
were great Pelagon, and Alastor, and Chromius, and kingly  
Hæmon, and Bias, shepherd of the people. First he drew up  
his horses and his chariots, and in the rear he set foot-soldiers,  
many and stout, to be the mainstay of his battle ; and the  
meaner sort he put in the midst, that a man might fight,  
whether he would or no, upon compulsion. And first he  
addressed his riders, and his charge to them was to hold in  
their horses, and not to crowd confusedly—

“Let no man presume on dexterity and on hardihood, or  
be eager to fight alone with the Trojans before his fellows,  
nor yet let him fall behind ; either way ye will be weaker ;  
and if any come within reach of an enemy’s chariot, let him  
thrust only with the spear. So fight we best, and so did the  
men of old take walls and cities, having conduct and spirit  
in their breast like this.”

Such was the charge of Nestor, proficient of old in war ;  
and ruler Agamemnon saw rejoicingly, and spake winged  
words—

“Old sir, what a spirit is within thy breast ! Would  
thy knees were as vigorous and thy strength continued. But



unexcepting age impairs thee; would that some other had thy years, and thou wert one of the younger." *Book IV*  
315—351

Then answered Gerenian Nestor, guider of horses: "Ah, son of Atreus, I would fain myself be such as when I slew divine Ereuthalion! But the gods give not all their gifts together; and if once I was young, now I am old. Yet, being as I am, I will go among the chariots, and direct with word and counsel, as is the privilege of age: and the lance shall be wielded by other hands, by those who are younger than I, and have strength and confidence."

He said, and Atrides passed on rejoicing; and he found the son of Peteôs standing, Menestheus, urger of horses, and about him the Athenians, shouters of the battle-cry; and hard by stood sagacious Odysseus, and about him the stout ranks of the Cephallenians; for these two heard not yet the alarm of battle, because the ranks of the horse-taming Trojans and of the Achæans were but newly stirred to commotion; and these stood in their place until some other column of the Achæans should come up, and set upon the Trojans, and begin the battle. And Agamemnon, king of men, saw and challenged them; and thus he spake in winged words—

"Thou son of Peteôs, the heaven-bred king, and thou, master of cunning tricks, subtle in spirit, why stand ye back timorously, and wait for others? It were your part to stand among the foremost and stem the consuming war. Are ye not the first bidden to the feast, when we Achæans prepare a banquet for the chief commanders? then ye are ready to eat the roasted meat, and to drink cups of delicious wine, as long as ye have inclination; but now ye would look on contentedly were ten columns of the Achæans to enter the battle before you, and fight with the unpitying sword."

And with bent brow sagacious Odysseus answered: "Atrides, what word hath escaped the fence of thy teeth? How sayest thou, that we are slack to fight, when the Achæans awake sharp war against the horse-mastering

*Book IV* Trojans? Thou shalt see, if thou wilt, and if thou care to  
352—388 look, the father of Telemachus mingled with the vanguard of  
the Trojans ; but now thou speakest idle words."

Then ruler Agamemnon answered with a smile, when he saw him provoked ; and thus he took the word again—

"Thou heavenly-born, thou son of Laertes, resourceful Odysseus, I would not challenge thee, nor rebuke thee, beyond measure ; for I know that thy heart within thy breast is mild of mood, and thy purpose is as mine own. But come, we will make our peace hereafter, if aught hath now been said amiss ; and may the gods scatter our words to the winds."

He said, and left them there, and went on to others ; and he found the son of Tydeus, courageous Diomedes, standing behind his horses on the firm-framed car ; and beside him was Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus ; and ruler Agamemnon saw and challenged him, and spake winged words—

"Alack, son of Tydeus the warrior, the master of horses, why art thou dismayed, and why dost thou look and look upon the bridges of war? It was not the wont of Tydeus to be dismayed, but to fight with the enemy far before his friends. So they told who saw his achievement ; for never did I meet with him, or see him ; but they say that he surpassed. And once he came to Mycenæ in peace, a guest, with godlike Polynices, assembling a power ; for they were campaigning against the holy walls of Thebê, and their entreaty was for an aid of famous allies ; and they of Mycenæ were willing, and gave consent ; but Zeus prevented them, and showed inauspicious signs. And when they had departed, and were upon their way, and had come to the Asopus, with the deep rush-beds and the meadow-flats, then the Achæans sent Tydeus again on an embassy ; and he went, and found many Cadmeians banqueting in the hall of the might of Eteocles. Then Tydeus, guider of horses, was not afraid, although he was an enemy, and alone among many, but he

challenged them all to the contest, and outdid them in all things easily : so did Athene help him. And the Cadmeians, goaders of horses, were enraged, and set a secret ambush for him as he returned, of fifty men, and two beside, their leaders, Mæon, Hæmon's son, counterpart of the immortals, and the son of Autophonus, Polyphontes, bearer of the brunt. But Tydeus brought upon them also defeat and doom ; he slew them every man, and one alone he allowed to return home ; Mæon he dismissed, obedient to the portents of the gods. Such was Aetolian Tydeus : but he begat a son less bold in battle, though of readier speech."

He said, and mighty Diomedes answered not, for he was abashed at the reproof of the great king ; but the son of glorious Capaneus spake back—

"Atrides, speak not falsely, when thou knowest the true tale ; we boast to have attained beyond our fathers, and we took the seat of seven-gated Thebê, although we led a lesser force beneath the wall of Ares ; but we put our trust in the portents of the gods and in the help of Zeus, and they fell by their own infatuation : wherefore hold we not our fathers in like esteem with us."

And thus with bent brow spake mighty Diomedes : "Keep silence, brother, and listen to my word. I bear no grudge at Agamemnon, shepherd of the people, because he urges the well-greaved Achæans to the battle. He will be high in glory if the Achæans destroy the Trojans and capture holy Ilium ; and he will be deep in grief if the Achæans have the worse. But come, do thou and I bethink us of encounter."

He said, and leapt in his armour from the chariot to the ground ; and terrible was the clank of the bronze about the prince's breast as he sprang, and at its ring the boldest might have quailed.

As when the west wind stirs up the sea waves, and they rise successive on the still-sounding shore ; while yet far out

*Book IV*  
389—423

*Book IV* they gather in a crest, and then they break upon the beach  
424—460 roaring, and the hollow curves climb up about the crags, and the sea-spray is dashed abroad, so moved successive to the battle the continuous lines of the Danaans; and each commander gave charge to his own men, and they moved in reverent silence; thou wouldst not deem that such a host could follow and refrain from speech; and about every man shone the rich arms in which they marched. And as when innumerable ewes stand in the fold of a man of great possessions to be milked of the white milk, and they hear the bleating of the lambs, and bleat in answer incessantly, so did the Trojans shout and cry throughout their broad army, for they were not all of one voice or of one speech, but of mingled language, and assembled from many nations. And these Ares incited, and those gray-eyed Athene, and Fear, and Flight, and Strife that never flags, sister and companion of slaughterous Ares; mean is her stature at first, but at the last she holds her head in heaven, and sets her foot upon the earth: then as ever she walked amid the throng and cast contentious quarrel in the midst, increasing the groans of men.

And when the armies were come into one place they dashed together with buckler, and with spear, and with strength of bronzen-coated men; and the bossy shields encountered, and there was a great crashing. And there was moaning, and there was jubilation of slayers and of slain; and the ground ran with blood. And as when winter-swollen torrents, pouring from mighty sources down the mountains, unite their boisterous waters in a hollow ravine, at a meeting of the glens, and the shepherd hears the din far oft among the mountains; such, as they mingled, was the shouting and the turbulence.

And first Antilochus slew a warrior of the Trojans, a champion of the foremost, Echeplûs, son of Thalysius; he struck him on the ridge of the thick-plumed helmet, on the forehead, and the bronzen point pierced through the bone,

and darkness covered his eyes, and he fell as when a tower *Book IV*  
falls, in the hot skirmish. And ruler Elephênor, son of 461—498  
Chalcôdon, captain of the valiant Abantes, caught the fallen  
man by the feet, and dragged him out of shot, impatient to  
strip off his armour; but his speeding sped not long, for  
valiant Agênor saw him dragging away the dead man, and  
stabbed him with the bronzen spear in the side, where it  
appeared beyond the shield, as he stooped and loosed his  
limbs. So life left him, and above him was wrought woful  
work of Trojans and of Achæans, and they leapt upon each  
other like wolves, and man tumbled man.

Then Telamonian Ajax struck Anthemion's son, young  
and well-liking Simoïsius, whom his mother bare beside the  
banks of Simoïs, when she came down from Ida, following  
her parents to see the flocks, wherefore they called him  
Simoïsius; but he repaid not his parents for his upbringing,  
and his life was brief, for he was quelled beneath the spear  
of valiant Ajax. He struck him as he moved in the front,  
on the breast, beside the right nipple, and the bronzen spear  
went through and through the shoulder, and he fell in the  
dust as an aspen falls that grows in a broad and marshy  
bottom, smooth of stem and branched about the head; and  
a man that is a chariot-maker fells it with the whetted iron  
to furnish the bended rim of a stately chariot, and the tree  
lies withering by the river-brim, so did heaven-born Ajax  
strike down Simoïsius, Anthemion's son. And Antiphus  
of the glancing corselet, son of Priam, cast at him in the  
crowd with his bright spear; him he missed, but he struck  
Leucus, follower true of Odysseus, in the groin, as he dragged  
a dead man to the other side, and the dead man slipped from  
his hand, and he fell himself upon him. And Odysseus was  
wroth exceedingly when he saw him slain, and he came  
among the foremost, armed in bright bronze, and stood near,  
and glanced around him, and darted his bright spear: and  
the Trojans shrank back as he made his cast, and he cast not

*Book IV* in vain, but struck Democoön, a bastard son of Priam, who  
499—532 came from Abydos, from the stud of swift mares; him Odysseus, in wrath for his follower, struck with the spear upon the temple, and the bronzen head came out at the other temple; and darkness covered his eyes; with a clash he fell, and his armour clanked upon him. And the foremost Trojans gave back, and radiant Hector; and the Argives shouted on high, and dragged away the dead, and charged much farther forward. And Apollo was displeased as he looked down from Pergamus, and he shouted and called on the Trojans—

“On, ye Trojans, masters of horses, and yield not the day to the Argives; their flesh is not stone or iron to resist the lacerating bronze that ye cast against them; and Achilles is not in the fray, the child of Thetis, of the lovely hair, but sits by the ships and digests his rankling spleen.”

So spake the terrible god from the city, but the daughter of Zeus, the thrice-glorious Tritogeneia, went amid the throng, and cheered on the Achæans where she saw them failing.

Then fate fettered Diôres, son of Amarynceus, for he was struck with a jagged stone beside the ankle, on the right shin, and a captain of the Thracians threw it, Peiroüs, the son of Imbrasus, who came from Aenus; and the ruthless stone crushed clean away both bone and sinew, and he fell backwards in the dust, stretching out his hands to his friends, and breathing out his life; and Peiroüs, the thrower of the stone, ran in on him and stabbed him with the spear beside the navel, and his bowels gushed out upon the ground, and darkness covered his eyes.

And Aetolian Thoas struck him with the bronze as he sped away, in the breast above the nipple, and the spear remained in his lungs; and Thoas came up and wrenched the ponderous weapon from his breast, and drew his sharp sword, and stabbed him in the middle of the belly, and took away his life. But he stripped him not of his arms, for his

fellows stood round about, the scalp-locked Thracians, holding their long spears in their hands, who thrust him from them, tall though he was, and big and burly, and pushed him from his ground. So the two lay stretched in the dust, side by side, the captain of the Thracians and the captain of the bronzen-coated Epeians, and many more lay slain around them. *Book IV*  
533—end

Then no man might come and take exception to that field; no one who yet untouched by shot or stab might wander in the midst, whom Pallas Athene might take by the hand and lead, and protect from the flying dart, for many a Trojan and many an Achæan in that day lay upon his face in the dust each by other.

## BOOK V

### THE PROWESS OF DIOMEDES

*Book V* THEN Pallas Athene gave strength and spirit to Diomedes,  
1—25 son of Tydeus, that he might be eminent among the Argives, and win excellent honour : she made the never-resting fire to flash from his helmet and from his shield, like the star of autumn, new bathed in Ocean, that shines incomparable ; like that she made the fire to blaze from his head and from his shoulders ; and she sent him into the midst, where the turbulence was greatest.

Now there was among the Trojans one Dares, rich and blameless, a priest of Hephæstus ; and he had two sons, Phêgeus and Idæus, proficient in war. They separated from the rest, and came against Diomedes ; they fought from a chariot, and he from the ground on foot. And when they were come nigh one another, Phêgeus first flung the spear of long shadow, and the lance-head went over the left shoulder of Tydides, and touched him not ; and he in his turn rushed on, and the weapon sped not vainly from his hand, but struck Phêgeus in the breast between the nipples, and dashed him from the car. And Idæus sprang down, and left the stately chariot, and dared not to bestride his slain brother ; nor had he himself escaped black death, had not Hephæstus been his favourer, who covered him with darkness, and saved him, that the old man his father might not have sorrow beyond measure ; and the son of valiant Tydeus



drove away the horses, and gave them to his men to bring to the hollow ships. And when the gallant Trojans saw the two sons of Dares, the one a fugitive and the other laid dead beside the chariot, their hearts were stirred; and gray-eyed Athene took impetuous Ares by the hand and said—

*Book V*  
26—63

“Ares, Ares, thou scourge of man, bloody of hand, stormer of the walls, let us leave the Trojans and the Achæans to fight, and Zeus shall give the glory to whom he will; but let us withdraw, and avoid his wrath.”

She said, and drew impetuous Ares from the battle, and made him sit beside high-banked Scamander: and the Danaans beat back the Trojans, and every captain of them slew a man. And first of all Agamemnon, king of men, struck tall Hodius, lord of the Halizonians, and tumbled him from the car; he was the first to flee; and Agamemnon planted the spear in his back, between the shoulders, and the point came out at his breast. And he fell with a clash, and his armour clanked upon him.

And Idomeneus, of the famous spear, slew Phæstus, son of Mæonian Bôrus, who came from fertile Tarnê; he stabbed him with the lance, as he sought to spring upon the car, in the right shoulder; and he fell from the chariot, and dismal darkness took him.

Him the followers of Idomeneus stripped of his armour; but Atride Menelaus slew with the beechen spear Scamandrius, son of Strophius, a mighty hunter, lover of the chase; for Artemis had taught him to strike the wild game that ranges in the mountain wood; but Artemis, shedder of arrows, helped him not in that stead; nor did his archery avail him, that was so excellent before: but Atride Menelaus stabbed him with the spear in the back, as he fled before him; and he fell on his face, and his armour clanked upon him.

And Mêriones slew the son of Tecton, the son of Harmon, Phereclus, whose hands could frame all manner of cunning enginery; for Pallas Athene loved him especially; he it was

*Book V* who built for Alexander the balanced ships, the beginners of  
64—98 trouble, the bane of all the Trojans and himself, for he knew not the oracles of the gods: him Mêriones followed, and overtook, and ran through the right buttock; and the point went in beneath the basin-bone, and through the bladder; and he fell on his knees with a moan, and death encompassed him.

And Meges slew Pêdæus, Antenor's son; he was a bastard, but divine Theânô tended him sedulously, even as her own children, to gratify her husband; him, the son of Phyleus, famous with the spear, approached, and struck with the keen lance in the sinew of the head; and the bronze went through beneath the tongue and between the teeth; and he fell in the dust, and his teeth were locked upon the cold bronze.

And Eurypylus, Euæmon's son, slew divine Hypsênor, the son of gallant Dolopion, who was by office the priest of Scamander, and was honoured by the people as a god; upon him the bright son of Euæmon darted, as he fled before him, and struck him with the sword in the midst of his running, and lopped away his mighty arm; and the bloody hand fell upon the plain; and death incarnadined and violent fate came down upon his eyes.

So then they laboured in the stubborn strife; and thou couldst not know with whom Tydides fought, whether he was with the Trojan part or with the Achæan; for he dashed across the plain, like a torrent at the full, whose swift freshet breaches bank and dam; and the intercepting mounds cannot withstand, nor the earth-walls of the luxuriant plots, when the rains of Zeus descend, and the flood comes sudden, and the fair labours of the husbandman are swept away; even so were the thick ranks of the Trojans confounded before Tydides, and they would not face him, for all their multitude.

And when Lycâon's bright son espied Tydides sweeping over the plain, and routing the ranks before him, he bent against him the double-curving bow, and struck him in his onset through the corselet's hollow, on the right shoulder;

and the sharp arrow flew on, and pierced right through, and the corselet was spattered with blood ; and the bright son of Lycæon cried from afar— *Book V*  
99—133

“Up, gallant Trojans, prickers of horses! the bravest of the Achæans is stricken ; not long, I think, will he bear up against the poignant arrow, if of verity the prince, the son of Zeus, encouraged me when I departed from Lycia.”

So he spake exulting ; but the sharp arrow quelled not Diomedes ; he gave back, and stood before his horses and the car, and spake to Sthenelus, son of Capaneus—

“Quick, dear friend, son of Capaneus, come down from the chariot, and draw the poignant arrow from my shoulder.”

He said, and Sthenelus leapt upon the ground, and stood near, and drew the sharp arrow clean out ; and the blood jetted up through the twisted corselet. And Diomedes, good at need, made prayer—

“Hear me, thou never-weary child of Zeus, who bears the ægis ; if ever thou didst love my father, and stand beside him in the fiery war, Athene, be friend to me also ; let me come to cast of spear and slay the man who hath prevented me with this wound, and glories over me, and says I shall not long look upon the sun’s bright shinings.”

So prayed he ; and Pallas Athene heard ; and she made his limbs light, his feet and his hands above ; and she stood beside him, and spake winged words—

“Be bold, O Diomedes, and fight with the Trojans ; for I have breathed within thy breast the spirit of thy father, the intrepid spirit of Tydeus, guider of horses ; shaker of the shield ; and I have taken away the mist that was upon thine eyes, that thou mayest distinguish god and man ; therefore, if any god come in thy way, and would make trial of thee, dare thou not to fight with any of the immortals ; only if Zeus’ daughter, Aphrodite, come into the battle, her thou mayest wound with the sharp bronze.”

So spake bright-eyed Athene, and went her way ; and

*Book V* Tydides returned again, and mingled with the foremost ; and  
134—168 though he was eager before to fight with the Trojans, now  
was he filled with threefold eagerness ; like a lion in the field  
among the fleecy sheep, whom a shepherd wounds a little as  
he leaps into the fold, but kills not ; he has but provoked  
him to his mettle, and can no more, but gets into his house,  
and the abandoned sheep flee in terror, and they fall huddled  
together upon a heap, until the lion in his frenzy bounds out  
of the fold ; eager as he did stout Diomedes mingle with the  
Trojans.

Then slew he Astynöus and Hypeiron, shepherd of the  
people ; the one he struck with the bronzen spear upon the  
breast, and the other he smote with the mighty sword upon  
the collar-bone by the shoulder, and divided the shoulder  
from the neck and from the back. And he left the two  
lying, and followed after Abas and Polyeidus, the sons of  
Eurydamas, that ancient dream-reader ; but he interpreted  
no dream to them, returning safe home, for stout Diomedes  
slew them. Then went he after Xanthus and Thoon,  
Phænops' sons, the darlings of their father ; he was weighed  
down with melancholy age, and had no son beside to be his  
heir ; and Diomedes slew them both, and took away their life,  
and left to their father misery and lamentation ; for he received  
them not, returning from the battle, and stranger cousins  
divided his inheritance.

Then caught he two sons of Priam, son of Dardanus, both  
in one chariot, Echemmon and Chromius. And as a lion leaps  
among the herd, where they feed in the coppice, and breaks  
the neck of a heifer or of a cow ; so did the son of Tydeus  
maul them, and dash them, struggling, from the car ; and he  
stripped off their armour, and gave the horses to his men to  
drive to the ships.

And Aeneas saw him ravaging the ranks of men ; and he  
went through the fight, and through the turmoil of spears,  
seeking to find the godlike Pandarus ; and he found Lycæon's

son, brave and blameless, and stood before him, and called to him—

*Book V*  
169—204

“Pandarus, where is thy bow, and where thy winged arrows, and thy archer-glory? wherein no man of us contends with thee, nor does any in Lycia profess himself thy better. Come, then, hold up thy hands to Zeus, and draw an arrow against this man, whoever he be that prevails so greatly, and hath dealt such defeat upon the Trojans, and loosed the knees of many champions; unless indeed he be a god who is angry with the Trojans, because of sacrifice unpaid; the wrath of a god is no light thing.”

Then answered him Lycæon's bright son: “Aeneas, counsellor of the bronzen-coated Trojans, I find the man altogether like to martial Tydides, by the token of his shield, and of his crested helmet, and the aspect of his horses; but I know not certainly if he be not a god: and if he be, as I deem, the valiant son of Tydeus, he riots it not thus without help divine, but some immortal stands beside him, with shoulders wrapped in cloud, and hath turned away from him the sharp arriving shaft; for but now I drew bow upon him, and struck him on the right shoulder, through and through the corselet's hollow; and I thought I had sent him to the house of Aidôneus, and yet I have not killed him; some god is wroth with me. Nor have I horses, or chariot, on which I might ride; yet in Lycæon's house stand eleven goodly chariots, new-made, new-furnished, with coverings spread over them; and by each stand a span of horses champing the horse-corn and the white barley; and many an admonition, before I came hither, did old Lycæon, spearman good, give me in his stately halls: he bade me take horses and chariots, and ride upon them, and lead the Trojans in the rough encounter; but I would not be persuaded—better had I been—taking thought for the horses, lest they, who ever used to eat their fill, should want for food in such a multitude: so I left them, and came to Ilium to fight on

*Book V* foot, trusting in my archery; but my skill is proved un-  
205—240 profitable; for now I have drawn bow against two mighty  
ones, the son of Tydeus and the son of Atreus, and stricken  
them both fairly, and made the blood start, and yet I have  
but provoked them the more. Therefore with ill hap was it  
that I took my crooked bow from its peg in that day when  
I led my Trojans to delightful Ilium, to do service to divine  
Hector; and if I return home, and behold with mine eyes my  
fatherland and my wife and my great high-ceiled hall, let  
some usurper smite my head from off my shoulders if I take  
not my bow and my arrows, and break them in pieces with  
my hands, and fling them in the blazing fire, for they are  
naught but an idle accompaniment."

Then answered him Aeneas, leader of the Trojans:  
"Speak thou not thus; but nothing will avail until we two  
go with horses and with car, and confront this man, and  
make trial of him under harness. Come, therefore, mount  
upon my chariot, and see the mettle of the horses of Tros,  
how well they know to course about the plain, in pursuit or  
in retreat; and they shall bring us safe to the city, if yet  
again Zeus shall extend the glory to Tydide Diomedes. Come  
now, take the lash and the smooth reins, and I will dismount  
and fight: or do thou await the man's coming, and I will  
look to the horses."

Then Lycæon's bright son answered him: "Aeneas, keep  
the reins thyself, and guide thy horses: they will draw the  
round chariot better beneath a familiar hand, if we are forced  
to flee before the son of Tydeus. I fear lest they take fright,  
and we find them unruly, and they miss thy voice, and carry  
us not out of the battle, and the son of generous Tydeus dash  
upon us, and slay ourselves, and drive away the whole-hooved  
horses. Therefore conduct thyself thy chariot and thy horses,  
and I will await the onset with the sharp lance."

So spake they, and ascended the rich-wrought car, and  
eagerly directed the swift horses against Diomedes. And

Sthenelus saw them, the bright son of Capaneus, and speedily he spoke to Tydides winged words—

*Book V*

241—276

“Diomedes, son of Tydeus, friend of my bosom, I see two mighty ones who are eager to fight with thee, men of surpassing strength; the one a dexterous archer, Pandarus, who boasts to be Lycæon’s son; and the other is Aeneas, who titles himself son of blameless Anchises, and his mother is Aphrodite. Come, mount the chariot, and let us give ground, and career not thus among the foremost, lest thou lose thy life.”

And stout Diomedes bent his brows upon him, and answered: “Speak not of flight, for thou wilt scarce persuade me: it is not the manner of my house to fight in corners, or to crouch afraid; my might is unabated, and I have no thought of riding on the chariot, but rather I will meet the men as I am: Pallas Athene suffers me not to shrink; and the swift horses shall not bear both these two away from us, even if the one escape. And now attend, and see thou keep in memory what I say: if Athene, the wise of heart, give me the glory, and I slay them both, keep my swift horses here, fastening the reins to the chariot-rim; then remember, and run quickly to the horses of Aeneas, and drive them from among the Trojans into the midst of the well-greaved Achæans; for they are of that race, which Zeus, the Thunderer afar, gave to Tros, in recompense for his son Ganymedes, the most excellent of horses that are beneath the dayspring and the sunbeam; and Anchises, king of men, stole a breed from these horses; for he put mares to them without the knowledge of Laomedon; and their progeny, six in number, became a stock in his house. Four he retained himself, and fed at the manger; and to Aeneas he gave two, dismayers of men; if we could compass these, we should win excellent honour.”

So spake they together, and quickly the two drew near, driving the swift steeds; and Lycæon’s bright son cried out the first—

*Book V*      "Stout of heart, man of battles, son of haughty Tydeus,  
277—312 so the sharp shaft hath not quelled thee, the poignant arrow;  
but now will I make trial of thee with the lance."

He said, and balanced, and flung the spear of long shadow,  
and struck Tydides on the shield; and the bronzen head flew  
through, and all but touched the corselet; and Lycæon's bright  
son called out on high—

"Thou art stricken through the flank, and not long, I  
think, wilt thou bear up; thou hast given me a proud boast."

But stout Diomedes answered undiscomfited: "Thou  
hast not stricken, but missed; and ye two will scarce make  
an end before the one of you have fallen, and propitiated  
with his blood Ares, the bearer of the hide-bound shield."

He said, and made his cast; and Athene directed the  
spear, to the nose beside the eye, and it passed through the  
white teeth. And the unwearing bronze cut away the tongue  
by the root, and the point sprang out beneath the end of the  
jaw. And he fell from the chariot, and above him clanked  
the armour, rich-wrought, glittering, and his swift-footed  
horses started aside; and his life and his bravery were no more.

And Aeneas leaped down with shield and long spear,  
dreading lest the Achæans should drag the dead man from  
him. And he bestrode him, like a lion, whose trust is in his  
strength, and he held before him his spear and his equal  
shield, eager to slay whoever might oppose; and he shouted  
terribly. And Tydides lifted up a stone, no puny weight,  
which not two men could sustain, such as men are now; but  
he by himself poised it easily. And he struck Aeneas on the  
hip, where the thigh turns in the joint—the cup men call  
it—and he crushed the joint, and broke the sinews; and the  
rough stone ground away the skin. And the warrior fell  
upon his knee and remained, and leaned upon the ground  
with his big hand; and black night covered his eyes.

Then had Aeneas, king of men, perished, had not the  
daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, been quick to see, his mother,



who conceived him to Anchises, as he tended his herds ; she *Book V*  
flung her white arms about her son, and interposed before *313-347*  
him a fold of her bright garment, to be a protection against  
weapons, lest some of the Danaans, masters of fleet colts,  
should hurl the bronze, and strike him on the breast, and  
take his life.

So carried she her son out of the battle ; but the son of  
Capaneus neglected not the charge which Diomedes, good at  
need, had laid on him ; he kept his own whole-hooved horses  
outside the turmoil, fastening the reins to the chariot rim ;  
and he ran quickly, and drove the horses of Aeneas, with their  
goodly manes, from among the Trojans into the midst of the  
well-greaved Achæans, and gave them to Deïpylus, his friend,  
whom he cherished above all of his own age, because of his  
discretion, to drive to the hollow ships. And the warrior  
mounted his own chariot, and took the smooth reins, and  
eagerly he urged the hard-hooved horses after Tydides ;  
but he was attacking Cypris with the unpitied bronze, dis-  
cerning that she was no warlike goddess, nor of those who  
are potent in the battle of men, such as be Athene, and  
Enÿô, despoiler of cities. And as he followed her, and was  
coming up in the thick crowd, the son of high-souled Tydeus  
made a bound, and thrust with the spear, and wounded her  
in the soft hand, and the spear tore up the flesh of the wrist  
above the palm, rending the immortal garment, which the  
Graces themselves had wrought ; and the immortal blood of  
the goddess flowed forth, ichor, such as flows from the blessed  
gods ; for they eat not bread and drink not the sparkling  
wine, and therefore are they without blood, and have the  
name of immortal. And with a shriek she let her son fall  
from her ; but Phœbus Apollo saved him in his hands, and  
wrapped him in a black cloud, lest any of the Danaans, masters  
of fleet colts, should hurl the bronze, and strike him in the  
breast, and take his life. And Diomedes, good at need, called  
with a loud shout—

*Book V*      "Retire, daughter of Zeus, from the war and the conten-  
 348—380 tion ; is it not enough that thou beguilest weak women ? But  
 if thou wilt be coming to the war, soon shalt thou shudder  
 when thou hearest its very name."

He spake, but she rushed away frantically, in wild suffering ; and windfoot Iris took her by the hand, and led her out of the tumult, tormented with pain, and her fair face was livid. And she found impetuous Ares on the left of the battle, sitting ; and his spear and his swift horses reclined upon the mist. And she sank upon her knee, and begged with many a prayer the golden-filleted horses of her brother—

"Dear brother, be my helper, and give me thy horses, that I may come to Olympus, the seat of the immortals ; I am tormented with a wound, which a mortal man gave me, Tydides, who now is ready to fight even with Zeus the Father."

So asked she, and Ares gave her the golden-filleted horses, and she mounted the chariot, with misery in her heart ; and Iris mounted beside her, and took the reins, and touched the horses with the whip, and they flew willing on ; and soon they came to the seat of the gods, to steep Olympus. There windfoot rapid Iris reined in the horses, and loosed them from the car, and spread before them immortal food ; and divine Aphrodite fell in the lap of Diônê, her mother ; and she took her daughter in her arms, and caressed her with her hand, and spake, and said her say—

"Dear child, which of the heavenly ones has done thee this wanton hurt, as if thou wert found in open misdemeanour ?"

Then answered Aphrodite, lover of the smile : "The son of Tydeus wounded me, presumptuous Diomedes, because I was carrying my son out of the war, Aeneas, whom I love the dearest ; for the dire strife is no longer between Trojans and Achæans only, but the Danaans begin to fight with the immortals also."

And thus Diônê, goddess divine, replied : "Endure, my *Book V*  
child, and bear up against thy suffering ; for many of us <sup>381—416</sup>  
who dwell in Olympian houses have endured at the hands  
of men, when we sought to bring trouble upon each other.  
Ares endured when Otus and Ephialtes, the sons of Alœus,  
bound him in a strong bond ; and fettered thirteen months  
he lay in a bronzen grain-jar. And there had been an end  
of Ares, insatiable in battle, had not their stepmother, the  
beautiful Eëribœa, brought word to Hermes ; and he stole  
forth Ares, worn with misery, his courage broken by the  
cruel bond. And Hera endured, when the strong son of  
Amphitryon shot her in the right breast with a three-  
pointed arrow ; then was she seized by pain unmitigable.  
Also gigantic Hades endured a sharp arrow, when the same  
man, the son of Zeus, who bears the ægis, struck him at  
Pylus among the heaps of dead, and made him acquainted  
with pain ; and he went to the house of Zeus, to high Olympus,  
smarting and sore, pricked through with pangs ; and the arrow  
was driven deep in his stalwart shoulder, and he was in  
anguish ; but Pæëon sprinkled on the shoulder pain-appeas-  
ing simples, and healed him ; for he was not of mortal mould.  
Reckless was he, that son of Zeus, outrageous in act, defiant  
in his misdoing, who vexed with his arrows the gods who  
possess Olympus. And now the goddess, bright-eyed Athene,  
hath incited against thee this son of Tydeus ; ah, fool ! he  
knoweth not that brief are the days of one who fights with  
the immortals, nor shall children stand at his knee and call  
him father when he comes from the war and the terrible con-  
tention. Therefore let Tydides take heed, although he be  
exceeding strong, and fight not with some one more formid-  
able than thee, lest for many a day Adrastus' wise daughter,  
Aegialeia, the stately wife of Diomedes, master of horses, awake  
her housefolk from their sleep with lamentations, bewailing  
the husband of her youth, the most excellent of the Achæans."

She said, and with both her hands she wiped the moisture

*Book V* from the wound, and the hand was restored, and the grievous  
417—454 pains were soothed; and Athene and Hera looked on, and  
mocked at Cronid Zeus with cutting words; and thus the  
goddess, bright-eyed Athene, began—

“Zeus, our Father, wilt thou be angry with what I say?  
Cypris hath been moving one of the Achæan women to  
follow the Trojans, whom she loves so well; one of these fair-  
mantled Achæans she hath been caressing, and hath pricked  
her delicate hand with a brooch of gold.”

She said, and the Father of gods and men smiled; and he  
called golden Aphrodite to him, and said—

“My child, the deeds of war are not thy portion; let thy  
study be in endearments and in marriage, and leave the other  
to impetuous Ares and to Athene.”

So spake they, each to other; but Diomedes, good at need,  
sprang upon Aeneas, although he discerned that Apollo him-  
self held his hands above him; but he regarded not the deity,  
for he was eager to slay Aeneas, and strip off his famous  
arms; three times he sprang upon him, eager to have his blood,  
and three times Apollo dashed back his bright shield; but  
when he approached again the fourth time, mighty as a god,  
then Apollo, the dealer afar, spake an awful monition—

“Beware, Tydides, and fall back, and think not of equality  
with gods; for the tribe of the immortal gods is not such as  
that of men who go on ground.”

He said, and Tydides gave back a little, eschewing the  
wrath of far-darting Apollo; and Apollo brought Aeneas out  
of the throng to holy Pergamus, where his temple was builded;  
and Leto and Artemis, the shedder of arrows, healed him and  
brought back his favour in the great sanctuary. And Apollo  
of the silver bow made an image, like to the man himself and  
like in armour, and around the image the Trojans and the  
divine Achæans battered the round shields of hide upon each  
other's breast, and the light targets; and Phoebus Apollo spake  
to impetuous Ares—

"Ares, Ares, scourge of man, bloody of hand, stormer of the wall, canst thou not go into the battle and withdraw this Tydides from it, who is ready to fight even with Zeus the Father, for he hath wounded Cypris in the hand upon the wrist, and afterward made assault upon myself, as though he were a god?" *Book V*  
455-488

He said, and sat him down on topmost Pergamus, and destroying Ares went among the ranks of the Trojans, and urged them on in the likeness of Acamas, the agile captain of the Thracians; and he called to the heaven-bred sons of Priam—

"Ye sons of Priam, of the heaven-bred king, how long will ye suffer the people to be slaughtered by the Achæans? until they fight about the firm-framed gates? A man is slain whom we honoured equally with divine Hector, Aeneas, the son of magnanimous Anchises; come, let us rescue our noble comrade from the turmoil."

He spake, and roused them to might and mettle; and Sarpêdon spake upbraidingly to divine Hector—

"Hector, whither is thy might departed, which thou hadst before? Didst thou not say that thou wouldst maintain the city, without the people, and without the allies, thyself alone, with thy brothers and thy brothers-in-law? But now I cannot see or take knowledge of any of them; they shrink dismayed like dogs that surround a lion; and we, who are but allies in thy host, bear the battle. I am thy ally, and I come from far; far off is Lycia and the eddying Xanthus; and there I left my wife, and my little son, and my great possessions, the desire of the indigent; but none the less I urge on the Lycians, and myself am desirous to fight with an adversary; yet I have no chattel here, such as the Achæans might carry away or drive; but thou standest idle, and not even chargest the people to hold their ground and support their sidesmen. I fear lest thou and they become a prey and a booty to your enemies, as if ye were springed in nooses

*BOOK V* of the capturing flax, and your fair-built city be despoiled.  
489—520 But all these things should be a care to thee night and day, and thou shouldst ever be soliciting the captains of the far-summoned allies to stand fast and persist, and shouldst put away from thee bitter reproaches.”

So said Sarpédon, and the word bit Hector to the soul, and forthwith he leapt in his harness from the chariot to the ground, and brandishing sharp darts he went through the army every way, and urged them on to fight, and revived the dire debate. And the Trojans turned again and stood up to the Achæans, but the Argives awaited them unbroken and fled not. And as the wind whirls the husks about the sacred threshing-floor, when men winnow the corn, and auburn Dêmêter sends the brisk wind and separates the grain from the husk, and the white heaps of chaff grow up; so were the Achæans powdered white with dust, which the horses' feet stirred up, and it rose to the bronze heaven. So the Trojans mingled once more in contest, for the charioteers turned back, and the men charged on again with valiant hand. And impetuous Ares wrapped the battle in night, and he sought to help the Trojans, and went through them every way, for he fulfilled the injunction of Phœbus Apollo, of the sword of gold, who bade him recruit the spirit of the Trojans, because he saw that Pallas Athene was gone, who was the helper of the Danaans.

And Apollo dismissed Aeneas, shepherd of the people, from the rich sanctuary, and breathed spirit in his breast; and Aeneas came among his comrades, and they rejoiced when they saw him coming alive and whole and full of courage, but they inquired not into the matter, for their other business suffered them not, which he of the silver bow had set afoot, and Ares, scourge of men, and Strife, that flags not in evil.

But the two Ajaces, and Odysseus, and Diomedes, cheered up the Danaans on the other part, and the men themselves

yielded not before the violence of the Trojans or their onslaught, but they stood firm, motionless as clouds, which Cronion stations on the mountain tops in a season of calm weather, while mighty Boreas sleeps, and the blustering winds that dissipate the murky clouds with their whistling breath; like them did the Danaans await the Trojans, and moved not at all; and Atrides went up and down the multitude and gave many a charge—

“Be men, my friends, and keep a stout heart, and think shame to flinch in the hot encounter, for of men who have respect one for another, more come off safe than are slain, but they who flee have neither name nor safety.”

He said, and darted swiftly with his spear, and struck a foremost man, the friend of high-souled Aeneas, Deicoön, son of Pergasus, whom the Trojans honoured even as the sons of Priam, because he was nimble to fight among the foremost; him ruler Agamemnon struck with his spear in the shield, and the shield kept not out the spear, but the bronze went clean through, and pierced the skirt, and wounded him in the groin; with a clash he fell, and his armour clanked upon him.

Then again Aeneas slew two champions of the Danaans, the sons of Diocles, Crêthon and Orsilochus; their father, a man rich in substance, dwelt in goodly Phêra, and his race was of the river Alpheüs, who flows broadly through the Pylian land. He begat Orsilochus, prince of many men; and Orsilochus begat Diocles of the mighty heart; and of Diocles there were twin children, Crêthon and Orsilochus, proficient in war. And when they were grown to men, they went on the black ships to Ilium, land of colts, along with the Argives, to get satisfaction for the Atridæ, Agamemnon and Menelaus; but now the end of death encompassed them. Like two young lions who are bred beneath one mother, among the mountain tops, in the brakes of the deep wood, and they despoil the cattle-steads of men, seizing on kine

*Book V* and goodly sheep, until themselves are slain by the hands of  
557—591 men with the sharp bronze ; like them these two fell, slain  
beneath the hands of Aeneas, as it were tall pine trees.

And Menelaus, dear to Ares, was moved with compassion at their fall, and he went through the foremost, armed in bright bronze, shaking a spear ; and Ares furnished him with might, for he meant that he should be slain beneath the hands of Aeneas. And Antilochus saw him, the son of high-souled Nestor, and he went through the foremost, for he was afraid lest the shepherd of the people should come to injury and greatly disappoint them of their labour. And the two faced each other, with hand and beechen spear, eager for the fight ; and Antilochus stood beside the shepherd of the people. But Aeneas stood not, agile warrior although he was, when he saw two awaiting him, side by side. And when they had dragged the dead among the Achæan host, they gave the unhappy twins into the hands of their companions, and themselves turned round and fought among the foremost.

Then they slew Pylæmenes, peer of Ares, captain of the high-souled Paphlagonians, shielded men, him Atrides Menelaus of the famous spear stabbed with the lance as he stood, and caught him on the collar-bone, and Antilochus made a cast at Mydon, his squire and charioteer, the brave son of Atymnius, and struck him on mid-elbow with a stone as he turned back the whole-hooved horses ; and the reins, white with ivory, fell from his hands upon the ground ; and Antilochus sprang upon him and struck him with his sword upon the temple, and with a sob he fell from the well-wrought car headforemost in the dust, on crown and shoulder ; a moment he stood, for he lit upon the deep sand, until the plunging horses tumbled him in the dust, and Antilochus touched them with the lash and drove them among the host of the Achæans.

And Hector saw the two among the ranks, and he rushed towards them with a shout ; and behind him came the firm



lines of the Trojans. And Ares led them on, and queen *Book V*  
Enÿô ; she brought with her Onset, ruthless in destruction, 592—626  
and Ares, wielding in his hands a monstrous spear, moved  
about Hector, sometimes before he went, sometimes behind.

And Diomedes, good at need, saw him and was disquieted ;  
and as a man in perplexity, a traveller on a wide plain, stops  
at a river that runs swiftly to the sea, and sees it seething  
with foam and springs back, so did Tydides recoil, and spake  
to his people—

“O friends, how have we wondered at divine Hector, and  
deemed him a warrior without fault and without fear ! but  
evermore one god at least stands by him and averts mis-  
fortune ; and lo, now yonder is Ares at his hand, in the like-  
ness of a mortal man. Therefore keep your faces towards  
the Trojans, but bear back gradually, and be not eager to  
battle it with the gods.”

He said, and the Trojans came very close ; and Hector  
slew two men, skilful in battle, who rode upon one chariot,  
Menesthes and Anchialus. And great Telamonian Ajax was  
moved with compassion at their fall, and he approached and  
cast a brilliant spear, and struck Amphius, son of Selagus,  
who dwelt in Pæsus, a man of much possessions, of much  
corn land ; but fate brought him to be auxiliary to Priam  
and to Priam's sons ; and the long spear of Telamonian  
Ajax pierced through the skirt, and was fixed in his groin,  
and he fell with a clash. And radiant Ajax ran towards him,  
seeking to strip off the arms, and the Trojans poured spears  
upon him, keen and glittering, and many were caught in his  
shield. And he put his heel upon the dead man, and drew  
out the spear, but he might not take the fair arms from his  
shoulders ; so was he plied with darts. And he feared the  
Trojans' interposing ring ; they stood up against him, many  
and brave, holding their spears, and, tall though he was, and  
mighty, and masterful, they thrust him from them and  
pushed him from his ground.

*Book V*      Such was the labour of the stubborn strife. And violent  
627—663 fate urged Heraclide Tlepolemus, tall and brave, against  
godlike Sarpêdon; and when the twain had drawn near  
together in their approach, the son and the grandson of cloud-  
compelling Zeus, then first Tlepolemus began the parle—

“Sarpêdon, counsellor of the Lycians, what constraint brings thee hither, a man unacquainted with war, to show thy cowardice? They speak not truly who say thou art come of ægis-bearing Zeus, for thou art much inferior to those who were begot of Zeus in days of old; such as, they say, was the might of Heracles, my father, the bold of mood, the lion-hearted; once he came hither because of the horses of Laomedon, with six ships only, and with not many men, and sacked the city of Ilium, and made her streets a desolation; but thou art craven of soul, and thy people are consumed. And if thou wert never so brave, not much, I think, shall thy journey from Lycia, and thine alliance, avail the Trojans; thou shalt die beneath my hand, and pass within the gates of Hades.”

And thus returned Sarpêdon, captain of the Lycians: “Tlepolemus, he indeed destroyed holy Ilium, because of the folly of a man, of proud Laomedon, who chid his benefactor harshly, and rendered not the horses, because of which he had come from far. But thou, his son, shalt find slaughter and black death from my hand; thou shalt fall beneath my spear, and give to me a glory, and thy life to Hades of the famous steeds.”

So spake Sarpêdon; and Tlepolemus lifted up the ashen spear; together the long lances flew from either hand, and the spear of Sarpêdon struck in mid-neck, and the dismal point went through and through, and dark night descended upon his eyes. But the spear of Tlepolemus had wounded Sarpêdon upon the left thigh, and the eager point flew on and touched the bone, but Zeus, his father, turned away his doom.

And his noble companions bore god-like Sarpêdon out of

the battle, and he was tormented by the long spear, which dragged behind; but no man noticed or bethought him of drawing the ashen spear from the thigh, that he might stand upon his own feet, such was their hurry and their labour while they tended him. *BOOK V*  
664—698

And on the other part, the well-greaved Achæans were bearing Tlepolemus out of the battle; and divine Odysseus, of the patient soul, beheld, and his heart wrought within him, and he debated in mind and soul whether he should follow farther after the son of loudly-thundering Zeus, or make havoc of the crowd of Lycian men. But it was not fated for magnanimous Odysseus to slay the puissant son of Zeus with the sharp bronze; wherefore Athene turned his thought toward the company of the Lycians. Then slew he Coeranus, and Alastor, and Chromius, and Alcander, and Halius, and Noëmon, and Prytanis; and now had divine Odysseus slain yet more of the Lycians, had not great Hector of the tossing plume been quick to see; and he came through the foremost, armed in bright bronze, bringing terror to the Danaans; but Sarpêdon, son of Zeus, was rejoiced at his approach, and spake a word piteously—

“Son of Priam, leave me not lying here to be a prey to the Danaans, but lend thine aid; fetch me only to your city, and then let my life leave me, since it is not my fate to return home to my fatherland and bring gladness to my wife and my little son.”

He said, and crested Hector answered him never a word, but bounded past, eager to press the Argives back impetuously and take away the life of many. Then his noble companions set down divine Sarpêdon beneath the goodly oak of ægis-bearing Zeus; and stalwart Pelagon, his dear companion, forced the ashen spear from out the thigh, and sense left him, and darkness was shed upon his eyes, but his breath came again, and the wind of Boreas blew upon him and revived his exhausted spirit.

*Book V* But the Argives, assaulted by Ares and by Hector of the  
699—736 bronzen harness, neither turned about to make for the black ships, nor yet bare up the battle, but fell back and back, because they knew that Ares was among the Trojans.

Then whom first, whom last, did Hector, son of Priam, slay, and bronzen Ares? Teuthras the godlike, and above him Orestes, goader of horses, and Trêchus of Aetolia, spearman good, and Oenomaüs, and Helenus, son of Oenops, and Oresbius of the gay belt, who dwelt in Hylê, and his care was for wealth, and his lands lay beside Cephissus' lake, and about him dwelt the Bœotians, whose land is exceeding fat.

But when the goddess, white-armed Hera, saw the Argives falling in the fierce encounter, full soon she spake to Athene winged words—

“Woe's me, thou never-weary child of Zeus, who bears the ægis, surely we have promised an idle promise to Menelaus, that he should take well-walled Ilium, and return safe home, if we suffer this rage of destroying Ares. Come, let us two also bethink us of might and mettle.”

She said, nor did the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, gainsay; and Hera, goddess august, daughter of great Cronus, went up and down, and harnessed the gold-banded horses; and Hebe quickly put the round wheels upon the chariot, bronzen, of eight spokes, at either end of the iron axle; and the ever-during felloes are of gold, and outside them are fastened tires of bronze, a wonder to behold, and on either wheel are naves of circled silver; and the car is bound with bands of silver and of gold, and a double rim runs round about. And the pole was of silver, and on the end of it she bound the fair golden yoke, and fastened the fair collars of gold; and Hera led the swift horses beneath the yoke, and longed for the strife and the shouting.

But Athene, daughter of Zeus, the bearer of the ægis, let fall her soft robe upon her father's floor, the broidered garment her own hands had made, and she put on the coat of cloud-

compelling Zeus, and armed herself for tearful war. And *Book V*  
upon her shoulders she set the tasselled ægis, the terrible 737—771  
shield, circled about with fear; and therein are Strife, and  
Might, and Onset, icy-chill; and there is the head of the  
Gorgon, monster of affright, grim and grisly, sign of ægis-  
bearing Zeus. And she put upon her head a helmet of double  
crest and quadruple cheek-piece, wrought of gold, fit for the  
champions of a hundred cities; and she stepped into the  
flaming chariot, and she grasped a spear, great, heavy, massy-  
framed, wherewith she quells the ranks of warrior men when  
she of the mighty sire is wroth. And Hera swiftly touched  
the horses with the whip; and spontaneous the gates of  
Heaven opened loud, where the Hours kept watch, who have  
in charge the portal of great heaven and Olympus, and roll  
away the close doors of cloud and shut them again. Through  
them she guided the horses, obedient to the goad; and they  
found Cronion sitting apart from the gods on the topmost  
top of pinnacled Olympus. There the goddess, white-armed  
Hera, stayed her horses, and spake to Zeus the Highest, the  
son of Cronus, and asked of him—

“Zeus, our Father, hast thou no wrath against Ares for  
his violent deeds, which he hath wrought so destroyingly  
against the people of the Achæans in wild wantonness? And  
I am vexed; but they look on at ease, Cypris and Apollo of  
the silver bow, for they have set on this mad warrior, who  
knows no bounds. Father Zeus, wilt thou be wroth with  
me if I smite Ares grievously, and fright him out of the  
battle?”

And Zeus, compeller of the clouds, made answer: “Come,  
send against him Athene, driver of the prey, who most is  
wont to make him acquainted with pain.”

He said, and the goddess, white-armed Hera, said not  
nay; she lashed the horses, and they flew willing on, between  
the earth and the starry sky; as far as a man sees into the  
mist who sits upon a crag and looks over the wine-dark sea,

*Book V* so far do the snorting steeds of the gods bound at a stride.  
 772—809 And when they came to Troy and the two river-streams, where  
 Simoïs and Scamander combine, the goddess, white-armed  
 Hera, stayed the horses, and loosed them from the car, and  
 shed much mist around ; and Simoïs made fodder of ambrosia  
 to grow for them.

Then went they lightly, like gliding doves, eager to succour  
 the Argeian men. And when they came where stood the best  
 and bravest, gathered about the might of Diomedes, master of  
 horses, like lions, who raven after the prey, or wild boars,  
 whose strength may not be withstood, then the goddess,  
 white-armed Hera, stood and shouted ; and she was made  
 like to gallant Stentor of the iron voice, whose shout was  
 loud as fifty men's together—

“Shame on you, Argives, vile reproaches, pictures, not  
 men ; while yet divine Achilles came to the war, no Trojan  
 issued from the Dardanian gate, for they feared the mighty  
 spear ; but now they fight far from the city, beside the hollow  
 ships.”

She said, and every man took heart and courage ; and the  
 goddess, bright-eyed Athene, bounded towards Tydides ; and  
 she found the king beside his chariot and his horses, allaying  
 the wound he had from the arrow of Pandarus ; for he smarted  
 with the sweat, beneath the broad band of his round shield,  
 with that he smarted, and his arm was weary, and he was  
 holding up the band, and wiping away the black blood. And  
 the goddess laid her hand upon the yoke and spake—

“Verily Tydeus begat a son not like himself ; little was he  
 of body, but a man of war ; and in that day, when I would  
 not suffer him to do battle, nor break out in exploit, when  
 he came, and no Achæan with him, a messenger to Thebes,  
 among the multitude of the Cadmeians, I bade him sit at the  
 feast and abide quietly in the hall ; but his spirit was intrepid,  
 as of old ; he challenged the young men of the Cadmeians,  
 and excelled them all. And to thee also I am a helper and

a guardian, and earnestly bid thee fight with the Trojans ; *Book V*  
but either weariness of many onsets hath sunk into thy *810—846*  
limbs, or coward fear possesses thee ; then art thou not the  
offspring of Tydeus, the man of war, the son of Oeneus.”

And thus replied the valiant Diomedes : “ I know thee,  
goddess, daughter of Zeus who bears the ægis ; and frankly  
will I speak without concealment. It is not coward fear  
possesses me, nor any sloth ; but the remembrance of thine  
own injunction. Thou forbadeest me to fight with the  
immortal gods ; only if Zeus’ daughter, Aphrodite, should  
come into the battle, her might I wound with the sharp  
spear : because of that I keep myself apart, and have bidden  
the Argives gather hither around me ; for I know that Ares  
dominates the battle.”

Then answered him the goddess, gray-eyed Athene :  
“ Diomedes, son of Tydeus, man after mine own heart, fear  
thou not Ares, nor any of the immortals, for I am with thee.  
Come, drive thy whole-hooved horses against Ares first, and  
strike him, hand to hand, and pay not deference to impetuous  
Ares, a monster insane, an evil absolute, a waverer to and fro ;  
two days ago he spoke to me and Hera to fight with the  
Trojans, and made as though he would support the Argives ;  
but now he follows with the Trojans and forgets the others.”

She said, and drew back Sthenelus with her hand ; and  
pushed him down to the earth, and he leapt readily from the  
chariot. And the goddess, all eagerness, stepped up beside  
divine Diomedes ; and the oaken axle creaked beneath the  
burden ; for it bore the terrible goddess and the mighty  
captain. And Pallas Athene took the reins and the whip,  
and guided the whole-hooved horses against Ares first ;  
just then he was stripping gigantic Periphas, mightiest of the  
Aetolians, Ochêsius’ bright son ; him murderous Ares was  
stripping ; but Athene put on the cap of Hades, that he might  
not see her.

But when Ares, destroyer of men, saw divine Diomedes,

*BOOK V* he left gigantic Periphas lying in the place where he had  
847—885 slain him, and taken his life, and rushed towards Diomedes, master of horses. And when they were drawn near together, Ares took aim the first, over the yoke and over the reins, seeking to take his life with the bronzen spear; but the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, touched it with her hand, and it passed harmless underneath the car. Then in his turn Diomedes, good at need, made assault with the bronzen spear; and Pallas Athene added to his force, and he struck with a thrust upon the flank, through the under-girdle, and rent the fair flesh, and drew out the spear again; and bronzen Ares roared as loud as nine thousand or as ten thousand men, who shout in the tumult when the battle joins; and trembling and fear came on Achæan and on Trojan; such was the roar of Ares, insatiate of war.

And like a lowering tempest that gathers in the heavens after the sultry heat, when the stormy wind arises; like that did bronzen Ares appear to Diomedes, son of Tydeus, as he mounted up in the clouds towards broad heaven. And speedily he came to the seat of the gods, the steep Olympus, and sat down aching in heart beside Cronid Zeus, and showed the immortal blood welling from the wound; and thus he made his plaint with whimpering words—

“Father Zeus, dost thou contain thyself, beholding these bold deeds? We gods for ever suffer cruelty at the hands of each other, when we take part with mortals: and it is with thee we fight; for there is this daughter, mad and pestilent, whose mind is ever bent on evil; for all we gods who dwell in Olympus are obedient to thee, and subject; her only thou checkest not with word or deed, but lettest her run riot; for that she is thy child—a child of mischief; and now she hath incited the son of Tydeus, audacious Diomedes, to wreak his frenzy on the immortal gods; first he wounded Cypris in the hand, upon the wrist; and next he dashed upon myself, like a god; but my fleet feet bare me away, else there had I



long suffered the pains of death among the heaps of corpses, *Book V*  
or been stricken down and lingered dead-alive." 886—end

And cloud-compelling Zeus frowned upon him, and spake:  
" Whine not to me, thou waverer ; thou plagu'st me most of  
the Olympian gods ; for thou ever lovest strifes and wars and  
fightings. And the malice of thy mother, of Hera, is obdu-  
rate, is intolerable ; scarcely can I control her by my words :  
surely she urged thee on to this thy hurt. But I may not  
suffer thee to continue in pain ; for thou art mine offspring,  
and thy mother bare thee to me ; but hadst thou, destroyer,  
been sprung from another god, long since hadst thou lain  
lower than all the sons of Uranus."

He said, and bade Pæëon tend the wound ; and he  
sprinkled on it simples, that dispel pain ; and quick as rennet  
fixes the white liquid milk, and it curdles around the hand of  
the stirrer, so speedily did he heal impetuous Ares ; and  
Hebe gave him the bath, and clad him in beautiful garments,  
and he sat down beside Cronid Zeus, glad and glorious.

And the goddesses returned to the house of great Zeus,  
Argeian Hera, and Alalcomenëan Athene, after they had  
caused Ares, destroyer of men, to cease from his slaying.

## BOOK VI

### THE MEETING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

*Book VI* So then the gods forsook the dire debate ; and much the  
1-27 battle wavered this way and that across the plain, as Trojans  
and Achæans charged each on other with the bronzen spear,  
betwixt the Simoïs and Xanthus' stream.

And Telamonian Ajax, bulwark of the Achæans, was the first to break the Trojan line, and give his friends a comfort ; he struck a man, the chiefest of the Thracians, the son of Eüssôrus, Acamas, tall and brave ; he struck him on the ridge of the thick-plumed helmet, and planted the spear in his forehead, and the point went through the skull, and darkness covered his eyes.

And Diomedes, good at need, slew Axylus, son of Teuthras, who dwelt in fair-seated Arisbê ; rich was he in substance and beloved of men, for he kept open house beside the way. But now not any stepped before him to intercept grim death, and Diomedes slew the twain, himself and his companion Calêsius, his chariotman ; both went beneath the ground.

And Euryalus slew Drêsus and Opheltius, and then he followed after Aesêpus and Pêdasus, whom the Naiad nymph Abarbarea bore to blameless Bucolion ; and Bucolion was son of proud Laomedon ; the oldest was he, but his mother bare him secretly ; and Bucolion was with the nymph at the summering of the sheep, and she conceived and bare twin sons ; but the son of Mécisteus laid low their strength

and their bright limbs, and stripped the harness from their shoulders. *Book VI*  
28—61

And Polypoetes, steadfast in the battle, slew Astyalus ; and Odysseus struck Percosian Pidôtes with the bronzen spear ; and Teucer divine Aretâon ; and Antilochus, son of Nestor, laid low Ablêrus with the flashing lance ; and Elatus fell to Agamemnon, king of men ; he dwelt by the bank of Satniois, delightful stream, in lofty Pêdasus. And warrior Lêitus smote Phylacus as he fled. And Eurypylos slew Melanthius.

Then Menelaus, good at need, took Adrastus alive ; for his horses ran ungoverned over the plain, and were caught in a tamarisk branch, and the pole of the round chariot was broken short off, and they got loose, and they rushed away towards the city, amid the confusion of the fleeing Trojans ; and Adrastus was flung from the chariot beside the wheel, and fell upon his face in the dust ; and beside him stood Atride Menelaus, grasping the long spear, and he embraced his knees, and besought him—

“Take me prisoner, son of Atreus, and hold me to fitting ransom ; much treasure is there in the house of my rich father, copper and gold and much-wrought iron ; of these my father will give thee unbounded ransom, if he hear of me in life beside the ships of the Achæans.”

He said, and persuaded his heart within his breast ; and he was about to give him to his esquire, to conduct to the swift ships of the Achæans ; but Agamemnon came running to meet him, and spake a word reproachfully—

“Menelaus, beloved, why art thou so solicitous for the Trojans ? Have they behaved so kindly in thy house ? Let none of them escape death downright and the blow of our hands ; no, not even him whom his mother bears unborn in her womb, but let them perish together from Ilium, unregarded, and let not one of them be found.”

So advised the hero, reasonably, and turned his brother's

*Book VI* mind ; and he thrust warrior Adrastus from him, and regal  
62—98 Agamemnon stabbed him in the flank, and he fell back ;  
and Atrides set a heel upon his breast, and drew out the  
ashen spear ; and Nestor called aloud, and thus enjoined the  
Argives—

“ O friends, O warriors of the Danaans, followers of Ares,  
let no man covet after spoil, and linger in the rear, that he  
may fetch a booty to his ships ; but let us slay and slay, and  
then ye shall have your ease to spoil the dead over the plain.”

He said, and stirred the strength and spirit of each. Then  
had the Trojans retreated up to Ilium before the Achæans,  
dear to Ares, and been defeated in their feebleness, had not  
Helenus, son of Priam, chiefest of diviners, drawn near and  
spoken to Aeneas and to Hector—

“ Aeneas and Hector, since upon you above all the Trojans  
and Lycians the burden is laid, because ye are the best in  
every affair to fight and to take thought, hold your ground,  
and go up and down among the people, and keep them here  
before the gates, nor let them flee into the women’s laps, and  
become the merriment of our adversaries ; and when ye have  
encouraged all our power, we others will abide here and fight  
with the Danaans, although we be sore pushed, for necessity  
constrains ; but do thou, Hector, repair to the city, and speak  
with our mother, mine and thine ; let her assemble the aged  
women into the temple of gray-eyed Athene, on the city  
top, and let her open with the key the doors of the holy  
chamber, and take a robe, which seems the most ample and  
the most beautiful in our house, and which herself most  
favours, and lay it on the knees of Athene of the lovely hair,  
and promise her a sacrifice of twelve kine in her temple, year-  
lings, ungoaded, if she will have compassion upon the city,  
and the wives of the Trojans and their little children, and  
keep from holy Ilium the son of Tydeus, the wild warrior, the  
mighty author of alarms, the bravest, I deem, of the Achæan  
warriors. Not so much did we dread Achilles himself, prince

of men, whom they call goddess-born ; for Diomedes rages *Book VI*  
furiously, and no man may cope with him." 99—136

He said, and Hector listened to his brother ; he leapt from the car all armed upon the ground, and brandishing two sharp spears he went up and down the army, exhorting the men to fight, and encouraging the dire debate ; and they wheeled round, and stood up to the Achæans ; and the Argives gave ground, and stopped their slaying ; for one of the immortals, so they deemed, was come down from the starry heaven to succour the Trojans, so sharply faced they round ; and Hector shouted afar, and called upon the Trojans—

"Courageous Trojans and far-famed allies, be men, my friends, and summon up your might, while I am gone to Ilium to bid our wives and our aged senators pray to the gods and promise hecatombs."

So spake Hector of the tossing plume, and as he went ankle and neck were caught by the black hide, the rim that ran around his bossy shield.

And Glaucus, son of Hippolochus, and Tydeus' son, X  
encountered in the midst, eager to fight ; and when they had drawn nigh in their advance, Diomedes, good at need, began the first—

"Friend, who of mortal men art thou ? Never have I seen thee before in the glorifying battle ; and now thy boldness hath pushed thee before thy fellows, and thou abidest the stroke of my long spear ; but unhappy are they whose sons approach my might. Yet if thou be a god, and come down from heaven, I would not do battle with the heavenly gods ; not long did Dryas' son abide, stout Lycurgus, who contended with the gods of heaven ; he drove the nymphs, the nurses of mad-cap Dionysus, in flight through goodly Nysæium ; and every one let fall her thyrsus-staff, for death-dealing Lycurgus pricked them with an ox-goad ; and Dionysus fled, and sank into the sea, and Thetis received him

*Book VI* in her bosom, terrified and trembling at the man's loud words.  
<sup>137-171</sup> But the gods who live at ease were wroth, and the son of Cronus struck Lycurgus blind; and his days were not long, for he was hated of all the immortals; wherefore I also would not fight with the blessed gods. But if thou be of men, who eat the fruit of the ground, come nearer, and approach the bonds of death."

Then the bright son of Hippolochus made answer: "Gallant Tydides, why ask me of my race? The race of man is as the race of leaves; the wind scatters the leaves upon the ground, but the spring returns, and the budding wood brings forth anew; so does one generation wax and another wane. But if thou wilt, attend, and thou shalt learn my race, a race known of many men. There lies a city, Ephyrê, in the nook of Argos, pasture of horses, and there dwelt Sisyphus, who was the subtlest of men, Sisyphus, son of Aeolus; and he begat a son, Glaucus; and Glaucus begat blameless Bellerophon, to whom the gods gave beauty and enchanting manhood; but Prætus meditated evil against him, and drove him from the people of the Argives, for he was the superior, and Zeus had thrall'd Bellerophon to his sceptre; but the wife of Prætus, divine Anteia, was mad for him, and sought to lie with him secretly; but she persuaded not brave Bellerophon, for his heart abhorred evil; and she made up a lie, and spake to Prætus the king: 'Either die, O Prætus, or slay Bellerophon, who sought to lie with me against my will.' She said, and anger came upon the king when he heard the tale. He would not slay him, for he dared not that, but he sent him to Lycia, and gave him fatal tokens, tracing many signs and deadly in a folded tablet, and bade him show it to his wife's father, that he might perish. And he went to Lycia, under the sure safe-conduct of the gods. And when he came to Lycia and flowing Xanthus, the king of broad Lycia gave him ready welcome. Nine days he entertained him, and sacrificed nine heifers; but when the rosy-fingered dawn

appeared the tenth time, he questioned him, and asked to see the token he brought him from his son Proetus. And when he had received the deadly sign, first of all he bade him slay the monstrous Chimæra; she was divine and not of mortal birth—before a lion, and behind a dragon, and betwixt a goat, and her breath was terrible with the might of flaming fire; yet he slew her, obedient to the portents of the gods. Second, he fought with the renowned Solymians; that, he said, was the fiercest of all his battles; and third, he slew the man-matching Amazons. And as he returned from that deed the king plotted yet a plot against him. He chose him champions out of broad Lycia, and laid an ambush; but they came not home again, for blameless Bellerophon slew them every one. And then the king knew that he was the seed of gods, and he kept him with him, and gave him his daughter, and granted him half of the royal honour; and the Lycians bestowed on him especial demesne, goodly, with orchard and with arable, for his possession; and the lady bore three children to warrior Bellerophon—Isander, and Hippolochus, and Laodameia. And Zeus, the counsellor, knew Laodameia, and she brought forth divine Sarpêdon of the bronzen arms. But when Bellerophon was hated of all the gods, he wandered sole in the Aleïan plain, eating his heart, shunning the path of men. And Ares, insatiate of battle, slew Isander his son, as he fought with the glorious Solymians; and Artemis of the golden rein killed the daughter in her wrath. And Hippolochus begat me, and him I call my father; and he sent me to Troy, and gave me many a charge, ever to be first and to surpass my fellows, and not to shame the race of my fathers, who were the best of all in Ephyrê and in broad Lycia. Of such a blood and lineage am I.”

He said, and Diomedes, good at need, rejoiced; he stuck his spear in earth, who feeds us all, and spake to the shepherd of the people in pleasant words—

“Thou art my friend, and my father’s friend, of old; for

*Book VI*  
172—215

*Book VI* once divine Oeneus entertained Bellerophon in his hall, and  
216—251 kept him twenty days; and they gave each other goodly gifts. Oeneus gave a belt, bright with crimson, and blameless Bellerophon gave a golden cup of double bowl; I left it in my house when I came hither. But Tydeus I remember not, for he left me but a little child, when the people of the Achæans perished before Thebes. Wherefore I am thy true host in mid Argos, and thou art my true host in Lycia, when I come to thy land. Wherefore let us two avoid each the spear of the other, even in the press; there be many Trojans and famous allies for me to slay, when God grants and I can overtake; and there are many Achæans for thee to strike down if thou canst. And let us mutually exchange our armour, that all who see may know that we are friends by old inheritance."

Such was their conference, and they leaped down from their chariots, and took each other's hands, and plighted mutual troth; and then Cronid Zeus took away the judgment of Glaucus, and he exchanged armour with Tydide Diomedes, the golden for the bronzen, the worth of a hundred beeves for the worth of nine.

And when Hector had passed the oak and come to the Scæan gate, there ran around him the wives and the daughters of the Trojans, asking of children, and brothers, and cousins, and husbands; and he bade them pray to the gods, each after the other, but affliction impended over many.

And then he came to Priam's stately house, builded with corridors of the chiselled stone; in it were fifty chambers of smooth stone, placed each by other, and there slept the sons of Priam beside the wives of their wooing; and over against them, on the inner side of the court, were the bowers of his daughters, twelve bowers in the roof, of smooth-dressed stone, built each by other, and there slept Priam's sons by marriage beside their honoured wives. And there his bounteous mother met him, bringing home with her Laodicæ, fairest of



all her daughters, and she laid her hand in his, and spake *Book VI*  
a word, and said her say— *252—287*

“My child, why hast thou come, leaving the fiery fray? Doubtless, thou art weary, for the sons of the Achæans, detested name, do battle about the city; and thy heart hath bid thee come hither to lift up thy hands to Zeus from the city top. But tarry a little until I bring thee delightful wine, and pour libation to Zeus the Father and to all the immortals; and it will do thee good to drink thyself; wine can refresh the spirit of a weary man, and thou art weary, succouring thy friends.”

And then replied great Hector of the tossing plume: X  
“Madam, my mother, fetch not wine for me, lest my vigour go from me, and I forget strength and stoutness. And it were not meet to pour to Zeus the sparkling wine with unwashed hands; nor may I pray to Cronion of the black cloud, when I am spattered with blood and foulness; but do thou convene the aged women, and go with sacrifices to the temple of Athene, the driver of the prey; and take a mantle, the fullest and the fairest thou hast in the house, and by which thou settest most store, and lay it on the knees of Athene of the lovely hair, and make a vow to sacrifice within her sanctuary twelve heifers, ungoaded yearlings, if she will have pity upon the city, and upon the wives, and on the little children of the Trojans, and keep the son of Tydeus from holy Ilium, the savage warrior, the mighty author of alarms. And now do thou begone to the temple of Athene, the driver of the prey, and I will seek out Paris, and summon him, and see if he will hear me. Would that the earth would swallow him quick! For the Olympian hath given him life to be perdition to the Trojans, and to generous Priam, and to his children. Could I but see him gone down into the house of Hades, then might I think I had forgotten distress and trouble.”

He said, and she went into the house and gave direction to her maids, and they assembled the aged women of the

*Book VI* city. And she went down to the fragrant chamber, where lay  
288—323 the garments of elaborate tissue, work of Sidonian women, whom Alexander, of mien divine, himself brought from Sidon when he sailed the broad sea, upon that voyage when he brought home high-born Helen ; of these Hecabe took one to bear as a gift to Athene, the one that was the fullest and of the most beautiful weaving, resplendent as a star, and it lay undermost of all. And she set forth, and the company of ancient dames hastened after her.

And when they came to Athene's temple, in the city top, fair-cheeked Theânô opened the doors to them, daughter of Cisses, wife of Antenor, curber of horses, whom the Trojans had made Athene's priestess ; and they raised a cry together, and lifted up their hands to Athene, and fair-cheeked Theânô took the garment and laid it on the knees of Athene of the lovely hair, and prayed aloud to the daughter of great Zeus—

“Lady Athene, defender of the city, glorious goddess, break now the spear of Diomedes, and let him fall on his face before the Scean gate, that we may immediately sacrifice to thee in thy temple twelve heifers, ungoaded yearlings, if thou wilt have pity upon the city, and the wives, and the little children of the Trojans.”

So ran her prayer, but Pallas Athene would not hear. And while they prayed to the daughter of high Zeus, Hector was gone to the house of divine Alexander, which himself had builded, he and the skilfullest artificers of fertile Troy ; they made him a hall, and a court, and a private chamber, hard by the houses of Priam and of Hector, on the city top. And Hector, dear to Zeus, went in, and in his hand was a spear of eleven cubits ; and the spear was fronted with a flashing head, and a ring of gold ran round. And he found Paris in the women's chamber, busy with his beautiful armour, with shield and corslet, and handling the crooked bow ; and Argive Helen sat there among her handmaids and gave them

direction in working admirable works. And when Hector *Book VI*  
saw him he taunted him with insulting words— *324—359*

“Madcap, thou doest not well to be angry; the people perish fighting about the city and the lofty wall; and it is because of thee that war and shouting are ablaze about the town, and thyself wouldst come to blows with another, whom thou foundest flinching from the dismal war. Up with thee, lest the city be aflame with hostile fire.”

Then answered Alexander, of mien divine: “Hector, thou hast reproached me fairly, and not beyond measure, and therefore I will speak; do thou hear and understand. Not wholly because of anger and discontent with the Trojans did I sit in the women’s chamber, but to give course to my grief; and now my wife hath persuaded me with gentle words, and roused me to the war, and war seems best to myself also, for victory changes favour. Tarry a little until I put on the harness of battle, or go and I will follow; I shall overtake thee.”

He said, and Hector of the tossing plume answered him never a word. Then Helen spake with pacifying words—

“My brother, brother of one foul and treacherous, abhorred of all, oh would that in that day when first my mother bore me the wind and the evil tempest had carried me away into the mountain or into the wave of the much-murmuring sea, then had the wave engulfed me, and these things had never been. But since the gods have appointed me this evil, would that I had been at least the wife of a man, of one ingenuous, who feared the obloquy of men; but this fellow neither now has understanding, nor ever will have; surely he shall eat of the fruit of his doings. But come in, repose thee in this chair, for weariness sits about thy heart because of me and my foulness, and because of the crime of Alexander; Zeus hath given us an evil fate, and our tale shall be sung to far posterity.”

And then replied great Hector of the tossing plume:

*Book VI* 360—398 “Ask me not to sit, Helen, though in all kindness, for already my heart is impatient to be succouring the Trojans, who lack me sorely; but do thou urge on thy husband, and let him make all haste himself to overtake me while I am yet in the city, for I go to my home to see my housefolk, and my wife, and my little son, because I know not if I shall return to them again, or if the gods will make an end of me beneath the hand of the Achæans.”

So spake Hector of the tossing plume, and went his way, and soon he came to his goodly habitation, but he found not white-armed Andromache in the house, for she stood upon the wall with her child and her handmaid, weeping and wailing; and when he found not his blameless spouse within, he stood upon the threshold and spoke to the women—

“Ye handmaids, tell me the very truth; what way is white-armed Andromache gone from the house? Is she gone to any of my sisters, or of my brother’s wives, or to Athene’s temple, where all the Trojan women of lovely tresses propitiate the terrible goddess?”

And a busy housewife made him answer: “Hector, since thou biddest us tell the very truth, she is not gone to any of thy sisters, or any of thy brother’s wives, nor yet to Athene’s temple, where all the Trojan women of lovely tresses propitiate the terrible goddess, but to the great wall of Ilium, because she heard that the Trojans were discomfited, and the Achæans had the prevalence, and with that she hurried away like one distracted, and a nurse is with her carrying the child.”

So spake the woman, and Hector hastened from the house the same way back again, through the goodly streets. And when he had traversed the great city and come to the gate—the Scæan gate, for by that he must needs pass to the plain—then his rich-dowered wife came running to meet him, Andromache, daughter of generous Eëtion, Eëtion, who dwelt beneath woody Placus, in Hypoplacian Thêbê, prince of Cilician men; his daughter Hector of the bronzen harness had

to wife. She came to meet him, and a handmaid followed *Book VI*  
behind her, bearing on her bosom the gentle child, the baby- 399—435  
boy, Hector's darling, fair as a star, whom Hector called  
Scamandrius, but all beside, the prince of the city, Astyanax,  
for only Hector was the defence of Troy. He looked silently  
upon the babe and smiled, and Andromache stood beside him  
weeping, and laid her hand in his, and spake a word,  
and said her say—

“Headlong, thy doughtiness will be thy death; hast thou  
no pity upon thy infant child and upon unhappy me, who  
soon shall be thy widow? For the Achæans will make onset  
on thee all together and slay thee; and if I have not thee,  
then were I better beneath the ground, for never shall I have  
comfort again, when thou hast earned thy fate, but grief only;  
nor have I any father, or reverend mother: my father divine  
Achilles slew, and took the goodly city of the Cilicians, high-  
gated Thêbê; and he slew Eëtion, but spoiled him not of his  
arms, for he would not do him discourtesy, but burned him  
with his rich-wrought harness, and made a mound above him;  
and the nymphs of the mountains, the daughters of Zeus,  
who wears the ægis, made elm trees grow around; and seven  
brothers were mine in our hall, and all in one day went down  
to the house of Hades, for fleet divine Achilles slew them all  
among the white sheep and the heavy-walking kine. And  
my mother, who was queen beneath woody Placus, he brought  
hither along with the stuff, and took a mighty ransom and  
let her go; and Artemis, shedder of arrows, smote her in her  
father's house. And now, Hector, thou art my father, and  
my reverend mother, and thou art my brother, and thou art  
the husband of my youth; have pity upon me, and abide  
here upon the wall, and make not thy child an orphan and  
thy wife a widow; and draw up the people beside the fig-tree,  
where men most easily may climb into the city and escalate  
the wall. For three times the bravest of the Achæans have  
come and tried the assault, following the two Ajaces, and

*Book VI* illustrious Idomeneus, and the Atridæ, and the valiant son  
436—473 of Tydeus ; either some one hath bidden them, who can well prognosticate, or their own spirit incites and drives them on."

And then replied great Hector of the tossing plume :  
" All this I too remember ; but I have shame before the Trojan men and the long-robed Trojan women, and I may not avoid the battle, like a coward. Nor will my heart let me stay, for I have learned ever to excel, and to fight among the first of the Trojans, upholding my father's honour and mine own, though this avails not ; for well I know in heart and soul that a day will come when holy Troy shall be destroyed, and Priam, and the people of Priam of the ashen spear. But not so much grieve I for the Trojans hereafter, nor for Hecabê herself, nor for Priam the king, nor for my brothers, many and brave, who shall fall in the dust beneath hostile men, as I grieve for thee, when some bronzen-coated Achæan shall lead thee away weeping, and take from thee the day of freedom ; and thou shalt go to Argos and weave at the loom of a mistress, and bear water from Messêis or Hypereia's well, all, all unwilling ; but necessity shall be laid upon thee. And some man will say, who sees thy tears : ' Lo, the wife of Hector, most excellent in fight of all the horse-curbing Trojans, when they did battle about Ilium.' So some one will say, and thy grief shall be renewed, because thou lackest a man to turn away the day of slavery. But let me be dead, and the mounded earth cover me, before I know of thy crying and of thy mishandlement."

So spake radiant Hector, and stretched out his hands towards his child ; and the child cried out and shrank round to the bosom of the fair-girdled nurse, dismayed at the sight of his father, and scared at the metal and the horsehair plume, that nodded terribly from the helmet top ; and father and mother laughed aloud ; and radiant Hector took the helmet from his head and laid it glittering upon the ground.

And he kissed his son, and dandled him in his hands, and prayed to Zeus and all the heavenly gods— *Book VI*  
474—511

“O Zeus, and all ye gods, grant that my child may be, as I, preëminent among the Trojans; let him be strong of hand and rule over Ilium royally; and let men say, when he returns from the war, that he surpasses his father; let him slay an enemy, and bring home the bloody spoils, and make glad his mother’s heart.”

He said, and laid his son in his lady’s arms, and she received him in her fragrant bosom, and smiled amid her tears; and he saw, and his heart was moved, and he caressed her with his hand, and spake a word, and said his say—

“Faint spirit, grieve not overmuch; no man may send me to Hades before my day, and no mortal can elude his doom, not the coward, no, nor the brave man, when the time is come. Go to the house and apply thee to thy proper works, the loom and distaff, and give thy handmaids direction; but war shall be the business of men, of all the sons of Ilium, and most of all of me.”

So spake radiant Hector, and took again the horse-tailed helmet; and his wife went home, dropping the big tear, and turning ever round; and soon she came to the goodly house of slaughterous Hector, and found within her many handmaids, and set them all a-weeping; and they made lamentation for Hector in his house, while he was yet alive; for they hoped not that he would return again from the battle, escaping the fury and the hands of the Achæans.

Nor did Paris loiter in his lofty hall, but when he had put on his famous harness, bronzen, curiously wrought, he hastened away through the town, confident in his fleet feet. And as when a stalled horse, that has fed high at the manger, breaks his halter and runs stamping over the plain to his accustomed bath in the fair-flowing river, full of pride, with head erect and mane tossing about his shoulders, exulting in his beauty; and his feet bear him lightly to the familiar

*Book VI* pasture ; even so came Paris, son of Priam, from Pergamus'  
*512—end* top, flashing in his armour like the resplendent sun, laughing  
aloud, bounding on swift feet. And soon he found his  
brother, divine Hector, as he was about to turn from the  
place where he had talked with his wife ; and Alexander, of  
mien divine, spoke the first—

“ Good brother, see how I delay thee, for all thy urgency.  
I am late, and keep not time as thou wouldst have me.”

Then answered him great Hector of the waving plume :  
“ Madcap, no man of candid mind would disparage thy service  
in battle, for thou art brave ; but thou art indifferent, heed-  
less and unready, and my heart is vexed within me when I  
hear thee evil spoken of by the Trojans, who have much  
trouble because of thee. But let us on, reconciliation shall  
be hereafter, if ever Zeus allow that we set forth the bowl  
of deliverance in the hall to the heavenly eternal gods,  
because we have driven the well-greaved Achæans out of  
Troyland.”



## BOOK VII

### THE DUEL OF HECTOR AND AJAX—THE GATHERING OF THE DEAD

So said radiant Hector, and hastened from the gate ; and *Book VII*  
with him went Alexander his brother ; and both were eager <sup>1—26</sup>  
for fight and fray. And welcome as a wind to longing sailors,  
when they are weary of beating the sea with the smooth oars  
of pine, and their limbs fail them for labour ; so welcome did  
they two appear to the longing Trojans.

Then Alexander slew the son of Areïthoüs the king,  
Menesthius dwelling in Arnê, son of Areïthoüs of the mace  
and broad-eyed Phylomedûsa ; and Hector struck Eïoneus  
with beechen spear in the neck beneath the bronzen head-  
piece, and loosed his limbs. And Glaucus, son of Hippolochus,  
captain of Lycian men, struck Iphinoüs with the lance in the  
hot encounter, the son of Dexius, who had bounded upon the  
rapid car, in the shoulder ; and he fell groundwards from the  
chariot, and his limbs were loosed.

And when the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, saw the  
Argives perishing in the hot encounter, she darted down  
from Olympus' tops to holy Ilium ; and Apollo looked down  
from Pergamus, wishing the Trojans victory ; and he sprang  
to meet her ; and they two met beside the oak tree ; and king  
Apollo, son of Zeus, spoke the first—

“ Upon what errand, daughter of high Zeus, hast thou come  
down a second time from Olympus ? on what prompting of  
thy mighty mind ? Was it to give decisive victory to the

*Book VII* Danaans? for thou hast no pity on the perishing Trojans.  
27—62 Be ruled by me, for this plan were better; let us make an end of war and hostility for to-day; and afterwards they shall fight again until they find an end of Ilium, since it is the pleasure of you immortal goddesses to overthrow this town."

Then answered him the goddess, gray-eyed Athene: "So let it be, far-darter; such was mine own intent, when I came down from Olympus to the Trojans and Achæans. But come, how thinkest thou to bring to an end the war of men?"

And then replied king Apollo, son of Zeus: "Let us stir up the stalwart might of Hector, and let him challenge some one of the Danaans to fight singly, man against man, in dire hostility; and let the well-greaved Achæans take provocation, and send forth some one to do battle alone with divine Hector."

He said, nor did the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, gainsay. And Helenus, son of Priam, understood in his mind the counsel that seemed good to the conferring gods; and he came up to Hector and spake—

"Hector, son of Priam, peer of Zeus in counsel, wilt thou give ear to me, who am thy brother? Let all the Trojans and all the Achæans sit and rest, and do thou challenge some champion of the Achæans to fight with thee, man against man, in dire hostility; for not yet art thou doomed to die and follow upon thy fate: so have I heard the voice of the everlasting gods."

He said, and Hector exulted when he heard the word; and he opened the ranks of the Trojans, and came into the midst, holding his spear by the middle; and the men stood still in their places. And Agamemnon made the well-greaved Achæans sit; and Athene sat down, and Apollo of the silver bow, in the likeness of vultures, upon the lofty oak of Zeus the father who bears the ægis, taking delight in the doings of the men; and the men sat, and the close ranks bristled with

helmet, and spear, and shield. And like the fret which the *Book VII*  
new-sprung west wind spreads upon the sea, and the sea <sup>63—100</sup>  
grows black beneath it, even such was the stir among the  
ranks of Achæans and Trojans as they sat upon the plain ;  
and Hector spake between—

“ Attend, ye Trojans and ye well-greaved Achæans, until  
I speak the bidding of my heart. High-seated Cronides hath  
not continued our treaty, but wills us evil both, and so  
decrees, until that either ye capture fair-towered Troy or are  
yourselves defeated by the sea-passing ships. There are with  
you the principals of the Panachæans ; of them whomever  
his heart bids fight with me, let him come forth from you all,  
and champion it with divine Hector. This is my word ; be  
Zeus our witness ; if he slay me with the long-edged bronze,  
let him strip off my arms, and bear them to the hollow ships ;  
but my body let him give back again, that the Trojans and the  
wives of the Trojans may give me my portion of the fire of the  
dead. But if I overcome him, and Apollo give me glory, I  
will strip off his arms and bear them to holy Ilium, and hang  
them against the temple of far-dealing Apollo, and the dead  
man I will render up, to be borne to the benched ships, that  
the long-haired Achæans may give him burial, and build him  
up a mound beside broad Hellespont ; and some man will say,  
of late posterity, as he sails in his many benched-ship across  
the wine-bright sea, ‘ Lo, the tomb of a man dead long ago, of  
a mighty warrior, whom radiant Hector slew.’ So some man  
will say, and my glory shall not die.”

He said, and all sat silent and tongue-tied, in shame to  
refuse and fear to accept ; and after long silence Menelaus  
arose and spake, with contumelious words, groaning heavily in  
his heart—

“ Alas, ye braggart Achæans ; women, not men ! Surely  
it will be a dire disgrace if none of the Danaans will go forth  
against Hector ! Would ye all might turn to earth and  
water, even where ye sit faint-hearted and ignoble ! And I

*Book VII* myself will arm to meet this man ; but the close of victory  
101—137 rests above, with the deathless gods."

He said, and put on his fair harness. Then, Menelaus, had thy life's end been seen, at the hands of Hector, for he was much superior; had not the princes of the Achæans risen up, and held thee; also the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, took thee by the right hand, and spake a word, and said his say—

"Thou art mad, Menelaus, heavenly-bred, and thy madness ill becomes thee; contain thyself in thy anxiety, and seek not wager of battle with one thy better, with Priamid Hector, before whose face many are afraid: is not Achilles slow to meet with him in the ennobling battle—Achilles, thy far superior? Go now, and sit thee down among thy following, and the Achæans will raise up another champion against this man. Dauntless although he be, and insatiate in duel, glad shall he be to bend the knee of rest, if indeed he come off free from fierce war and dire hostility."

So spake the hero with judicious words, and prevailed with his brother; and he went obedient; and joyfully his squires took off his harness again. And Nestor rose up, and spake to the Argives—

"Woe's me, a great grief comes upon the Achæan land! How would old Peleus, driver of horses, lament, the orator and counsellor of the Myrmidons, who once took delight in his halls in questioning me, and asked me of the birth and generation of all the Argives! Were he to hear how all of them slunk back from Hector, often would he hold up his hands to the immortals, and pray that his soul might leave his limbs, and pass into the house of Hades! Would indeed, O Father Zeus, and Athene, and Apollo, I were young as when the Pylions gathered together, and the spear-handling Arcadians, and fought beside swift-flowing Celadon, hard by the walls of Pheia, about the streams of Iardanus! And Ereuthalion stood forth their foremost, divine in presence, wearing on his

shoulders the harness of Areithōūs, king divine, whom men *Book VII*  
and fair-girdled women called Areithōūs with the mace, <sup>138—174</sup>  
because he fought not with arrow, nor with long spear,  
but broke the lines of men with iron mace. Him Lycoörgus  
slew by stratagem, not by force, in a narrow way, where the  
iron mace defended him not from death; for Lycoörgus  
prevented him, and pinned him through the middle with his  
lance, and dashed him backwards on the ground, and spoiled  
him of the harness, which bronzen Ares had given him; and  
after that he wore the arms himself amid the broil of battle.  
And when Lycoörgus grew old in his hall, he gave them to  
Ereuthalion, his faithful esquire, to wear; and clad in these  
arms he challenged all the bravest; but they trembled and  
were afraid, and none would dare the venture; but my cour-  
ageous soul urged me to do battle in its boldness, although  
I was the youngest of them all; and I fought with him, and  
Athene granted my prayer; tallest and mightiest was he that  
ever I slew; he lay prodigious, stretched out to and fro.  
Would I were young as then, and my force were not abated!  
soon should Hector of the tossing plume find antagonist. But  
ye are the foremost of the Panachæans, and not one of you is  
eager to stand up to Hector."

So spake the old man, with sharp words; and nine heroes  
started up; by much the first was Agamemnon, king of men;  
and after him rose Tydeus' son, stout Diomedes; and after  
these the Ajaces, clad in impetuous might; and after them  
Idomeneus and the squire of Idomeneus, Meriones, peer of  
slaughterous Enyalius; and after these Eurypylus, Euæmon's  
bright son, and Thoas, son of Andræmon, and divine Odysseus;  
all these would fight with divine Hector. And Gerenian  
horseman Nestor spake again—

"Cast now the lot continually, until it fall upon one; he  
shall be the benefactor of the well-greaved Achæans; and he  
shall benefit his own soul also, if he escape from wild war  
and dire hostility."

*Book VII*      He said, and each made a mark upon his lot, and cast it  
 175—208 in the headpiece of Atride Agamemnon; and the people  
 prayed, and held up their hands to the gods; and thus would  
 a man say, and look up to broad heaven—

“O Father Zeus, that Ajax may win, or Tydeus’ son, or  
 the king himself of golden Mycênê.”

✕ So spake they; and Gerenian horseman Nestor shook the  
 helm; and the lot leaped out, according to their wish, the lot  
 of Ajax; and a herald carried it round from right to left  
 through the company, and showed it to the champions of the  
 Achæans; but no man knew the sign, or would avow; but  
 when he had gone round the concourse, and come to him who  
 made the mark, radiant Ajax, and cast the lot in the helm,  
 Ajax held out his hand, and the other standing by him put  
 the lot in it; and he knew the token, and his heart was  
 glad; and he cast the lot on the ground at his feet, and  
 spake—

“Friends, lo my lot! and I myself am glad, for I think I  
 shall overcome divine Hector. Come now, while I get me  
 into martial arms, do ye pray to Zeus the king, the son of  
 Cronus, in silence to yourselves, that the Trojans may not  
 know; or if ye will, aloud; for we fear not any man in any  
 case. No man shall drive me back against my will by force;  
 no, nor by dexterity; not so witless, surely, was I born and  
 bred in Salamis.”

He said, and they prayed to Zeus the king, the son of  
 Cronus; and thus a man would say, and look up to broad  
 heaven—

“O Father Zeus, who rulest from Ida, most glorious, most  
 great, grant that Ajax may conquer, and win bright fame;  
 and if thou lovest Hector also, and cherishest him, dispense  
 to either equal strength and equal glory.”

So spake they; and Ajax arrayed himself in the flashing  
 bronze; and when he had put on all his panoply, he hastened  
 forth, and his going was like the going of colossal Ares, when

he walks to the war amid men, whom Cronion hath set face *Book VII*  
to face in fury of malignant strife; like him went colossal 209—248  
Ajax, bulwark of the Achæans, smiling with grim features;  
long were the strides of his feet beneath, and he shook a long-  
shadowed spear; but a mighty trembling came upon the  
limbs of the Trojans, and Hector's heart beat faster in his  
breast; yet he might not run, or give back into the crowd of  
his people, for himself was the challenger. And Ajax came  
on, bearing the tower-like shield, bronzen, of sevenfold hide,  
the toil of Tychius, chief of hide-cutters, who had his house  
in Hylê; he it was who made the beaming shield with seven  
thicknesses of fat bulls' hides, and spread above an eighth  
of beaten bronze: and Telamonian Ajax bare it before his  
breast, and drew near to Hector, and spake threateningly—

“Hector, soon shalt thou learn, man to man, what men  
of war there be among the Danaans, although they attain not  
unto Achilles of the lion heart, the crusher of men. But he  
lies in his pinned sea-passing ships, indignant with Aga-  
memnon, shepherd of the people; yet there be many of us  
who well might match with thee; wherefore address thyself  
to fight and war.”

And thus returned great Hector of the tossing plume:  
“O Ajax, heaven-descended, son of Telamon, lord of the  
nations, make not trial of me with taunts as of a puny child,  
or a woman ignorant of warlike works. Well do I know the  
battle and the slaying; well can I wield the bull's hide to left  
and right, the seasoned hide, which is mine to fight stoutly  
withal: well can I guide the onset of swift steeds; and well  
in close fight can I tread the measure of fiery Ares. But I  
would not spy thee out privily, and wound thee, a man so  
great; I will cast openly, if perchance I may hit.”

He said, and poised, and launched the long-shadowed  
spear, and struck the terrible shield of Ajax, the sevenfold  
hide, in the border of the eighthfold bronze; and the unwear-  
ing bronze shore through six hides, and was stayed in the

*Book VII* seventh. Then next heaven-born Ajax flung the long-  
249—285 shadowed spear, and struck the son of Priam on the equal shield. Through the bright target went the ponderous spear, and through the rich-wrought corslet it passed on, and shore in sunder the tunic upon his flank ; but he bended himself, and escaped black death. And they drew out the long spears with their hands, and fell together like flesh-eating lions, or wild boars of passing strength. Then the son of Priam stabbed the mid shield with the spear, but the bronze gave not, and the head was bent back. And Ajax leapt on him, and smote the shield ; and the spear went through and through, and drove him back in his onset, and the edge caught his neck, and the black blood bubbled up. But not for that did Hector of the tossing plume desist ; he stepped back, and lifted in his mighty hand a stone that lay upon the plain, big, black, and rough ; with that he smote the terrible shield of Ajax, the sevenfold hide, in the midst upon the boss, and the bronze rang out around. And next Ajax lifted up and whirled around and threw a stone much larger, and put enormous strength upon the cast ; and millstone-like it alto-burst the shield within, and made his knees to fail ; and he fell along upon his back, close beneath his shield ; but soon Apollo raised him up. Then had they taken to close fight, with stroke of sword, had not the heralds come up, the messengers of Zeus and of men, the one the herald of the Trojans, the other of the bronzen-coated Achæans, Talthybius and Idæus, both discreet ; they interposed their wands, and herald Idæus took the word, a man of wisdom and of counsel—

“ My sons, refrain from war and from contention ; ye both are dear to cloud-compelling Zeus ; and both are valiant, we all know well ; and night is falling ; it is good to yield to night.”

And thus made answer Telamonian Ajax : “ Idæus, and thou other, bid Hector use such words ; for he was first



to challenge to the duel ; let him begin, and I will follow *BOOK VII*  
him." 286—321

Then answered Hector of the tossing plume : " Ajax, the gods have given thee strength and stature, and judgment also ; and with the spear thou excellest all the Achæans : let us to-day desist from hostile combat ; another time we will fight, until fate decide between us, and give the victory to thee or me ; and night is coming on ; let us yield to night. So shall the Achæans rejoice because of thee beside the ships, and most of all thy kinsmen and thy following ; and in the great city of Priam the king the Trojan men will be glad because of me, and the long-robed women, who will gather into the sacred precinct, and make their vows to me. And now let us give each the other a noble gift, that men may say, of Troy or of Achæa, 'They fought together in malignant strife, but they parted in brotherhood and in amity.' "

He said, and gave a silver-studded sword, with the scabbard, and with the shapely baldric ; and Ajax gave a belt of crimson dye ; and they two parted, he going toward the people of the Achæans, and he toward the clamouring of the Trojans. And they were glad, when they saw him returning, alive and whole, having escaped the might and the hands untouchable of Ajax ; for they despaired of his off-coming ; and they brought him to the city. And on the other part the Achæans, who wear the greave, brought Ajax, rejoicing in his prowess, to divine Agamemnon.

And when they were come to the tents of Atreus' son, then Agamemnon, king of men, offered a five-year bull to Cronus' almighty son, they flayed him, and trimmed him, and dismembered him, and cut the joints in pieces, and ran them through with spits, and roasted them dexterously, and drew off the meat. And when the work was over, and the food ready, they made repast ; there was no stint of the impartial feast ; and the son of Atreus, the warrior, wide-ruling Agamemnon, gave to Ajax the mess of

*Book VII* honour, the long chine. And when desire of meat and drink  
322—361 was past, the aged man began to unfold his wisdom, Nestor,  
whose counsel seemed before the best; and thus he spake  
with wise benignant words—

“Atrides, and ye notables of the Panachæans; there be many unburied of the long-haired Achæans, whose black blood keen Ares hath scattered about the streams of fair-flowing Scamander, and their souls are gone down to Hades: therefore in the morning do thou make the Achæans desist from war, and let us gather together, and hale the dead men hither with wains and mules and oxen; and we will burn them a little way from the ships, that the bones of each man may be brought home to his children, when we return to the land of our fathers. And around the funeral fire we will heap up one undistinguished mound; and before it we will build a lofty wall, a rampart for the ships and for ourselves; and in it we will make close-fastening gates, so that a chariot-way may be left through; and outside we will delve a deep ditch, to be between, and keep back horse and man, lest ever the assault of the gallant Trojans press on us.”

He said, and all the princes made assent. And the Trojans likewise held assembly in the keep of the city, anxious and noisy, before Priam's door; and sage Antênor rose, and thus he spake—

“Attend, ye Trojans and Dardanians and allies, until I speak what is in my mind. Come, let us yield up Argive Helen, and her possessions with her, to the Atridæ to carry away: for now we fight, after breaking treaty;—how can we prosper?”

He said, and sat him down: and then rose up divine Alexander, husband of Helen of the lovely hair; and thus he answered him with winged words—

“Antênor, for once thou sayst what likes me not; well canst thou speak a better speech than this; and if thou speakest in very seriousness, surely the gods have taken

away thy wit. I will be plain with the horse-taming *BOOK VII*  
Trojans; I tell them flatly, I will not give up the lady; but <sup>362—400</sup>  
the wealth, which I brought from Argos to our house, I am  
willing to render, and to add possessions of my own."

He ended, and sat down; and then arose Priam, son of  
Dardanus, counsellor peer of gods; and he with kindly  
wisdom spoke and said—

"Attend, ye Trojans and Dardans and allies, until I  
speak the impulse of my heart: make your meal now  
throughout the city, as is your wont, and be afoot, and take  
heed to the watch; and in the morning let Idæus go to  
the hollow ships and tell the sons of Atreus, Agamemnon  
and Menelaus, the word of Alexander, beginner of the strife;  
and let him speak a word of wisdom, and ask if they will  
cease from evil-sounding war until we have burned our  
dead; hereafter we will fight again until heaven part us,  
and give the victory to one or other."

He said, and all attended and obeyed; and in the morn-  
ing Idæus went to the hollow ships; and by the poop of  
Agamemnon's ship he found the Danaans, ministers of Ares,  
in assembly; and the loud herald stood in their midst, and  
spake—

"Atrides, and ye notables of the Panachæans, I am bidden  
by Priam and the stately Trojans to declare to you, if it be  
your good pleasure, the word of Alexander, the beginner of  
the strife: the wealth that Alexander brought in the hollow  
ships to Troy, would he had died ere then! he will restore,  
and add of his own beside; but the wedded wife of illustrious  
Menelaus he will not restore, although the Trojans would  
have him. Also I am charged with another message: will  
ye desist from evil-sounding war until we have burned our  
dead? Hereafter we will fight again, until heaven part us,  
and give the victory to one or other."

He said, and all sat silent without sound; and after long  
time spake Diomedes, good at need—

*Book VII*      "Let no man accept the wealth of Alexander, nor Helen  
401—435 herself; for all men know, even he of little wit, that the cords  
of perdition are bound upon the Trojans."

He said, and all the sons of the Achæans applauded, admiring the sentence of horseman Diomedes: and ruler Agamemnon spake to Idæus—

"Idæus, thou hearest thyself the answer of the Achæans, wherewith they answer thee; and I approve their answer. But the burial of the dead I refuse not; we may not grudge the dead, when they are gone, the speedy soothing of fire. And of this pledge be Zeus the witness, the Thunderer, the Lord of Hera."

He said, and held up his sceptre before the gods; and Idæus turned him back towards holy Ilium. And the Trojans and Dardans sat in assembly, all convened, waiting till Idæus should come: and he came, and stood in the midst, and delivered his errand: and speedily they made them ready, some to fetch the dead, and some to fetch wood; and the Argives on the other part prepared themselves to issue from the benched ships, and bring the dead, and wood to burn them withal."

And now the Sun was rising into the sky from out the deep and placid river of Ocean, and the new beams were striking on the land, and these and those met together. Then was it hard to know man from man; but they washed away the stiffened blood with water, shedding hot tears, and lifted them upon waggons. Nor would high Priam suffer them to lament; therefore in silence they heaped the dead upon the pile, sad at heart, and burned them with fire, and went their way to holy Ilium. And in like manner the well-greaved Achæans on the other part heaped the dead upon the pile, sad at heart, and burned them in the fire, and went their way to the hollow ships.

And when the dawn was not yet come, but light and dark were equal, then did a chosen fellowship of Achæans

gather around the pyre, and make about it one inseparate mound, and raise a barrow above the plain; and against the barrow they built a wall with lofty towers, a bulwark for the ships and for themselves; and they made therein well-fastening gates, to leave a horseway for their chariots; and outside the wall they dug a deep fosse, great and broad, and made a palisade. *Book VII* 436—470

Such were the labours of the long-haired Achæans; but the gods sat by the side of Zeus the Lightener, and looked at the strange work of the bronzen-coated Achæans; and Poseidon, shaker of the land, spake the first—

“Father Zeus, lives there yet a man upon the infinite earth who will impart his mind and meditation to the immortals? Seest thou not yet again, how the long-haired Achæans have builded a wall before their ships, and trenched a trench around, and have not given to the gods famous hecatombs? And their work will be famous to the limit of the dayspring; and ours will be forgotten, the work of me and of Phœbus Apollo, the city built laboriously for warrior Laomedon.”

And then in indignation spake cloud-compelling Zeus: “Alas, thou shaker of the land, thou of wide-reaching strength, what hast thou said? Some other god might think such timid thought, whose heart and might are punier than thine; but thy glory shall extend to the limit of the dayspring. See now, when once the long-haired Achæans are gone with their ships to the land of their fathers, do thou root up their wall, and sweep it utterly into the sea, and cover the broad beach once more with sand, and let the great wall of the Achæans be obliterated.”

So spake they each with other; and the sun went down, and the work of the Achæans was done; and they fell to slaying oxen, booth by booth, and made their meal. And ships were at hand, those which brought wine from Lemnos, ships not a few, which Jason's son, Euneüs, sent, Euneüs,

*Book VII* whom Hypsipylê bore to Jason, shepherd of the people. And  
471—end for the sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaus, he sent  
wine particularly, a thousand measures. From these ships  
the long-haired Achæans bought them wine, some with copper,  
and some with lustrous iron, and some with hides, and some  
with cattle, and some with slaves, and they made a goodly  
feast. So all night long beside the ships the long-haired  
Achæans feasted, and the Trojans and their allies in the city;  
and all night long Zeus the counsellor gave them omens of  
evil, and direful thunderings; and green fear was on them;  
and they poured the wine from their cups upon the ground,  
nor did any dare to drink before he had made libation to  
Cronion, strength of strength. And they laid them down,  
and took the gift of sleep.

## BOOK VIII

### THE STINTED BATTLE

Now saffron-vested Dawn was spread abroad upon the earth,  
and Zeus, the hurler of the thunderbolt, convened the gods  
upon the topmost top of many-ridged Olympus : he spake  
himself, and all the gods gave ear—

*Book*  
*VIII*  
1—28

“Attend, ye gods and ye goddesses ; let none of female deities, and none of male, presume to cancel my word, but all of you give consent thereto, that I may bring these doings to an end : for whosoever of the gods shall separate himself, and give succour to Trojan or to Danaan, he, when I find him, shall return to Olympus thundersmitten with disfiguring wound ; or else I will take him, and cast him far, far down, to murky Tartarus, the deepest gulf that yawns beneath the ground, whose gates are iron, and whose threshold bronze, as far below Hades as heaven is far above earth ; and he shall know how much I am supreme among the gods. Make trial, if ye will, that all may know ; let down a golden chain from heaven to earth, and all ye gods and goddesses take hold ; but ye will not draw down Zeus, the most high counsellor, from heaven to the ground, no, not with much endeavour : but were I to draw, and put to my strength, I could updraw you all, and earth and sea to boot ; and bind the chain about a horn of Olympus, and leave all hanging ; so much am I above both men and gods.”

He said, and all sat silent without speech, in consternation :

BOOK  
VIII  
29—61

for the word was peremptory. And after long delay spake the goddess, bright-eyed Athene—

“O Cronides our father, lord of lords, surely we know that thy might is uncontrolled; but we have compassion upon the spearman Danaans, lest they fill up the measure of their fate, and die. Nevertheless we will abstain from the war, as thou commandest, and only suggest counsel to the Argives, to help them, lest they perish utterly because of thy displeasure.”

Then Zeus, the cloud-compeller, smiled upon her, and spake: “Be of good cheer, Tritogeneia, our dear daughter; I speak not very earnestly, but would ever be tender with thee.”

He said, and yoked beneath his chariot the bronzen-footed horses, swift of flight, whose long manes were of gold, and put on himself a vest of gold, and took a whip, golden, well-wrought, and mounted on his car, and touched the horses with the whip; and they flew on, right willing, midway between the earth and starry sky: and he came to Ida, of the many fountains, mother of wild beasts, to Gargarus, where is his demesne and his fragrant altar: there the father of gods and men stayed his steeds, and loosed them from the car, and shed much mist around; and he sat down amid the summits, glad and glorious, looking down upon the Trojan city and the ships of the Achæans.

And the long-haired Achæans took their meal hastily, booth by booth, and rose up, and armed themselves; and the Trojans on the other part made them ready throughout the city; fewer they were, but not for that less eager, because of need imperative—the need to fight for children and for wife; and all the gates were opened, and the people went quickly forth, both footmen and horsemen; and great was the turmoil.

And when they came into one place, they dashed together with buckler and with spear, and with strength of



bronzen-coated men; and the bossy shields encountered, and there was a great crashing. And there was moaning, and there was jubilation, of slayers and of slain; and the ground ran with blood. Now while it was morning, and the might of day was increasing, so long the spears of either army went home and the people fell: but when the sun bestrode mid heaven, the Father stretched on high his golden scales, and laid in them two fates of destroying death, one for the horse-curbing Trojans, and one for the bronzen-coated Achæans; and he took the scales by the middle, and let them hang; and the happy day of the Achæans sank. And he thundered terribly from Ida, and sent the blazing levin among the people of the Achæans; and they saw, and were astonished, and green fear came upon them all.

BOOK  
VIII  
62—97

Then no man could endure, or hold his ground: no, not Agamemnon, nor Idomeneus, nor the two Ajaces, servants of Ares; only Gerenian Nestor remained, guardian of the Achæans, not with his will, but his horse was sore wounded, which divine Alexander, husband of Helen of the lovely hair, shot with an arrow on the crown, where the foremost hairs are rooted in the skull, and a wound is deadliest; and in his agony the horse leapt up, and the arrow sank into his brain, and writhing on the bronze he made his fellows wild. And while the old man, with quick cut of the sword, shore away the third-horse traces, the swift horses of Hector came through the rout, bringing Hector, their bold controller; then had the old man lost his life had not Diomedes, good at need, been swift to mark; and he cried with a great cry, and called on Odysseus—

“Son of Laertes, blood of heaven, sagacious Odysseus, whither dost thou flee in the rout and turn thy back as a coward? See that no man plant his spear in thy reins as thou fleest; tarry, rather, until we have repulsed yon wild man from aged Nestor.”

He said, but enduring divine Odysseus gave no ear, and

*Book*  
*VIII*  
98—133

speeded fast to the hollow ships of the Achæans. And Tydides, though alone, rushed in among the foremost ; and he stood before the chariot of Neleus' aged son, and spake to him winged words—

“Old sir, the younger warriors press thee sore ; and thy strength is feeble, and stiff old age hangs on thee, and thine esquire is decrepit, and thy horses slow. Come, therefore, mount upon my chariot, that thou mayest see the mettle of the horses of Tros, dismayers of men, which once I took from Aeneas, how they can flee and can follow, and scour the plain this way and that. Thy horses let the two esquires look to, and mine let thee and me direct against the Trojans, masters of horses, that Hector may know whether my spear also rages in mine hand.”

He said, nor did Gerenian horseman Nestor gainsay ; his mares were taken by the esquires, stalwart Sthenelus and valiant Eurymedon ; and the chieftains mounted on the car of Diomedes. And Nestor took the glittering reins in his hand, and plied the whip ; and soon they came near to Hector. And as he dashed upon them, the son of Tydeus made a cast ; he struck not Hector, but the charioteer and esquire, Eniopeus, son of gallant Thebæus, him he struck, as he held the reins, on the breast beside the nipple : and he fell from the chariot, and the swift-foot horses started back ; and his life and strength were loosed upon the place. And Hector's heart was dark with grief and anger because of his esquire ; but he let his comrade lie, despite his sorrow, seeking to find a brave charioteer ; and not long did the horses lack a governor, for speedily he found bold Archeptolemus, son of Iphitus, and made him ascend the car, and gave him the reins of the fleet steeds.

Then had there been havoc, and incredible deeds, and the Trojans had been pent up in Ilium, as lambs in a fold, had not the Father of gods and men been quick to mark. He thundered terribly, and cast down the blazing levin,

and it lit upon the ground before the chariot of Diomedes ; and there was a dreadful flame of burning sulphur, and the horses crouched in fear beneath the chariot, and the shining reins flew out of Nestor's hands, and his heart was afraid, and he spake to Diomedes—

“Son of Tydeus, turn round to flight the hooves of thy horses ; seest thou not that help from Zeus is not with thee ? for Cronid Zeus gives glory to yon man to-day, and hereafter, if it be his pleasure, he will give it to us : and no one may inhibit the purpose of Zeus, no, not the mighty man, for he is mightier.”

Then answered Diomedes, good at need : “Old sir, thou moralisest well ; but one thing touches me very nearly, that Hector will publish it among the Trojans, saying, ‘Tydides fled before me, and sought his ships.’ Thus will he boast ; then may the wide earth gape for me !”

Then answered him Gerenian horseman Nestor : “Alack, how sayest thou, son of soldier Tydeus ? Let Hector dub thee caitiff and poltroon ; will he persuade the Trojans and the Dardanians, and the wives of the gallant Trojans, shielded men, whose lusty bridegrooms thou hast tumbled in the dust ?”

He said, and turned the horses flightwards through the riot ; and the Trojans and Hector with vociferous shout poured down their gruesome darts ; and great Hector of the tossing crest cried out afar—

“Tydides, the Achæans of the swift steeds were wont to honour thee with higher place and choicer mess and brimming goblet : but now they will hold thee lightly ; thou art become as a woman. Away, slight minion ! I will not blanch, and let thee mount our wall, or carry off our women in thy ships ; sooner shall I give thee to doom.”

He said, and Tydides was divided in his mind whether he should not turn about the horses, and fight him face to face ; three times he wavered in mind and heart, and three

*Book  
VIII  
134—169*

*Book* times Zeus the counsellor thundered from the Idæan hills  
*VIII* and gave a sign to the Trojans, the sign of decisive victory;  
 170—206 and Hector shouted afar, and called upon the Trojans—

“Trojans, and Lycians, and close-countering Dardans! now quit yourselves like men, my friends, and turn you to might and main; for I perceive that the favour of Cronion hath awarded to me victory and great glory, but to the Danaans disaster; fools! who have builded these walls against us; flimsy they are, and of no account; they will not keep out my might, and my horses will lightly bound over the sunken trench. And when I have attained the hollow ships, let there be remembrance of consuming fire, that I may burn the ships with fire, and slay the men.”

He ended, and spake again, and called to his horses: [“Xanthus, and thou Podargus, and Aethon, and divine Lampus,] repay me now the much tendance of Andromache, daughter of high-souled Eëtion; she dealt the dainty wheat to you, before she served me, who style myself the husband of her love: now therefore follow, follow fast, and let us take the shield of Nestor, the glory whereof reaches to heaven; ’tis all of gold, they say, the shield and the cross-bars; and let us take from the shoulders of Diomedes, master of horses, the curious corslet, which Hephæstus made laboriously; were these two but our prize, there were good hope to make the Achæans this very night embark upon their swift ships.”

So spake he in his boasting; but Lady Hera was indignant, and she shook herself in her chair, and made tall Olympus to quake, and turned and spake to Poseidon, the mighty god—

“Alas, thou shaker of the ground, thou of strength far-spread, not even thou pitiest in thy heart the perishing Danaans; and yet they bring thee many gifts and acceptable to Helicê and to Aegæ; wherefore do thou wish them victory... For were we in concert, we gods that help the Danaans, to hurl back the Trojans and to inhibit Zeus, the

Thunderer afar, he might sit where he is and sulk in Ida alone." *Book  
VIII*

And thus replied the king, the shaker of the land, 207—240  
much distempered: "Hera, thou bold of mouth, what hast thou said? I would not that all of us together should fight with Cronid Zeus; for he is superior far."

So spake they, each with the other, but all the space enclosed by the trench between ships and walls was filled pell-mell with chariots and with shielded men, driven in together; and he who drove them was Priamid Hector, peer of rapid Ares, in the hour when Zeus gave him glory. And now had he burned the balanced ships with flaming fire, had not Lady Hera put it in the thought of Agamemnon of himself to run hastily up and down and exhort the Achæans; and he set out to go through the booths and ships of the Achæans, bearing a great purple garment in his stout hand. And he stood upon the black capacious ship of Odysseus, that was midmost of all, to shout to both sides, at once to the booths of Telamoniad Ajax and to those of Achilles, for they had drawn up their ships at either extremity, trusting in their valiancy and their mighty hands. 245  
And he shouted with a piercing voice, and called upon the Danaans—

"Shame on you, Argives, vile reproaches; pictures, not men! Where are now our boastings, wherewith we boasted our preëminence? Where are your braggadocios ye spake in Lemnos, while ye ate much meat of prick-horned kine and swilled the bowls of over-brimming wine, that every man of you would stand in the war against five score Trojans and ten score Trojans? And now one single man outvalues us [Hector, who soon will burn the ships with flaming fire]. Father Zeus, hast thou before afflicted with like affliction any of imperial kings, and taken his glory from him? Not any surely of thy goodly altars did I pass by as I came hither, in my benched ships; but upon every one I burned fat and

*Book* thighs of beeves, in my desire to capture well-walled Ilium ;  
*VIII* wherefore now, O Zeus, fulfil my supplication ; concede us  
241—277 that we flee and escape with our lives, and let not the Achæans  
be thus overborne of the Trojans.”

He ended, and the Father took pity upon his tears : and he granted that the people should live, and not die ; and speedily he sent an eagle, most excellent of birds, holding in his claws a fawn, a dropling of a nimble doe ; and he let fall the fawn beside the goodly altar of Zeus, where the Achæans sacrificed to Zeus of Premonition. And when they saw that the omen was sent of Zeus, they leaped freshly upon the Trojans, and thought once more of battle.

Then none of all the Danaans, though they were many, might boast that his swift horses prevented those of Tydides in driving over the trench or fighting might to might ; but much the first he slew a warrior of the Trojans, Agelaïus, son of Phradmon : he turned his horses flightwards ; but when he was turned, Tydides planted his spear in his back, between the shoulders, and drove it through his breast ; and he fell from the car, and his armour clanked above him.

And after him came the sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaus, and after them the Ajaces, clad in fierce might, and after them Idomeneus and the squire of Idomeneus, Meriones, peer of Enyalius the Life-taker, and after them Eurypylus, Euxæmon's bright son : and ninth came Teucer, bending the doubly curving bow, and stood beneath the shield of Telamoniad Ajax. Then Ajax would lift up his shield a little, and Teucer would peer out, and shoot a man with his arrow in the press, and he would fall and die, and the other would go back, like a child to his mother, and get him in to Ajax : and Ajax hid him beneath the bright shield.

Then whom first of the Trojans did blameless Teucer slay ? Orsilochus the first, and Ormenus, and Ophelestes, and Daitor, and Chromius, and god-like Lycophontes, and Amopaon, son of Polyæmon, and Melanippus. And Agamemnon,

king of men, exulted when he saw him ravaging the ranks of the Trojans with his mighty bow ; and he came, and stood beside him, and spake—

*Book  
VIII  
278—316*

“Teucer, dear head, lord of the people, seed of Telamon, shoot on, and be a light to the Danaans and to thy father Telamon, who took thee when a little child, and cherished thee, although thou wert a bastard, in his proper house ; him, though he be far off, do thou bring to glory. And I will tell thee what shall surely be done ; if Zeus who wears the ægis shall grant me, and Athene, the spoil of Ilium’s happy-standing town, to thee first, after myself, will I give a gift of worship, a tripod, or two horses, and the chariot thereto, or a woman-slave, to be thy bedfellow.”

Then blameless Teucer answered him, and said : “Thrice glorious Atrides, why urge me on, who am so hot myself ? I have not ceased, according to my strength, since once we drove them back to Ilium, but I lie in wait for men, and kill them with mine arrows. Eight long-barbed shafts have I launched, and all were planted in the flesh of nimble-bodied warriors ; but one man I cannot strike, yon dog, yon ravager.”

He said, and sped another arrow from the string, right upon Hector, for he longed to wound him. Hector he touched not, but blameless Gorgythion he smote with his arrow in the breast, the valiant son of Priam, whose mother came a bride from Aesÿmê, fair Castianeira, in person like a goddess : and his head hung down, like a poppy-head, that droops in a garden, weighed down with seeds and with the rains of spring ; so hung his head to one side, weighed down by the helmet.

Then Teucer loosed another arrow from the string, right upon Hector, for he longed to wound him. But once again he touched him not ; for Apollo turned the arrow by : but Archeptolemus, Hector’s bold charioteer, he struck in the breast beside the nipple, as he hurried warwards ; and he fell from the car, and his swift-footed horses started back ; and

*Book* his strength and life were loosed upon the place : and  
*VIII* Hector's heart was dark with grief and rage because of his  
 317-352 charioteer ; yet he let his esquire lie, for all his grief, and  
 bade Cebriones, his brother, who was nigh at hand, take the  
 reins of the horses ; and he heard, and refused not ; and  
 † Hector leaped on the ground from the brilliant chariot, shout-  
 ing terribly ; and he caught a stone in his hand, and went  
 straight towards Teucer, for his heart bade him crush him.  
 Then Teucer took a pointed arrow from the quiver, and fitted  
 it upon the string ; but as he drew the arrow to his shoulder,  
 in act to shoot, Hector smote him with the ragged stone,  
 where the collar bone parts neck and breast, a mortal spot.  
 and snapped the bowstring ; and arm and wrist were numbed,  
 and he fell upon his knee, and the bow flew from his hand.  
 And Ajax disregarded not his fallen brother, but ran and  
 bestrode him, and compassed him about with his shield ; and  
 two dear comrades lifted him upon them, Mecisteus, son of  
 Echius, and divine Alastor, and carried him to the hollow  
 ships, groaning heavily.

Then once again the Olympian inspirited the Trojans, and  
 they thrust the Achæans right back to the deep ditch ; and  
 Hector moved among the foremost, jubilant in his strength :  
 and as when a dog pursues with swift feet a wild boar or a  
 lion, and catches him behind by hip and thigh, and eyes  
 him as he turns, so did Hector hang upon the long-haired  
 Achæans, and ever slay the hindmost ; and they fled. But  
 when in the flight they had overpassed the palisade and the  
 trench, and many had fallen by the hands of the Trojans,  
 they halted, and stood still among the ships, and called each  
 upon the other, and lifted up every man his hands to the  
 gods, and prayed fervently. And Hector drove the steeds of  
 lovely mane about and about, and his eyes were as the eyes  
 of a Gorgon, or of Ares, pest of men.

And the goddess, white-armed Hera, saw them, and took  
 pity ; and speedily she spake to Athene winged words—



“Out on it, child of Zeus, who wears the ægis, shall thou and I not have pity on the perishing Danaans, once again, if never more? Haply they will fulfil an evil doom, and die beneath the onslaught of one man, of Hector, son of Priam; he hath wrought evil manifold, and his rage is become intolerable.”

*Book  
VIII  
353—387*

Then answered her the goddess, bright-eyed Athene: “Yea, indeed, let him lose life and breath, and die by the hands of the Argives in his fatherland! but my father is crazed with an unhappy craze; harsh is he, and ever churlish, and thwarts me of mine achievement; nor does he remember at all, how many times I saved his son, when he was borne down with the impositions of Eurystheus: he made his plaint to heaven, and Zeus despatched me from heaven to be his succourer. But had I known in my discerning heart, what time Eurystheus sent him down to Hades’ jail, to bring away the dog of loathly Hades out of Erebus, he had not escaped the cataract stream of Styx’s water. And now he misfavours me, and hath performed the desire of Thetis, who kissed his knees, and laid her hand upon his beard, and besought him to give honour to Achilles, despoiler of cities; but a day will come, when he will call the Bright-eyed dear. And now do thou make ready for us the whole-hooved horses, while I withdraw me into the house of Zeus who wears the ægis, and arm myself for the war, that I may see whether the son of Priam, Hector of the tossing crest, will rejoice when he beholds thee and me appear amid the files of war, or whether some Trojan shall fall before the ships of the Achæans, and glut the dogs and the birds with fat and flesh.”

She ended; nor did the goddess, white-armed Hera, gainsay, but betook herself to make ready the horses of golden head-stall, Hera, goddess revered, daughter of great Cronus’ self. And Athene, daughter of Zeus, who bears the ægis, let fall her soft robe upon her father’s floor, the broidered garment her own hands had made; and she put on the coat

*Book* of cloud-compelling Zeus, and armed herself for tearful war ;  
*VIII* and she stepped into the flaming chariot, and grasped a spear,  
388—423 great, heavy, massive-framed, wherewith she quells the ranks  
of warrior men, when the Daughter of the Mighty is wroth.  
And Hera swiftly lashed the horses ; and spontaneous  
the gates of heaven opened loud, where the Hours keep  
watch, who have in charge great heaven and Olympus,  
to roll away the close doors of cloud and shut them again ;  
and right through they drove the horses, obedient to the  
goad.

And when Zeus the Father saw them from Ida, he was  
very wroth, and sent Iris of the golden wing with a message—

“Get thee gone, swift Iris, turn them back, and let them  
not come face to face with me ; for our encounter were  
untoward. Thus do I speak, and this shall be fulfilled ; I  
will hough their swift horses, and cast themselves from the  
chariot, and break it altogether ; and not for ten revolving  
years shall they recover of their wounds, if once the lightning  
bite them ; that the Bright-eyed may know what it is to  
fight with her father. But with Hera I am not so wroth, or  
so dissatisfied ; for she is ever wont to thwart my word.”

He said, and tempest-footed Iris hastened on her errand ;  
and she went from the Idæan mountains to high Olympus.  
And she met them in the outgoing of the gate of deeply-delled  
Olympus, and warned them back, and spake the word of  
Zeus—

“Whither would ye ? What madness is in your heart ?  
the son of Cronus will not have you help the Argives. Thus  
hath he threatened, thus will he make good : he will hough  
your horses beneath the car, and cast you from it, and break  
it altogether ; and not for ten revolving years shall the  
wounds be healed, if the lightning bite you ; that thou,  
Bright-eyed, mayest know what it is to fight with thy father.  
But with Hera he is not so wroth, or so indignant ; for she  
is ever wont to thwart his word. But thee, thou impudence,

he will not tolerate, if thou venture to lift the mighty spear against him." *Book  
VIII*

So spoke fleet-foot Iris, and went her way; and Hera 424—460  
spake to Athene: "Alack, thou child of Zeus, who wears the ægis, I may no longer propose that we two do battle with Zeus in the cause of men; let this man perish, and let that man live, as it shall befall; let Zeus dispose as he will, and let him deal his judgments to Trojan and to Danaan, as is meet and fit."

She said, and turned the whole-hooved horses round; and the Hours unharnessed the horses of goodly mane, and bound them by the immortal mangers, and leaned the chariot against the lustrous wall; and Athene and Hera sat down in chairs of gold among the other gods, and their hearts were heavy.

And Zeus the Father hastened from Ida to Olympus, with horses and well-wheeled chariot, and came into the session of the gods. And the famous shaker of the land unloosed the horses, and set the chariot upon its stand, and spread a cloth over. And Zeus, the thunderer afar, sat down himself upon a golden throne, and great Olympus quaked beneath his feet. And only Athene and Hera withdrew themselves apart, and spake not to him, nor made any question; and he perceived it in his mind, and spake—

"Why are ye thus cast down, Athene and Hera? Ye are not weary with the glory-giving war, and with destroying the Trojans, against whom ye are so rancorous. Such is my strength and my hands untouchable, that not all the gods of Olympus may overbear me; and you two, trembling hath come upon your bright limbs ere ever ye looked on war and war's wild deeds. Thus will I speak, and this I ratify: not upon your chariot, when blasted by the lightning, had ye returned to Olympus, where is the seat of the immortals."

He said, and Hera and Athene murmured; they sat side by side, and meditated evil against the Trojans; and Athene was silent, and spake not aught, though she was angered

*Book* with Zeus the Father, and filled with wild wrath ; but Hera's  
*VIII* breast contained not her passion, and she spake—  
461—496

“Thrice reverend Cronides, what has thou said ? we know well that thy strength is illimitable ; but nevertheless we have compassion upon the spearman Danaans, lest they fill up the measure of an evil fate, and so perish. [But we will refrain ourselves from the war, if such be thy bidding ; and will only give the Argives counsel to help them, that they perish not one and all in thine indignation.]”

And thus made answer cloud-compelling Zeus : “Yet more the morrow morn, princess Hera, shalt thou see, if thou wilt, supereminent Cronion destroying the great host of the spearman Argives ; for powerful Hector will not pause from war, until fleet Pelides be aroused beside his ships, in that day when they shall fight beneath the poops, in that grim crush, about the dead Patroclus ; so is it predoomed ; but thee and thy wrath I care not for, not if thou pass to the extremest rim of earth and sea, where sit Iapetus and Cronus in the deep of ambient Tartarus, and have not solace of the winds, nor of the beams of Hyperion the sun ; not even if thou wander all that way, do I reckon of thee and thy wrath, thou froward of the froward.”

He said ; and white-armed Hera answered not at all ; and the sun's bright light sank into Ocean, drawing black night across prolific earth. Loath were the Trojans that the light should go ; but to the Achæans welcome, thrice-prayed-for, came the obscuring night.

And radiant Hector made an assembly of the Trojans, and drew them away from the ships beside the eddying river, into a clear place, where showed a space among the dead. And they stepped from their chariots upon the ground, and listened to the speech of Hector, dear to Zeus, and in his hand he held a spear of eleven cubits ; in front it flamed with bronzen point, and it was compassed with a bead of gold ; thereon he leant, and spake among the Trojans—

“Give ear, ye Trojans, and Dardans, and allies ; but now I thought to destroy the ships and the Achæans utterly, and so return to windy Troy ; but the darkness hath prevented us, which chiefly hath preserved the Argives and their ships by the sea-beach : now therefore let us yield to darksome night, and prepare our meal ; and do ye unharness your fair-maned horses from the chariots, and put food before them ; and fetch you from the city kine and fatling sheep with all speed, and purvey you delightful wine, and bread from your houses, and gather store of fuel, that all night long, till early-rising morn, we may keep many fires alight, and the gleam may attain to heaven, lest haply in the night the long-haired Achæans make haste and flee over the sea’s broad back : let them not quietly embark unharassed, but let this one and that, as he leaps upon his ship, bear away a wound to cosset at home, spitted with shaft or pricked with beechen spear, that others hereafter may be loath to bring melancholy war against the horse-curbing Trojans. And let the heralds, dear to Zeus, make proclamation throughout the city, that the stripling lads and the hoary-templed elders lie in guard around the city upon the heaven-built walls : and as to the women, let every one light a mighty fire in her house ; and let there be continuous watchfulness, lest an ambush enter the town while the people are afield. Now be it, generous Trojans, as I say ; let this for the present be enough of salutary speech ; and in the morning I will speak a word of another sort to the horse-curbing Trojans. My hope is high, and I pray to Zeus and to all the gods to drive from hence these dogs whom the fates now carry to their doom : and all night long we will stand sentinel, and in the morning, with the peep of light, we will accoutre ourselves, and wake sharp war beside the hollow ships : and I shall know whether the son of Tydeus, stalwart Diomedes, shall repel me from the ships to the wall, or whether I shall slay him with the bronze, and bear away the bloody spoils. To-morrow shall he indeed

*Book**VIII*

497—535

*Book* make his valour known, if he abide the onset of my spear ;  
*VIII* but among the foremost, I think, shall he lie thrust through  
536—end (and many a man besides), beneath the rising of to-morrow's  
sun. Would that I were immortal, and without old age for  
ever, and were held in veneration no less than Athene and  
Apollo, as certainly as this day shall bring disaster upon the  
Argives."

So Hector spake, and the Trojans shouted acclamation :  
they loosed their sweating horses from the yoke, and bound  
them with thongs every man beside his chariot ; and they  
brought from the city beeves and fatling sheep, and purveyed  
them delightful wine and bread from their houses, and gathered  
store of fuel, and the winds bore the sweet savour up to  
heaven. [But the gods partook not thereof, and would have  
none of it ; for holy Ilium was abhorred of them, and Priam  
with the ashen spear, and the people of Priam.]

And with high heart they sat all night long upon the  
lines of war ; and many a fire burned beside them. And as  
when in heaven about the beaming moon the stars shine  
brilliant in the windless air, and all the crags and all the  
dells are revealed, and all the summits of the mountain  
spurs, and the wide expanse of sky is open to the firmament,  
and all the stars appear and the shepherd's heart is glad ; so  
many showed the fires that the Trojans lighted before Ilium  
between the ships and the streams of Xanthus : a thousand  
fires burned along the plain, and by each sat fifty in the glow  
of the flaming fire ; and the horses stood beside the chariots,  
and champed white barley and spelt, and waited for the  
throned morn.

## BOOK IX

### THE EMBASSY TO ACHILLES—THE ENTREATIES

So kept the Trojans watch; but the Achæans were possessed *Book IX*  
by mighty Fear, sister of shivering Flight, and all the *1—25*  
champions were pricked with grief intolerable. And as two  
winds upturn the fishy deep, Zephyr and Boreas, that blow  
both from Thrace; sudden they come, and all the black wave  
rises into crests, and far and near the beach is strewn with  
wrack; so was the courage of the Achæans tossed to and fro  
within them.

And Atrides' heart was pricked with mighty grief; and  
he went about, and bade the loud-voiced heralds call every  
man to assembly, severally, without proclamation; and him-  
self was busy among the foremost. And they sat in their  
assembly gloomily: and Agamemnon arose, weeping like an  
unsunned spring, whose sombre waters trickle down the  
headlong rock; and deeply groaning spake he to the  
Argives—

“O friends, lords and leaders of the Argives, surely  
Cronid Zeus hath bound me in infatuation; unpitying is he,  
for once he promised me, and gave consent, that I should  
take well-walled Ilium, and return home; but now he hath  
deceived me evilly, and bids me go back to Argos dis-  
honoured; and much people have I lost. So read I now the  
decree of Zeus most high, who hath laid low the tops of many  
a town, and will yet lay low; for his is the supremacy

*Book IX* Wherefore come now, and let us do according to my word,  
26—63 let us flee with our ships to the land of our fathers ; for there is no longer hope to take broad-streeted Troy."

He said, and all sat silent without speech ; and long did the sons of the Achæans hold their peace despondingly ; but at last spake valiant Diomedes—

"King Atrides, I will be first, and contend with thine insanity, as is befitting, in the mote : but be not thou wroth therefore. Thou hast dispraised my might before all others among the Danaans, and called me sluggard and unmettlesome ; but if I be so, all men of the Argives know, both old and young. But the son of Cronus, the crooked of counsel, hath given thee a double giving ; he hath given thee honour of the sceptre above thy fellows, but might he hath not given thee, and might is the mastery. Madman ! thinkest thou forsooth that the sons of the Achæans are sluggards and unmettlesome, as thou wouldst have them ? But if thine own heart be bent upon return, get thee gone ; the way is nigh thee, and thy ships stand by the sea ; but all other of the long-haired Achæans will remain until we have taken Troy. And if they also will be gone, let them flee with their ships to the land of their fathers ; but we two, I myself and Sthenelus, will fight, until we find an end of Ilium ; for God our aid came we hither."

He ended, and the sons of the Achæans made acclamation, approving the word of Diomedes, master of horses : and horseman Nestor rose, and thus he said—

"Tydides, thou art exceeding brave in war, and in council thou art eminent among thy fellows : none of all the Achæans will censure thy word, or give thee contradiction ; but more remains unsaid. Thou art young, nay, thou mightest be the youngest of my children ; yet thou speakest ever wisely. And now come, let me speak, who style myself thine elder, and survieu the whole ; no one will disparage my word, no, not the princely Agamemnon. Homeless and



friendless, and a man forbid is he whose heart is set on *Book IX*  
detestable civil war. But now at this time let us yield 64—98  
to black night, and prepare our meal; and let sentinels  
lie watching, post by post, along the hollow trench, without  
the wall; that is my direction to the younger men; and  
after that, Atrides, take thou the direction; for thou art  
supreme. Give a banquet to the seniors, as is meet and fit;  
thy booths are full of wine, which the ships of the Achæans  
bring from Thrace daily over the broad sea; many are  
under thee, and thou hast wherewithal to entertain; and  
when many are assembled together, thou wilt follow him  
who counsels the wiseliest; and need indeed had all the  
Achæans of ripe sufficing wisdom, seeing that the enemy  
burn many fires so nigh our ships; a sorry sight! This  
night will save our army, or destroy it."

He said, and all hearkened and obeyed; and the sentinels,  
all in arms, bounded forth, following Nestorid Thrasymêdes,  
shepherd of the people, and Ascalaphus and Ialmenus, sons of  
Ares, and Meriones and Aphareus and Deïpyrus, and divine  
Lycomêdes, son of Creion. Seven captains were there of the  
watch, and with each went a hundred young men, bearing  
long lances in their hands; and they went and sat them down  
between the wall and the fosse; and there they kindled fire,  
and ate of their provision.

And Atrides led the elders of the Achæans all together  
to his booth, and set before them a comfortable feast; and  
they put out their hands to the good things before them.  
And when the desire of meat and drink was appeased, the  
old man first of all began to weave his counsel, the old man  
Nestor, whose word before appeared the best; kindly and  
wisely thus he spoke and said—

"Thrice-glorious Atrides, king of men, Agamemnon, with  
thee I end, with thee begin; thou art prince over many peoples,  
and Zeus hath given thee the sceptre and the dooms, that  
thou mightest deal wisely by them; wherefore it is thy part

*Book IX* to listen and to speak, and to make good the word of another,  
99—137 when his spirit moves him to speak profitably; on thee it depends, when once he hath suggested. And now will I speak what seems me best; for no man will conceive a truer thought than I conceive, and long ago conceived, in that day when thou, heaven-born, wentest in thy wrath, and took'st Achilles' damsel from his booth, Briseis, not with our approbation; for I dissuaded thee with urgency; but thou didst yield to thine imperious soul, and didst dishonour to a mighty man, the favourite of the immortals; thou took'st his prize, and yet retainest. But even now let us consider, if haply we may move him, and assuage his wrath with amicable gifts and words of pleasantness."

And then replied the king of men, Agamemnon: "Old sir, thou hast rehearsed my madness all too well; I was infatuate, I deny it not. More than many peoples is the beloved of Zeus, who now hath honoured one man, and discomfited the people of the Achæans. But since I have offended, and yielded to base suggestions, I would make my peace, and give magnificent amends, glorious gifts which I will name among you all,—seven unsmirched tripods, and of gold ten talents, and glittering caldrons a score, and twelve strong horses for the race, which have won me prizes with their feet: the man would not be landless, nor unpossessed of very precious gold, who should own the value of my racers' prizes: and I will give seven women, skilled in works of accomplishment, Lesbian women, whom, when he himself took goodly Lesbos, I chose for my own, and in beauty they surpassed the tribes of women: these will I give, and with them her whom I took away, Brises' fair daughter; and I will swear a mighty oath, that never have I known her bed, or been with her after the manner of mankind, of men and women. All this will I give in hand; and if the gods grant that we take Priam's mighty town, let him go in, when we Achæans make divisions of our booty, and heap on high a

ship with bronze and gold, and take to himself twenty of the Trojan women, the fairest that are found after Argive Helen : and if we return to Achæan Argos, fertile land, be he my marriage-son ; and I will hold him in like regard with Orestes, my darling, who grows up amid all abundance : and I have three daughters in my firm-built hall, Chrysothemis and Laodicê and Iphianassa ; of them whomsoever he will let him take to be his own, to the house of Peleus, without a price ; and I will add abundant appanage, such as never daughter had before : and I will give him seven goodly towns, Cardamylê and Enopê and grassy Hirê, and divine Phêræ and Antheia of the deep meadows, and fair Aepeia and Pêdasus with her vineyards ; all lie beside the sea, the last in sandy Pylos ; and the inhabitants are rich in bullocks and in sheep, and they will do homage to him, with gifts, as to a god, and render him the sceptre's usual due ; with all this will I endow him, if he relent from his anger. Let him be mollified : for Hades alone is ruthless and implacable, and therefore is he hatefullest to men. And let him submit, inasmuch as I am paramount, and claim to be his elder in birth.”

Then answered him Gerenian horseman Nestor : “ Thrice-glorious Atrides, king of men, Agamemnon, thou profferest to kingly Achilles gifts not to be misprized. Come now, let us send with all speed negotiants to the booth of Peleid Achilles ; if ye will, I will name them, only let them consent. Let Phoenix, dear to Zeus, go on first, and after him great Ajax and divine Odysseus ; and of the heralds let Hodius and Eurybates accompany. Bring water for the hands, and make proclamation of silence, that we may pray to Cronid Zeus, to have mercy upon us.”

So said he, and his word was pleasing to every one. And forthwith the herald poured water upon their hands, and the young men filled high the bowls with drink, and poured in each cup a little for libation, and dealt round the wine. And when they had made libation and drunk at their pleasure,

*BOOK IX* they went forth from the booth of Atride Agamemnon : and  
178—212 Gerenian horseman Nestor gave them many a charge, glancing from man to man, but most he charged Odysseus, to do their best to reconcile the blameless son of Peleus.

And they two went along the shore of the murmuring sea ; and much they prayed to the embracer of the earth, the shaker of the land, that they might easily persuade the high heart of Aeacides. And they came to the booths and the ships of the Myrmidons ; and they found him delighting himself with the clear lyre, fair, curious-carven, with a silver bridge : he took it from the spoils, when he destroyed Eëtion's town ; with that he pleased himself, and sung the glories of men : Patroclus only sat beside him silently, waiting until Aeacides should make an end of his singing. And the two stepped forward, divine Odysseus the first, and stood before Achilles ; and he sprung up in amazement, the lyre in his hand, from the seat where he sat ; and Patroclus also, when he saw the men, stood up ; and fleet-foot Achilles greeted them, and said—

“ Welcome, sirs ; ye come most acceptable ; well ye may ; for of all the Achæans, despite mine anger, ye are to me the dearest.”

So spake divine Achilles, and led them in, and set them down in chairs spread with purple carpets ; and quick he spoke to Patroclus, who stood by—

“ Son of Menœtius, set forth a larger bowl ; and brew the mixture stronger, and get each man a cup ; for friends of my heart are come beneath my roof.”

He said, and Patroclus obeyed his friend ; he put down a great chopping-block in the light of the fire, and set upon it a chine of a sheep and of a fat goat, and the backpiece of a swine, plump with fat ; and Automedon held them, and divine Achilles carved. Deftly he cut the portions, and ran them through with skewers, and the son of Menœtius, godlike man, fed high the fire. And when the fire was down, and the flame

subsided, he smoothed out the ashes, and stretched the skewers *Book IX*  
above them, supporting them on andirons, and sprinkled over *213—249*  
the meat divine salt. And when he had roasted the pieces  
and laid them on the platters, Patroclus took bread, and  
served it round the table in fair baskets, and Achilles dealt  
the flesh. And himself sat down over against divine Odysseus,  
hard by the other wall, and bade Patroclus, his friend, make  
offering to the gods; and he cast burnt-offering in the fire.  
And they put out their hands to the good cheer. And when  
desire of meat and drink was appeased, Ajax beckoned to  
Phœnix; and divine Odysseus saw, and filled his cup with  
wine, and pledged Achilles—

“Health to Achilles! not stinted are we of the equal  
banquet, either in the booth of Atride Agamemnon, or here in  
this place; for many good things have been set before us.  
But know, thou heavenly-bred, that the question is not of the  
dainty banquet, but of havoc utterly and sights of fear; nay,  
whether our very ships shall be saved or be destroyed, stands  
dubious, if thou put not on thy might; for the gallant Trojans  
and the far-famous allies make bivouac, hard by the ships,  
and by the very wall, and have lighted many fires throughout  
their force, and think to find no more hindrance, but to rush  
in among the black ships; and Cronid Zeus lightens for them,  
and shows auspicious signs; and Hector, overglorying in his  
strength, raves and rages; he puts his trust in Zeus, and  
cares not for man or god, for wild madness is entered into his  
soul. He prays that divine morn may appear forthwith;  
for he threatens to hew down the pinnets of the ships, and  
fill the ships themselves with mastering fire, and rouse the  
Achæans with the smoke, and slay them in the place. And  
now I fear exceedingly lest the gods fulfil his menace, and it  
be our doom to perish here in Troy, far from horse-pasturing  
Argos. Up therefore, if it be even yet thy purpose to deliver  
the sons of the Achæans, who are sore downborne by the  
clamour of the Trojans: thyself hereafter will repent, nor

*Book IX* will there be cure or remedy for the evil done ; much rather  
250—288 do thou consider how thou wilt avert the day of evil from the Danaans. Dear youth, how did thy father Peleus charge thee in that day, when he sent thee forth from Phthia to Agamemnon's camp : ' My son, Athene and Hera will give thee mightiness, if it be their will ; but do thou refrain the hotblood spirit within thy breast, for gentleness is better : and think no more of evil-minded strife, and the young and the old of the Argives will hold thee in regard.' Such was the old man's charge, which thou forgettest ; but even now have done, and cease from vexing strife ; and Agamemnon will give thee worthy gifts, if thou turn from thine anger. Attend, and I will tell thee the tale of the gifts, which Agamemnon promised from his booths : seven unsmirched tripods, and of gold ten talents, and glittering caldrons a score, and twelve strong horses for the race, which have won him prizes with their feet ; the man would not be landless, nor unpossessed of very precious gold, who should own the value of his racers' prizes ; and he will give seven women, skilled in works of accomplishment, Lesbian women, whom, when thou didst take goodly Lesbos, he chose for his own, and in beauty they surpassed the tribes of women ; these will he give, and with them her whom he took away, Brises' fair daughter, and he will swear a mighty oath that never has he known her bed, nor been with her after the manner of mankind, of men and women. All this will he give in hand, and if the gods grant that we take Priam's mighty town, thou shalt go in when we Achæans make division of our booty and heap on high a ship with bronze and gold, and take thyself twenty of the Trojan women, the fairest that are found after Argive Helen : and if we return to Achæan Argos, fertile land, thou mayest be his marriage-son ; and he will hold thee in like regard with Orestes his darling, who grows up amidst all abundance ; and he has three daughters in his firm-built hall, Chrysothemis, and Laodicê, and Iphianassa ; of these

whomsoever thou wilt, take to be thine own, to the house of *Book IX*  
 Peleus, without a price; and he will give thee seven goodly *289—330*  
 towns—Cardamylê, and Enopê, and grassy Hirê, and divine  
 Phêræ, and Antheia of the deep meadows, and fair Aepeia, and  
 Pêdasus with her vineyards; all lie beside the sea, the last in  
 sandy Pylos; and the inhabitants are rich in bullocks and in  
 sheep, and they will do homage to thee with gifts, as to a god,  
 and render thee the sceptre's usual due. With all this will  
 he endow thee, if thou return from thy anger. But if Atrides  
 be abhorred of thee, himself and his proffers, at least do thou  
 take pity upon the Panachæans, for the host is sore stricken;  
 and they will worship thee as a god, for thou wilt win great  
 honour in their eyes. For now mayest thou slay Hector,  
 when he draws nigh in his maleficent rage; none, he thinks,  
 is his equal, of all the Danaans whom the ships brought  
 hither."

And then thus made answer fleet-foot Achilles: "Son of  
 Laertes, heavenly born, sagacious Odysseus, now must I tell  
 you a word plainly, the word of my heart, which shall stand  
 good, that ye may not come, one and another of you, and  
 maunder in mine ears. Hateful to me, as the gates of Hades,  
 is he who speaks one thing and hides another in his heart;  
 and I will tell you what I hold for truth; not Atride Aga-  
 memnon, I think, shall prevail with me, nor all the Danaans,  
 since it wins no favour to fight with enemies incessantly;  
 he that remains behind has a portion, and he that fights;  
 the brave man and the coward are in one estimation; the  
 man of sloth dies, and the man of labour: nor am I in any  
 way the winner for that I have suffered much, ever fighting  
 and taking my life in my hand. As a bird catches some-  
 what, and brings it in her bill to her unfledged nestlings, and  
 fares but ill herself; even so have I lain for many a sleepless  
 night, and fought in fight for many a bloody day, doing battle  
 with men to win their women. Twelve towns of men have I  
 despoiled with my ships, and eleven aland in loamy Troy;

*Book IX* and from each and every have I taken many brave treasures,  
331—365 and brought and given them to Atride Agamemnon; and he, who had tarried behind by the swift ships, took them, and kept, and dealt out but a little portion: and other some he dealt to the champions and the princes; and they retain them; but from me alone of all the Achæans hath he taken away my prize, my much-loved wife, and keeps her; let him lie by her, and take his pleasure! But why should the Argives do battle with the Trojans? Or why hath Atrides gathered together all this people, and brought them hither? Was it not for Helen of the lovely hair? Do the Atridæ alone of mortal men love their wives? Surely every man, who is good and true, loves his own wife and cherishes her, as I loved her with all my heart, although she was the captive of my spear. But now that he hath taken my prize from mine hands, and hath deluded me, and I have had knowledge of him, let him tempt no more; for he will not prevail. Let him take counsel with thee, Odysseus, and with the potentates, and defend the ships from the flaming fire: many an undertaking hath he undertaken without me, and he hath built a wall, and drawn a trench about, broad and large, and made a palisade; yet not with that can he keep out the strength of slaughterous Hector. But while I fought among the Achæans, Hector would not advance his battle far from the wall, but would come as far as the oak-tree and the Scæan gate; there he awaited my single arm, and barely he escaped mine onset. And now, since I have no mind to fight with divine Hector, to-morrow will I do sacrifice to Zeus and to all the gods, and load my ships, and draw them to the sea, and thou shalt see them, if thou wilt and if thou care, with all their companies eager for the oar, sailing at early light down the fishy Hellespont; and if the famous shaker of the land give me easy passage, on the third day I shall come to loamy Phthia: there left I great possessions when I came hither uselessly; and I will carry hence my other spoils, gold, and



red copper, and gray iron, and fair-girdled women : for the gift that he gave, the prince Atride Agamemnon has taken from me in his arrogance. Tell him my message publicly, word by word ; that perhaps other Achæans may learn to be angry, if there be any whom that prince ever clad in impudence shall essay to deceive ; but he dare not meet me eye to eye, for all his insolence. I will not deal with him in counsel, nor in act ; for he hath deluded me, and injured me ; and he shall not cajole me again. Enough for him ; let him go his way in peace ; for Zeus the counsellor hath taken away his wit. His gifts I loathe, and himself I count not at a straw ; not were he to give me all that he has, ten times and twenty times over, and all that shall ever come to him, and all that passes into Orchomenus, and all that gathers to Egyptian Thebes, most opulent in treasuries, where be an hundred gates, and from every gate go out two hundred men, with chariots and with horses ; not if he were to give me according to the number of the dust and of the sand, not even so should Agamemnon move my mind, until he had redeemed the rankling insult. And a daughter of Atride Agamemnon I will not wed, no, not were she competitor in beauty with golden Aphrodite, and in accomplishment the peer of bright-eyed Athene ; not even so would I marry her ; let him choose himself some other Achæan, who likes him well and is of greater royalty ; for if the gods keep me, and I come to my home, Peleus himself will match me with a wife. There be many Achæan maidens in Phthia and in Hellas, the daughters of mighty men, the wardens of the cities ; of them will I choose one, and make her my consort. And my restless heart hath longed to woo and wed a wife there, a mate meet for me, and to take my pleasure among the goods of aged Peleus ; for all the treasure amounts not to my life's price, not all that Ilium's goodly town possessed, so they say, before in time of peace, ere the sons of the Achæans had come, nor all that the stone-built threshold of the Archer encloses

*BOOK IX*  
366—405

*BOOK IX* within, in rocky Pytho, the threshold of Phoebus Apollo : for  
406—443 beeves are prize of war, and fatling sheep, and tripods may be won, and the brown heads of horses ; but the life of a man may not be gotten again, nor taken in spoil, if once it have passed the barrier of the teeth. And the goddess, my mother, Thetis of the silver sandal, tells me that the fates are two-fold, which lead me the way to final death. If I abide here, and fight about the city of the Trojans, then I return no more, but my glory shall be eternal ; and if I go home to the dear land of my fathers, glory I have not, but I shall live to length of days. And I would give to all of you this same monition, to sail away homewards ; for ye will find no end of high-placed Ilium ; Zeus, the Thunderer afar, hath lifted up his hand above them, and the people have taken courage. And now do ye two go, and declare your message to the principals of the Achæans, according to your prerogative ; and let them frame some other better counsel, whereby to save the ships, and the people of the Achæans beside the hollow ships ; for this counsel which they have counselled is naught, because of the fury of my wrath. But let Phoenix remain here with us and take his rest, that he may go with me in the ships to-morrow to the land of my fathers, if he will, for I will not constrain him."

He said, and all sat silent without speech, astonished at his word ; for he spake weightily : and at length answered the old man, horseman Phoenix ; and his tears burst forth ; for he feared exceedingly for the ships of the Achæans.

"If indeed thou art pondering thy return, radiant Achilles, and wilt in no wise defend the swift ships from annihilating fire, because of thine anger, how then, dear child, should I remain here alone without thee ? Did not aged Peleus, the horseman, send me with thee in that day, when thou camest from Phthia to Agamemnon's camp, a lad, unpractised in the balanced war, and new to the assembly, where men win reputation ? These things he sent me to teach

thee, to speak a word and to do a deed. Wherefore, dear *Book IX*  
child, I would not part from thee, no, not would heaven promise <sup>444-480</sup>  
me to do away mine age, and give me back my lusty youth,  
such as I had when first I came from Hellas, home of fair  
women, fleeing the feud of my father, Amyntor, son of  
Ormenus, who was exceeding wroth with me because of a  
fair-haired paramour, whom he loved, to the slighting of his  
wife, my mother; and she besought me often by my knees to  
take the girl myself that she might loathe the old man: and  
I did her bidding; and my father knew of it forthwith, and  
called upon the terrible Erinys, and laid a heavy curse on  
me, that never should he take a child begotten of me upon  
his knees; and the gods fulfilled his imprecation, Zeus  
the Subterrene and awful Persephonê. [And I cast about to  
slay him with the sharp sword; but some of the immortals  
checked mine anger, and made me think of the people's  
voice, and the abhorrence of men, if I were called a parricide  
among the Achæans.] And then my spirit might no more  
be controlled, nor would I go up and down the house of an  
angry father; and yet my companions and kinsmen kept  
about me, and sought to detain me in the house, with  
prayers; and many fatling sheep and curling-horned clumsy-  
gaited kine they slew, and many a fat plump swine was  
singed, and stretched along the flame of Hephæstus, and  
wine no little was drunk from the old man's jars. Nine  
whole nights they lay around me; so many kept the watch  
by turns, and fire was never quenched; one fire burned  
beneath the corridor of the well-fenced court, and another by  
the house-front, before my chamber-door. But when the  
tenth obscuring night was come, I burst the firm-framed  
doors of my chamber, and escaped, and lightly bounded over  
the wall of the court, and the watchman saw me not, nor the  
woman-servants. And then I fled away through Hellas of  
the broad spaces, and came to loamy Phthia, mother of sheep,  
to Peleus the king: and he received me graciously, and loved

*Book IX* me as a father loves his child, his only one, his darling, the  
481—516 heir of much possession, and he made me rich, and master  
over many people; and I dwelt in the border of Phthia, and  
was lord of the Dolopians. And I made thee such as thou  
art, Achilles, image of the gods, for I loved thee well, and  
thou wouldst not come to the banquet, or take thy food in  
the house, with any other than me; I would set thee upon  
my knees, and cut the meat, and fill thee full, and hold the  
wine to thee; often hast thou wetted the coat upon my  
breast, sputtering out the wine in thy childish naughtiness.  
Much have I borne and much have I laboured for thee,  
because the gods would not accord me offspring of mine  
own: and I adopted thee my son, Achilles, image of the  
gods, that thou mightest be my stay in the miseries of age.  
But, O Achilles, subdue thy mighty spirit; a pitiless heart  
becomes thee not; the gods themselves are exorable, who in  
excellence and honour and might are greater than thou;  
and men, when they have transgressed and sinned, pray to  
them, and turn away their anger with sacrifice and win-  
ning supplications and drink-offerings and sweet savour:  
for there are goddesses, the Prayers, daughters of great Zeus,  
lame, and wrinkled, and with eyes awry; who follow in the  
steps of Atê with heedfulness. But Atê is strong and swift  
of foot, and outstrips them very greatly, and prevents them  
over all the world, and brings mischief to men; and they  
come after her with healing. And whoso shall reverence the  
daughters of Zeus when they come to him, him they benefit,  
and hear his supplication: but if a man will have none of  
them, and puts them from him stubbornly, they go to Zeus  
the son of Cronus, and pray that Atê may still be with him,  
and he may suffer and expiate. Wherefore, Achilles, do thou  
pay reverence to the daughters of Zeus; reverence ever  
controls the righteous heart. For if Atrides were not making  
thee proffer of gifts, and promise of many more, but were  
inveterate in his wrong-doing, I would not bid thee put away

thine anger, and help the Argives, although they have need of thee ; but lo, he gives thee many gifts in hand, and passes his word for the rest ; and he hath chosen out of the Achæans men most eminent, thine own peculiar friends, and sent them to be intercessors with thee : put thou them not to shame nor slight their coming and their word ; but thou didst well to be angry before. So have we heard in the tales of old of glorious heroes, when the fit of anger came upon them ; they were moved by gifts, and sensible to pleading. And such a tale I remember, not new, but old ; this was the story ; I will tell it to you my friends. The Curètes fought, and the stubborn Aetolians, around the city Calydon, and slew each other, the Aetolians in defence of lovely Calydon, and the Curètes seeking to overthrow it. For Artemis of the golden chair had sent evil upon the Aetolians ; she was wroth because Oeneus gave not to her offerings of harvest-home in his fruitful field ; to all the gods he gave banquet of hecatombs ; only to the daughter of great Zeus he sacrificed not, forgetful or unwitting ; ah, unhappy error ! and she, the blood of Zeus, the shedder of arrows, was wroth, and sent upon him a wild swine, a boar of white tusks, which came and came, and wrought sore havoc upon Oeneus' land ; many a tall trunk did he dig up and fell, tree upon tree, root and branch and apple-blossom together, until Meleager, son of Oeneus, slew him, having gathered from many cities men that were hunters with their dogs ; for not one or two were sufficient, so huge was the beast ; many he laid upon the dismal pyre. And there was much clamour and shouting about the possession of him ; so Artemis would have it ; about his head and his bristly hide, between the Curètes and the gallant Aetolians. And so long as Meleager, dear to Ares, kept the field, so long the Curètes had the worse, and they could not hold their ground outside their wall, for all their multitude : but when wrath entered into Meleager, wrath, that can inflame the spirit of the wise, he

*BOOK IX* was angered with his mother Althæa, and sat idle beside his  
555—592 wedded wife, fair Cleopatra, daughter of Marpessa of the  
dainty ankle, child of Evénus, and of Idas, who in that day  
was mightiest of earthly men ; nay, he lifted up a bow to  
contend with the prince, with Phœbus Apollo, because of Mar-  
pessa, the fair-ankled bride : and Meleager's wife, his father  
and his lady-mother called Alcyonê by name in the house,  
because her mother's fate was as the fate of a complaining  
halcyon and she wept evermore, when Phœbus Apollo, the  
dealer from afar, had ravished her away. By her, Cleopatra,  
he lay, nursing his rankling anger ; for he could not away with  
the curses of his mother ; much she prayed to the gods in her  
grief because of her brother's slaughter, and she fell upon her  
knees, and her bosom was wet with tears, and much she beat  
upon the all-feeding earth with her hands, invoking Hades,  
and awful Persephonê, to do her son to death : and the Erinys,  
that walks in darkness, she of the pitiless heart, heard her  
from Erebus ; and soon there was uproar and alarm about the  
gates of the Aetolians, and shooting about their towers : and  
the old men of the Aetolians entreated him, and sent to him  
the chief priests of the gods, to come forth and help them,  
and promised him a gift of gifts : wherever the soil of lovely  
Calydon was fattest, they bade him choose, and mark out  
from the plain a fair demesne, of fifty acres, the one half  
vineyard, and the other half clear plough-land : and much the  
old man, Oeneus, guider of horses, entreated him, putting his  
foot upon the threshold of the high-ceiled chamber, and  
shaking the firm-planked door, making supplication to his son ;  
and much his sisters and his lady-mother entreated him, but  
he refused the rather ; and much his friends, his dearest and  
most loved ; but not even so did they move his resolution,  
until his very chamber was assulted with shot, and the Curètes  
got upon the wall, and fired the goodly city. And then his  
fair-girdled wife besought Meleager with weeping, and with  
telling of the miseries men have whose cities are taken ;

themselves are slain, and their city is razed with fire, and others carry away their children and their deep-girdled women : and his spirit was aroused within when he heard of the mischief, and he arose to go forth, and put his bright armour upon him : and thus he warded off the day of evil from the Aetolians, and yielded to his mood ; but they thought no more of bestowing the many admirable gifts, and he defended them without reward. Be not thou, dear one, of like mind with him, and let not fate mislead thee ; when the ships are burning, thy succour were less timely ; take thou the gifts and go, and the Achæans will adore thee as a god ; but if without a gift thou enter the deadly war, thine honour shall not be the same, although thou repel the battle.”

And thus returned him answer fleet-foot Achilles : “ Phoenix, thou good old father, heavenly-bred, such honour likes me not. Honour I have, I think, by the award of Zeus, which shall be mine beside the pinned ships, so long as the breath abides within my bosom, and my knees bear me. Hear thou me rather, and remember this to do it ; fret not my heart with grieving and complainings, and take not the part of warrior Atrides ; abandon him, or become odious to me, thy lover : thy duty is with me, to vex my vexer ; then be thou king no less than I myself, and divide mine honour. The princes will bear back mine answer, but do thou abide here, and lie down in soft couch ; and with appearing morn we will consider whether we remain here, or return to our own place.”

He said, and beckoned to Patroclus silently to spread a couch for Phoenix, that the others might the sooner think of withdrawing. And then god-like Ajax, son of Telamon, spake thus his word—

“ Son of Laertes, blood of heaven, sagacious Odysseus, let us begone ; no result, methinks, will follow from our coming ; but we must at once report our message, distasteful though it be, to the Danaans, who sit expectant. But Achilles, fie on

*Book IX* him! hath strung up his haughty heart to fury, and casts  
629—666 behind him, and regards not, that affection wherewith we loved him, beside the ships beyond all others: and yet a man will take a price for the slaughter of his brother, or of his perished son; and the slayer pays a great price, and abides in his own land, and the heat and the indignation of the other is appeased, the price being paid; but the gods have made the heart in thy breast evil and obdurate because of a girl: though even now we offered thee seven of the goodliest, and many a gift thereto. But even yet think thou a thought of mildness, and reverence thine own house; we are come beneath thy roof out of the multitude of the Danaans, and all our mind is to be nearest to thee, and dearest among the Achæans.”

And thus returned him answer fleet-foot Achilles: “Ajax, thou heavenly-born, son of Telamon, prince of the people; thou seemest to me to speak in all things well; but my gorge rises within me when I remember what is done, how Atrides hath made me despicable among the Argives, as if I were some wretched runagate. Go your ways, and proclaim your answer; for I will not be moved to bloody war, until the son of soldier Priam, divine Hector, shall come to the booths and the ships of the Myrmidons, having slain the Argives, and charred their ships with fire: but about my booths and my black ships even impetuous Hector, I think, shall be stayed from the battle.”

He said, and either of the two took the double cup, and made libation; and they returned to the ships, but Odysseus went the first; and Patroclus bade his followers and the hand-maidens prepare a bed for Phoenix with all speed; and they obeyed him, and laid upon the firm bedstead fleeces and dyed garments and fine-spun fabric of linen. And there the old man lay down, and waited for divine morning. And Achilles slept in the recess of his firm-built booth; and beside him lay the daughter of Phorbas, whom he had brought from Lesbos, Diomêdê of the dainty cheek; and in the other part lay



Patroclus ; and with him was Iphis, of the seemly girdle, *Book IX*  
whom divine Achilles had given him, when he took lofty 667—699  
Scyros, the city of Enÿeus.

And when they came to the booths of Atrides, the sons of the Achæans pledged them greeting in golden cups, each man rising from his place, desiring to ask the answer ; but Agamemnon, king of men, put first the question—

“Come, tell us, far-famous Òdysseus, great glory of the Achæans, will he defend the ships from the flaming fire, or doth he refuse, and doth anger still occupy his mighty heart?”

And thus made answer divine enduring Odysseus :  
“Thrice glorious Atrides, king of men, Agamemnon ; the man will not abate his wrath, but rather is he filled with anger, and he will none of thee, nor of thy gifts. He bids thee take counsel thyself among the Argives, how thou mayest save the ships and the people of the Achæans : and he threatens with appearing dawn to draw his rounded well-benched ships down to the sea ; and to the other Achæans he sends this monition, to sail away homeward, ‘for ye shall not make an end of high-placed Ilium ; because Zeus, the Thunderer afar, hath lifted up his hand above it, and the people have taken courage.’ So he spake ; and here are others to tell you, who went with me, Ajax and the two heralds, both men of counsel ; but aged Phœnix slept with him there, at his bidding, that he may go with him to-morrow in the ships to the land of his fathers, if he will ; he will not constrain him.”

He said, and all sat silent without speech, astonished at his word : for he spake weightily. And long the sons of the Achæans were dumb in their discomfiture : and at length spake Diomedes, good at need—

“Thrice glorious Atrides, king of men, Agamemnon ; would thou hadst not besought the blameless son of Peleus, nor offered him gifts without measure ; he is haughty of

*Book IX* himself; and now thou hast hardened him much more in his  
700—end haughtiness. But enough of him, whether he will go, or  
whether he will stay; he will fight again, when the heart  
within his breast bids him, and the god stirreth him. Come,  
do ye all according to my word; lie you down, after ye have  
comforted your heart with meat and wine; for in them is  
might and main. But when the lovely rosy-fingered morn  
hath appeared, thou, Agamemnon, be afoot, and cheer on thy  
people and thy chariots before the ships, and fight thyself  
among the foremost."

He said, and all the princes gave consent, approving the  
word of Diomedes, master of horses: and then they made  
libation, and went every man to his booth, and laid them  
down, and took the gift of sleep.

## BOOK X

### THE STORY OF DOLON

So then the notables of the Panachæans slept through the night beside the ships, weighed down by soft sleep; only to Atride Agamemnon, shepherd of the people, came not sweet sleep, but much perplexity. And as when the lord of Hera of the lovely hair lightens, what time he sends prodigious abundance of rain, or hail, or snowfall, which sprinkles all the fields with snow, or opens the mighty mouth of miserable war; so often did Agamemnon groan from his heart's core, and his midriff quivered within him. When he looked out towards the Trojan plain, he was astonished at the many fires that burned before Ilium, and at the note of flute and pipe, and the hum of men: and when he looked towards the ships and the people of the Achæans, many were the hairs he pulled from his head by the roots in appeal to Zeus who is on high, and groaned in his warrior heart: and this seemed to him the best counsel, to go to Nestor, son of Neleus, first of all men, if perchance with him he might frame some happy plan, which might be succourable to the Danaans; and he sat up, and drew his coat about his breast, and bound fair sandals beneath his soft feet, and wrapped him in the ruddy hide of a huge tawny lion, ankle-long, and took in hand a spear.

*BOOK X*  
1—28

And in like manner trembling fell on Menelaus; for on his lids also slumber sat not; he dreaded some disaster to the Argives, who because of him came to Troy over much water,

*Book X*  
29—66

and raised up hardy war ; and first of all he covered his broad back with a leopard's dappled skin, and he lifted a bronzen cap and put it on his head, and took a lance in his firm hand : and he went to arouse his brother, the overlord of all the Argives, whom the people honoured as a god : and he found him clasping the fair arms about his shoulders, by the poop of his ship ; and welcome was his coming. But Menelaus, good at need, spake the first—

“ Why art thou arming thus, mine elder ? Wilt thou send some of thy people to spy the Trojans ? I fear grievously that no man will undertake the deed, to go alone, and spy out the enemy in the immortal night ; for the venture were daring.”

And thus returned him royal Agamemnon : “ Thou and I have need of ripe counsel, Menelaus, heavenly-bred, to rescue and to save the Argives and the ships ; because the mind of Zeus is changed. He hath inclined the rather to the sacrifices of Hector ; for never saw I myself, nor heard the tale, that one man in one day might wreak such havoc, as Hector, dear to Zeus, hath wreaked upon the sons of the Achæans ; Hector, who is no son of goddess or of god. But come now, run thou lightly to their ships, and call hither Ajax and Idomeneus ; and I will go to divine Nestor, and see if he will arouse himself, and go to the strong pickets of our watchers, and give them charge. To him they will give ear the rather ; for his son is a captain of the guard ; and another is Meriones, the friend of Idomeneus ; to these we have given the chief direction.”

And then made answer to him Menelaus, good at need : “ What is thy bidding, and thy command ? Shall I remain yonder with the watchers, and abide thy coming, or shall I run after thee, when I have done mine errand ? ”

And thus made answer Agamemnon, king of men : “ Remain yonder, lest we miss of meeting one another ; for there are many ways throughout the camp. But call the captains,

as thou goest, and bid them be afoot, and call every man by the name of his descent, his father's name, his name of dignity; and think no scorn to do so, but let both of us be busy ourselves; this sore labour hath Zeus dealt to us at our nativity." *Book X*  
67—104

He said, and sent away his brother with this charge, and went himself to seek Nestor, shepherd of the people; and he found him in a soft couch beside his hut and his black ship; and by him lay his rich-wrought arms, a shield and two spears and a burnished headpiece; and there was the decorated belt, which the old man girded about him, when he armed himself to lead his people into the slaughtering war; for he gave not way to haggard age. And he rose upon his elbow, and lifted up his head, and hailed Atrides with words of questioning—

"Who goes alone among the ships and the army, through the darksome night, when other men are sleeping? Seekest thou for man or mule? Speak, and approach not silently; what wouldst thou?"

Then answered him Agamemnon, king of men: "Nestor, son of Neleus, thou glory of the Achæans, knowest thou not Atride Agamemnon, whom above all men Zeus hath plunged in perpetual trouble, as long as the breath bides in my bosom, and my knees bear me? I am restless thus, because sweet sleep sits not upon mine eyes, but the war vexes me, and the disaster of the Achæans. Terribly am I afraid for the Danaans, and my mind is in no stay, but flutters to and fro, and my heart bounds out of my breast, and my limbs shake beneath me. And if thou too wouldst be doing, and sleep comes not to thee, let us go visit our patrols, and see whether they are spent with fatigue and drowsiness, and are fallen asleep, and have clean forgotten their watching. The enemy bivouac nigh; and we know not but they intend assault throughout the night."

Then answered him Gerenian horseman Nestor: "Illustrious Atrides, king of men, Agamemnon; of a truth Zeus the

*Book X* counsellor will not fulfil to Hector all the hopes he cherishes ;  
 105—142 rather, I think, shall he have overplus of trouble, if Achilles turn his heart from his unhappy wrath. Surely I will come with thee, but let us arouse others, Tydides, spearman good, and Odysseus, and swift Ajax, and Phÿleus' valiant son. Would we had a messenger to summon other two, godlike Ajax and the prince Idomeneus ; for their ships stand farthest off, and not nigh. But I will rebuke Menelaus, I will be plain with him ; I avow it, dear though he be to me and honoured, and though thyself take umbrage ; because he sleeps, and leaves thee unhelped in thy task ; by now should he have been much in supplication with all the notables, for a burden intolerable is upon us."

Then answered him Agamemnon, king of men : " Old friend, reserve thy censure ; often he sits idle, and seeks not to be busy, not from indolence, and not from unwisdom, but looking towards me and awaiting my commission. And now he was astir before me, and came to me ; and I sent him to call the men thou demandest. Let us be going ; we shall find them before the gates among the watchers ; for there appointed I the place of meeting."

And then replied Gerenian horseman Nestor : " Well done ! no Argive will be scornful and disobedient whom he commands and calls."

He said, and drew a coat about his breast, and bound fair sandals beneath his soft feet, and buckled a mantle of crimson about him, double, long-skirted, with a thick-piled nap : and he took a mighty spear, headed with sharp bronze, and went forth among the ships of the bronze-coated Achæans. And first Gerenian horseman Nestor called up Odysseus, no less than Zeus in counsel, and waked him from his sleep ; and the voice went swiftly to his sense, and he came from the booth, and spake to them—

" Why walk ye thus alone throughout the ships and the army, in the ambrosial night ? What is the urgency ? "

And then replied Gerenian horseman Nestor: "Son of *Book X*  
Laertes, heavenly-bred, sagacious Odysseus, think not this 143—178  
strange; for the Achæans are in sad perplexity. Come with  
us, that we may awake some other, whom it befits to be of  
our debate, whether we shall flee or whether we shall fight."

He said, and sagacious Odysseus returned to his hut, and  
hung a rich-wrought shield on his shoulders, and followed after  
them: and they went to find the son of Tydeus, Diomedes;  
and they found him outside his hut, his arms beside him;  
and around him slept his followers, their shields beneath  
their heads; and their spears were planted upright in the  
ground upon the butt, and far around the bronze gleamed,  
like the lightning of Zeus the Father. And the hero slept,  
his bed a hide of a bull of the field, and beneath his head was  
laid a gay carpet; and Gerenian horseman Nestor stood by  
him, and waked him, touching him with his foot, and roused  
him with a gibe—

"Up, son of Tydeus! why drowse it 'all the night?  
Wottest thou not that the Trojans sit upon the swelling of the  
plain, fast by the ships, and little space between?"

He said, and the other bounded up from sleep, and spoke  
to him with winged words—

"Old friend, thou art tough; thou wilt not retire from  
labour. Are there not others younger among the sons of the  
Achæans, who might go up and down and wake the princes?  
Father, thou art indomitable."

And thus replied Gerenian horseman Nestor: "My  
friend, thou speakest properly; true, I have blameless sons,  
and much people, of whom one might go and call the lords;  
but the Achæans are in the pinch of most sore strait; we  
stand upon the razor's edge, whether to live, or whether to  
die every one of us a miserable death. Come now, thou  
art the younger; go therefore thyself, and rouse swift Ajax  
and the son of Phyleus, if thou art so tender of me."

He said, and Diomedes wrapped about his shoulders the

*BOOK X* hide of a huge tawny lion, ankle-long, and took up a spear ;  
*179—216* and he went, and roused them, and brought them to the place.

And when the princes were come among the company of the watchers, they found not the captains sleeping, but all sitting alert in their arms : and as sheep-dogs are disquieted in the fold, when they hear some mettled beast of chase, who flies through the mountain forest-wood, and a full cry of dogs and men pursue him, and sleep is for them no longer ; so was there no restful sleep for the lids of those who watched that dismal night ; for they were ever turning toward the plain, thinking to hear the pace of Trojans moving : and the old man saw them gladly, and spake encouragement—

“ Be such your watch, my children ; let no man sleep, lest we become a godsend to our enemies.”

He said, and hastened across the ditch ; and with him went the princes of the Argives, as many as had been called to counsel ; and Meriones came also, and Nestor's bright son, Thrasymêdes, whom they had summoned themselves. And they crossed the deep-delved trench, and sat them down in an open place, where the ground was clear of corpses, the place where Hector turned back from destroying the Argives, when night had encompassed him.

There sat they down, and spake in mutual words ; and Gerenian horseman Nestor began the parle—

“ My friends, will no man dare to follow his venturous heart, and go among the gallant Trojans ? He might come upon some of the enemy straggling, or he might hear some talk among them of what they purpose, whether they will remain here by the ships far from home, or whether they will draw off towards the city, now they have put down the Achæans ; all this might he learn, and come back to us unharmed : great renown should he have among all men under heaven, and he shall win a goodly gift ; for all the chiefest, who are captains over the ships, will give him every man a black sheep, an ewe, with a lamb under her ; there



is no possession like that; and he shall ever be present in feast and festival." *Book X*  
217—253

He said, and all sat silent without sound, until Diomedes, good at need, spake forth—

"Nestor, my heart and my manly spirit bid me go among the army of our enemies, who lie near, the Trojans; but if another would come with me, there were more comfort and more confidence. Let two be comrades, and one hits off before the other, and there is advantage: but if a man have but his single brain, his sense is slower, and his wit hath little weight."

He said; and many would go with Diomedes; the two Ajaces, ministers of Ares, and Meriones, and most of all the son of Nestor, Thrasymêdes, and the son of Atreus, Menelaus of the famous spear; and enduring Odysseus also would go among the company of the Trojans; for his spirit was ever adventurous. And then spake Agamemnon, king of men—

"Friend of my soul, son of Tydeus, Diomedes; since many volunteer, thou shalt choose a companion at thy pleasure, the best of those who offer; and be not over-courteous in thy choice, nor leave the better man, and take the worse; because of respect, or thought of pedigree, or royal blood."

So spake he; for he feared for auburn Menelaus; but thus replied Diomedes, good at need—

"If ye will have myself choose a companion, how should I pass over divine Odysseus, whose heart and whose manly spirit are supreme in all hazards, whom Pallas Athene loves? Were he to go with me, we might come back out of flaming fire, for he is keenest of the keen in wit."

And thus made answer enduring divine Odysseus: "Tydides, praise me not, nor dispraise; thou speakest among the Argives, who know. Let us begone; the night is flying, and the dawn is near, and the stars are far on in their round, and two parts of the night are spent, and but the third is left."

*Book X*      So spake they, and arrayed them in dreadful arms; and  
254—291 Thrasymêdes, bearer of the brunt, gave to Tydides a two-edged sword,—for his own was left beside the ship,—and a shield, and guarded his head with a cap of bull's hide, without crest or plume, which defends the head of valiant fighters, and men call it a basnet. And Meriones gave to Odysseus a bow and a quiver and a sword; and put a leathern cap upon his head, stiffened within with many a thick-cut thong; and outside many a tusk of the white-toothed boar was dexterously placed, on this hand and on that, and the inmost lining was of felt. That cap Autolycus once took from the house of Amyntor, son of Ormenus, from Eleon town, when he had burrowed through the wall; and he gave it to Amphidamas the Cythêrian, to go to Scandeia's town; and Amphidamas gave it to Molus, in pledge of friendship; and he gave it to Meriones his child to wear; and so it came to cover about the head of Odysseus.

And when the two were arrayed in terrible arms, they went, and left all the notables behind them: and Pallas Athene sent them for omen a heron on the right, near the way; they saw it not with their eyes because of the obscure night, but heard the booming; and Odysseus rejoiced in the augury, and prayed to Athene—

“Hear me, O child of Zeus, who bears the ægis, thou who ever standest by me in all my perils, who knowest all mine enterprises: once more, Athene, be my gracious lady, and grant that we come back to the ships with glory, having done some great deed, which shall aggrieve the Trojans.”

And after him prayed Diomedes, good at need: “Hear me also, child of Zeus, thou who weariest not; be with me, as thou wert with Tydeus my father, when he went to Thebes a messenger of the Achæans; he left the bronzen-coated Achæans by Asôpus' river, and bore a pacifying word to the Cadmeans; but as he returned, he performed memorable deeds, for thou wert with him favourably. Now then assist

me graciously, and keep me; and I will sacrifice to thee a yearling heifer, of broad forehead, which never man brought under the yoke; her will I offer to thee, and gild her horns with gold.” *Book X*  
292—328

So prayed they both, and Pallas Athene heard: and when they had implored the daughter of great Zeus, they went like two lions through the dark night, through the slaughter, and the corpses, and the arms, and the black blood.

Nor on the other part did Hector suffer the gallant Trojans to sleep; he called to conclave all his notables, the princes and the peers of the Trojans; to these assembled he proposed deep counsel—

“Who will now undertake this deed, and do it for a mighty price? He shall have guerdon to the full. I will give him a chariot and two horses with arching necks, the best that be beside the swift ships of the Achæans, to him who will dare—and win himself great glory—to approach the fleet-faring ships, and make espial, whether the swift ships are guarded, as heretofore, or whether the men are quelled beneath our hand, and meditate retreat, and care not to watch out the night, fordome with very weariness.”

He said, and all sat silent without sound. Now there was one Dolon among the Trojans, son of Eumêdes, herald divine; rich was the man in gold, and rich in copper, ill-favoured, but swift of foot, the only brother of five sisters; he it was then who spake to the Trojans and to Hector—

“Hector, I am impelled in heart and manly spirit to approach the swift-faring ships, and make espial. Come therefore, hold up thy sceptre, and swear that thou wilt give me the horses and the car, enriched with bronze, which bear along the blameless son of Peleus. Thou shalt have no laggard service, and no disappointment; for I will go right through the army, until I come to Agamemnon’s ship, where doubtless the chiefs will be debating whether to fight or flee.”

He said, and the other took the sceptre in his hand, and

*Book X* 329—366   sware: "Be Zeus himself the witness, he of the thunderpeal, the lord of Hera, that never Trojan save thyself shall ride upon these horses, but thou shalt have them for thy perpetual honour."

He sware, and sware an idle oath; but Dolon was afire; at once he flung upon his shoulder the sinuous bow, and cloaked him with the hide of a gray wolf, and set upon his head a cap of marten skin, and took a sharp javelin, and went from the army toward the ships; but it was not for him to come back from the ships and bring Hector a word. And when he had left behind the concourse of horses and men, he went along the way eagerly; and Odysseus, heaven-descended, was aware of his coming, and spake to Diomedes—

"Some man comes this way from the army, Diomedes, I know not whether to spy out our ships, or to pillage some of the slain and fallen; but let him first pass by us over the plain a little; then we can rush on him, and capture him speedily; but if he be too light of foot for us, do thou ever come on with the spear, and press him from the army to the ships, and let him not escape towards the city."

They said, and left the way, and laid them down among the dead; and he ran quickly past them in his heedlessness; and when he was as far away as the overploughing of mules in the furrow—for they surpass oxen in drawing the firm plough through the deep fallow—the two ran upon him, and he heard the noise, and stood: for he thought of companions coming from the Trojans, whom Hector should have sent to recall him: but when they were within a spear-cast or less, he knew his enemies, and plied his agile knees in flight; and they sprang forward in pursuit. And as when two sharp-toothed dogs, skilled in the chase, press hard unchecking on a pricket or a hare in a woody place, and it runs before them screaming, so did Tydides and Odysseus, taker of cities, cut him off from his people, and pursue him without stop. And soon would he have come among the outposts, as he fled toward the ships,

had not Pallas Athene put strength into Tydides, lest he should come second, and some other of the bronzen-coated Achæans boast to have stricken him the first; and stout Diomedes ran upon him with the spear, and cried—

“Stand, or have at thee with my lance; not long shalt thou elude death immediate from my hand.”

He said, and flung the lance, and missed the man, wittingly; the point of the smooth-shafted spear went over his right shoulder, and stuck in the ground; and he stood affrighted and stammering, and green with fear; and the teeth chattered in his head; and they came up panting, and caught him by the arms; and with a sob he spake—

“Take me alive, and I will ransom me; in my house is copper, and gold, and much-wrought iron, of which my father will give you immense ransom, if he hear of me in life beside the ships of the Achæans.”

Then sagacious Odysseus answered him: “Take heart, and let not death be in thy thoughts; come rather, tell me truly every whit; how comest thou thus alone from the army to the ships, in the obscure night-time, when all men sleep? Wouldst thou go pillaging among the dead? or hath Hector sent thee to the hollow ships, to make reconnoissance? or comest thou for thine own hand?”

Then answered Dolon, and his legs shook beneath him: “Hector hath bewitched me with many infatuations; he made engagement to give me the whole-hooved horses of high Pelides, and the chariot enriched with bronze; he bade me sally through the brief black night, and approach the enemy, and make espial, whether the swift ships are watched, as heretofore, or whether ye are quelled beneath our hands, and meditate retreat, and care not to watch through the night, fordome with very weariness.”

And sagacious Odysseus smiled on him, and said: “Truly thy heart was set on a mighty prize, the horses of valiant Aeacides; but they are hard for a mortal man to guide or to

*Book X*  
367—403

*Book X* ride upon, except only Achilles, whom an immortal mother  
 404-443 bore; but come now, tell me truly, point by point; where  
 leftest thou Hector, shepherd of the people, when thou camest  
 hither? Where are his arms of battle, and his horses?  
 and how lie the other Trojans, those who watch, and those  
 who sleep?"

And then replied Dolon, son of Eumêdes: "Doubt not I  
 will tell thee truly, every whit: Hector holds high debate  
 with his counsellors, by the tomb of divine Ilius, away from  
 the hubbub; and as to the guard, my lord, of which thou  
 askest, there is none in special to watch and ward the host:  
 by every Trojan fire so many are on duty, and have charge to  
 be awake, and to watch one with another; but the many-  
 titled allies sleep; for they commit to the Trojans the care of  
 the watch; their wives lie not nigh, nor their children."

And then in turn asked him sagacious Odysseus: "How  
 sleep they? Mingled with the horse-controlling Trojans, or  
 apart? Tell me fully, that I may know."

And then replied Dolon, son of Eumêdes: "This also  
 will I tell thee faithfully, point by point: next to the sea are  
 the Carians, and the Pæonians of sinuous bows, and the  
 Leleges, and the Cauconians, and the divine Pelasgi: and on  
 the side of Thymbra fell the lot of the Lycians and the  
 magnanimous Mysians, and the Phrygians, fighters on horses,  
 and the horse-plumed Mæonians. But why do ye question  
 me so curiously? If ye are minded to go among the multitude  
 of the Trojans, here be the Thracians apart from the host,  
 new-comers, outside the rest; and among them is their king  
 Rhêsus, son of Eioneus. Fairest and tallest are his horses of  
 all that ever I saw; whiter than snow, and speedy as the wind:  
 and his goodly chariot is plated with silver and with gold;  
 and he brought with him his golden arms, gigantic, a wonder  
 to behold; they seem not meet for mortal men to wear, but  
 for the immortal gods. And now either take me to the swift-  
 sailing ships, or bind me with severe bond, and leave me here,

until ye go and prove me, whether I have spoken faithfully to you or no." *Book X*  
444—479

But stout Diomedes scowled on him, and spake: "Put away from thee, Dolon, all hope of escape, since thou art come into our hands, in spite of thy brave tidings; for if we slack thy bonds, and turn thee loose, certes thou wilt come again to the swift ships of the Achæans, either to spy us out or to fight in open field; but if my hand quell thee, and take thy life, never more shalt thou molest the Argives."

He said, and the other was about to touch his beard with his stout hand, and supplicate him; but Diomedes sprang upon him with the sword, and struck him in mid-neck, and shore both sinews in sunder; while yet he spake his head was dabbled in the dust; and they stripped from his head the cap of marten skin, and took the wolf's hide and the sinuous bow and the long spear; and divine Odysseus held them up on high to Athene of the spoils, and spake a word of triumph—

"Rejoice, O goddess, in these; for thee first will we invoke of all the Olympian immortals; and now conduct us further to the horses and the bivouac of the Thracian men."

He said, and held the equipage on high, and put it from him on a tamarisk tree, and made a clear sign upon the place, pulling up handfuls of reeds and shoots of vigorous tamarisk, lest they should miss it as they returned through the brief black night. And they went on, among the armour and the black blood; and soon they came to the battalion of the Thracian men. And they were sleeping, fordome with labour; and their fair arms lay by them on the ground, in trim order, in three rows; and by every man was his yoke of horses. And Rhêsus slept in the midst, and beside him his swift horses were tethered with thongs to the chariot-rim; and Odysseus espied him first, and showed him to Diomedes—

"Here, Diomedes, is the man, and here the horses, whereof Dolon told us, whom we slew; and now put to

*Book X* thy strength; stand not helpless in thine arms, but loose the  
480—514 horses; or do thou slay the men, and I will look to the horses."

He said, and bright-eyed Athene breathed might into Diomedes; and he turned round and round, and slew; and there was a ghastly groaning of them that were stricken, and the earth was ruddied with blood. And as a lion comes upon small cattle, unshepherded, upon sheep or goats, and leaps among them ravening, so did the son of Tydeus go up and down the Thracian men, until he had slain twelve; but sagacious Odysseus came behind, and when Tydides had smitten a man, he dragged him by the foot from out his place, to the end that the full-maned horses might pass right through, and might not be affrighted by treading on the corpses; for they knew not yet such a thing. And when the son of Tydeus came to the king, him the thirteenth he reft of delicious life, as he gasped in his sleep; for an evil dream stood over his head. And meanwhile enduring Odysseus undid the whole-hooved horses, and bound them together with thongs, and drove them out of the multitude with stroke of his bow, for he had not thought to take the bright whip from the rich-wrought chariot; and he whistled in signal to divine Diomedes.

But he stood doubting what deed of utter hardihood he might do; whether he should take the chariot, and the gay armour in it, drawing it out by the pole or lifting it altogether; or whether he should take the life of yet more Thracians; and while he hesitated, Athene stood near, and spake to divine Diomedes—

"Bethink thee of return, son of great-hearted Tydeus, to the hollow ships, lest thou have to flee and run; perchance some other deity may awake the Trojans."

She said, and he discerned the goddess-voice; and speedily he vaulted on the steeds; and Odysseus gave stroke with his bow; and they flew towards the swift ships of the Achæans.



Nor did Apollo of the silver bow keep blindfold watch; *Book X*  
he saw Athene attending the son of Tydeus; and he was 515—550  
wroth with her, and went into the multitude, and aroused  
Hippocoön, counsellor of the Thracians, Rhêsus' brave cousin:  
and he sprang up from his sleep, and saw the place empty,  
where the swift horses stood, and the last quiverings of the  
butchered men; and he groaned aloud, and called upon his  
friend. And there was screaming and wondrous hurly-burly  
of the Trojans, rushing all together; and they stared on the  
dolorous deeds, which the heroes had done, and returned to  
the hollow ships.

And when they came to where they had slain Hector's  
emissary, then Odysseus, dear to Zeus, pulled in the fleet  
steeds; and Tydides leapt upon the ground, and put the  
bloody spoils in the hands of Odysseus, and vaulted up  
again; and Odysseus touched the horses, and they flew  
along, willingly; and first of all Nestor heard the noise, and  
spake—

“O friends, ye lords and leaders of the Argives, shall I  
say true, or shall I be at fault? But speak I must. The  
sound of rapid steeds is in mine ear: would it were Odysseus  
and valiant Diomedes, so soon returning, and driving whole-  
hooved horses from among the Trojans. But I fear terribly  
lest they, the best of the Argives, come to harm by the hue-  
and-cry of the Trojans.”

The word was not yet said, and they were there; and  
they descended, and the others in joy greeted them with grasp  
of hand and word of compliment; and Gerenian horseman  
Nestor began the questioning—

“Tell me, illustrious Odysseus, great glory of the Achæans,  
how took ye these horses? Went ye into the multitude of  
the Trojans? or did some god encounter you, and give them?  
They are verily like the sunbeams to behold. I cease not to  
mingle in battle with the Trojans, nor do I tarry beside my  
ships, although too long a warrior; but never saw or spied I

*Book X* horses such as these ; surely some god hath met with you.  
551—end and given them : for both of you are dear to Zeus, the gatherer  
of the clouds, and to the daughter of Zeus, who wears the  
ægis, bright-eyed Athene."

And thus made answer sagacious Odysseus : " O Nestor, son of Neleus, great glory of the Achæans, easy were it for a god, if he would, to give better horses than those, for the gods be far superior. But these horses, sir, of which thou askest, are Thracian, new come hither, and brave Diomedes hath slain their master, and twelve of his champions beside him ; and a thirteenth we slew, a spy, hard by the ships, whom Hector had sent, and the proud Trojans, to be scrutineer of our host."

He said, and with a laugh he drove the whole-hooved horses across the trench ; and the Achæans came with him rejoicing. And when they came to the goodly booth of Diomedes, they fastened the horses, with trim-cut thongs, to the manger, where stood the fleet horses of Diomedes, eating the delicious wheat ; and Odysseus hung the bloody spoils of Dolon upon his ship's poop, until they could dedicate them to Athene. And the two stepped into the sea, and washed from them their much sweat, from leg, and neck, and thigh ; but when the sea-wave had cleansed the much sweat from their skin, and refreshed their spirit, they stepped into polished lavers, and took the bath. And when they were bathed, and anointed smoothly with oil, they sat down to the banquet, and drew delicious wine from the full bowl, and made libation to Athene.

## BOOK XI

### THE PROWESS OF AGAMEMNON

AND Eôs rose from her bed beside princely Tithonus, that she might bring light to mortals and to immortals; and Zeus sent to the swift ships of the Achæans baleful strife, bearing the portent of war in her hands: and she stood upon the black deep-bellied ship of Odysseus, which was in the midmost to call this way and that, both to the huts of Telamonian Ajax, and to those of Achilles; for these drew up their shapely ships the uttermost, confiding in their valiancy and the strength of their hands. There stood the goddess, and cried on high, loud and terrible; and breathed much vigour into every Achæan, to fight and battle without ceasing. And immediately war became much sweeter to them than to return in the hollow ships to the land of their fathers. *Book XI*  
1—28

And Atrides shouted aloud, and bade the Argives gird them, and accoutred himself with dazzling bronze. First he clad his legs in fair greaves, clasped on the ankle with silver buckles; and then he girt his breast with the corslet, which whilom Cinyras had given him in pledge of friendship; for the great report had gone even to Cyprus-ward, how that the Achæans were sailing in their ships to Troy; because of that he gave it, seeking to win the king's favour: ten bands it had of the black steel, and twelve of gold, and of tin twenty; and on either side three dragons of steel stretched up to the neck, various as the rainbow, which Cronion hath set in the

*Book XI* cloud, a sign to mortal men. And upon his shoulder he  
29—66 hung his sword, flashing with golden bosses, and sheathed  
in a silver scabbard, whose baldric was of gold; and he took  
up a shield of onset, fair, ankle-long, curious-wrought, framed  
of ten rings of bronze, and it had twenty bosses of the white  
tin, and one in the midst, of black steel. And the Gorgon of  
fell aspect and fatal eye was fixed as a garland in the midst,  
and on either hand were Fear and Flight; and the shield had  
a belt of silver; and upon that was a writhing dragon, of  
steel, with three circling heads, growing from one neck.  
And upon his head he set a helmet, of double crest, and  
quadruple cheek-piece; and the horse-tails nodded terribly:  
and he took two sharp and mighty spears, and the gleam of  
their bronzen heads flashed up into heaven. And Athene and  
Hera thundered as he went, and did honour to the king of  
golden Mycene.

Then every warrior bade his charioteer keep back his  
steeds in rank beside the fosse, and himself put on his harness,  
and skirmished alert in the van; and the shouting rose and  
ceased not beneath the dawn. Long did they prevent the  
charioteers in their marshalling, and the charioteers followed  
after. And the son of Cronus stirred up evil turbulency, and  
let fall from the high æther drops of bloody dew, because he  
was about to send many valiant souls to Hades.

And the Trojans mustered on the other part upon the  
swelling of the plain, around great Hector and blameless  
Polydamas, and Aeneas, whom Troy's people honoured as a  
god, and the three sons of Antênor, Polybus, and divine  
Agênor, and youthful Acamas, counterpart of the immortals.  
And among the foremost Hector bare his equal shield. As  
when the malignant Star appears resplendent from amid the  
clouds, and then withdraws into the gloom again, so Hector  
now would gleam among the foremost, and anon would be  
ordering among the rearward; and he blazed in bronze, like  
the lightning of Zeus the Father, the bearer of the ægis.

And as reapers reap toward one another, in a rich man's field, and make a long swathe, reaping the barley or the wheat, and the handfuls fall incessant; so did the Trojans and Achæans leap on one another, and slay one another, and neither dreamed of disastrous flight: equal was the head of their controversy, although they pushed on like wolves; and groan-attended Strife saw, and was glad, for she alone of the deities was present in the battle, and the other gods were not there, but sat at ease in their own goodly houses, that were built among the dells of Olympus. And all laid blame upon Cronion of the black cloud, because he sought to give glory to the Trojans. But the Father heeded them not; he sat apart in pride of majesty, looking down upon the city of the Trojans and the ships of the Achæans, and the lightning of the bronze, and the slayers and the slain.

And while it was early, and the sacred day yet waxed, so long the weapons of either side went home and the people fell; but at the hour when a woodcutter prepares his meal in the mountain dells, when his hands are tired with felling tall trees, and fatigue is come upon him, and his soul is possessed with desire of pleasant food; at that hour the Danaans by main endeavour burst through the ranks, calling to each other along their line; and Agamemnon leapt first into the breach, and slew Biênor, shepherd of the people, and after him his fellow, Oileus, urger of horses. He leapt down from the chariot, and stood before Agamemnon; but the king stabbed him, as he rushed forward, in the face with the sharp spear; and the helmet of heavy bronze protected him not, but the point went through metal and through bone, and his brains were spattered about within the helmet; so was his onset quelled. And Agamemnon, king of men, stripped off their coats, and left them lying there with their white naked breasts, and turned to slay Isus and Antiphus, two sons of Priam, a bastard and a trueborn, both in one chariot; the bastard held the reins, and famous Antiphus stood by him;

*Book XI*  
67—104

*BOOK XI* these two Achilles took, as they tended their flocks on the  
 105—139 spurs of Ida, and bound them with withes of willow, and let them go for a ransom : but now the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, struck Isus with the spear in the breast above the nipple, and smote Antiphus with the sword beside the ear, and tumbled him from the chariot; and he made haste, and stripped off their fair armour, knowing them; for he had seen them before by the swift ships, when fleet-foot Achilles brought them from Ida. And as a lion comes to the lair of a swift doe, and finds her little ones, and crushes them lightly in his strong teeth, and takes their tender life; and she, though she be near, cannot deliver them, for utter trembling comes upon herself, and she rushes away precipitate through the close coppice and through the greenwood, in haste and sweat, before the furious beast; so none of all the Trojans might defend these men from death, but rather they fled themselves before the Argives.

And next he found Peisander, and Hippolochus, steadfast in battle, the sons of warlike Antimachus, who coveted the gold of Alexander, a splendid bribe, and most of all refused to render Helen to auburn Menelaus; his two sons the princely Agamemnon found in one chariot, both together striving to guide their steeds, for the smooth reins had slid from their hands, and the horses were in confusion; and Atrides sprang towards them, as a lion springs; and they besought him from the chariot—

“Save us alive, son of Atreus, and take meet ransom; much treasure is there in the house of Antimachus, copper, and gold, and much-wrought iron, of which our father would give unbounded ransom, if he heard of us in life beside the ships of the Achæans.”

So spake they to the king with honeyed words, weeping; but they heard an implacable voice—

“If ye be the sons of valiant Antimachus, who once spake in the assembly of the Trojans, when Menelaus came on

embassy along with divine Odysseus, and would have slain him there and not let him return again to the Achæans, verily ye shall expiate your father's infamy." *Book XI*  
140—174

He said, and cast his spear, and struck Peisander on the breast, and bore him to the earth, and he fell down supine : and Hippolochus leapt down ; but him he slew upon the ground, striking off his arms and cutting through his neck, and like a round mortar he bowled him through the crowd. So thus he left them ; and where the ranks were most embroiled, there sprang he in, and all the well-greaved Achæans behind him : and footman slew footman with the deadly bronze, as he fled, because he must, and horseman horseman ; and a dust rose from the ground beneath, stirred up by the clattering feet of the horses ; and princely Agamemnon went ever with them, slaying, and cheering on the Argives. And as when devastating fire falls upon an unthinned wood, and the swirling wind carries it all abroad, and the bushes fall in a heap before the rush of the impetuous fire ; so beneath Atride Agamemnon fell the heads of the flying Trojans, and many horses of arching neck rattled empty chariots through the squares of war, their blameless lords desiring ; they lay in the dust, more dear to the vultures than to their wedded wives.

And Zeus withdrew Hector out of the flying weapons, and out of the dust, and out of the manslaying and the blood and the turbulence ; and Atrides followed, cheering on the Danaans vehemently. And the Trojans made for the city : they hurried past the tomb of Ilus, that ancient Dardanid, in the midst of the plain, by the wild fig-tree ; and Atrides followed hard after, shouting loudly ; and his hands un-touchable were splashed with gore : but when they came to the Scæan gate and the oak-tree, they made a stand, and awaited mutual encounter. And other some fled through the mid plain like kine, which a lion has affrighted, coming in the mirk of night ; all are appalled, but for one appears

*Book XI* death downright ; her takes he, and breaks her neck with  
175—209 his firm teeth, and gorges on the blood and on the vitals : so did the son of Atreus, princely Agamemnon, follow the Trojans, and ever slay the hindmost ; and they fled before him. And many fell from their chariots, some upon their face and some upon their back, beneath the hands of Atrides ; for his spear raged round and round. But when he was well-nigh come to the city and the lofty wall, the Father of gods and men descended from heaven, and sat him down in the tops of many-fountained Ida, the lightning in his hand ; and he sent Iris of the golden wing with a message—

“Get thee away, swift Iris, and bear this word to Hector : as long as he shall see Agamemnon, shepherd of the people, ravaging among the foremost, and slaying the ranks of men, so long let him hold back, and bid the rest of the people fight with the enemy in the vehement fray ; but when Atrides is smitten with spear, or pierced with arrow, and leaps upon his chariot, then will I give Hector strength to slay, until he come to the strong-transomed ships, and the sun go down, and the sacred darkness fall.”

He said, and fleet-foot rapid Iris disobeyed not ; and she went down the Idæan mountains to sacred Ilium. She found the son of warlike Priam, divine Hector, standing over his horses in his firm-framed car ; and fleet-foot Iris, stood near, and spake to him—

“Hector, son of Priam, thou peer of Zeus in counsel, the Father sent me to thee with this message. As long as thou seëst Agamemnon, shepherd of the people, ravaging among the foremost, and slaying the ranks of men, so long hold back from the battle, and bid the rest of thy people fight with the enemy in the vehement fray ; but when Agamemnon is smitten with spear, or shot with arrow, and leaps upon his chariot, then will Zeus give thee strength to slay, until thou come to the strong-transomed ships, and the sun go down, and the sacred darkness fall.”



So spake fleet-foot Iris, and went her way: and Hector *BOOK XI*  
leaped from his chariot all armed upon the ground, and *210—244*  
brandishing two sharp spears he went up and down the host,  
encouraging them to fight, and rallying dreadful war; and  
the Trojans turned round about, and stood up to the Achæans;  
and on the other part the Argives made strong their companies,  
and squared their line, and faced the enemy; and Agamem-  
non bounded on the first, seeking to be foremost among the  
foremost.

Tell me now, ye Muses, who dwell in houses of Olympus,  
who first encountered Agamemnon of Trojans or of famous  
allies.

Iphidamas was first, son of Antenor, brave and tall, who  
was bred in loamy Thrace, mother of sheep: him Cisses  
nurtured in his halls while he was yet a lad, his grandsire, the  
father of fair-cheeked Theano; and when he was come to the  
measure of glorious manhood, he kept him there, and offered  
him his daughter in marriage; and yet a bridegroom he  
came from his chamber because of the bruit of the Achæans,  
with twelve pinneted ships, his following; his balanced  
ships he left in Percôtê, and came himself aland to Ilium;  
he it was then who encountered Atride Agamemnon. And  
when they were come near each other, advancing, Atrides  
missed his cast, and his spear turned aside; but Iphidamas  
stabbed him in the girdle, beneath the corslet, and leant  
himself upon the blow, trusting in his heavy hand; but he  
pierced not through the rich-wrought belt; the point came  
full upon the silver, and turned at once like lead; and wide-  
ruling Agamemnon caught the spear in his hand, and tugged  
it to him, raging as a lion, and wrenched it from his hold, and  
struck him on the neck with his sword, and loosed his limbs.  
So there he fell, and slept an iron sleep, defender of his  
country's cause, unhappy, far from the wife whom he had  
wooed and wedded; much did he give for her, but little joy  
he had; he gave in hand a hundred beeves, and promised

*Book XI* a thousand small cattle, sheep and goats together, of his  
245—279 innumerable flocks. But now Atride Agamemnon despoiled him there, and took his goodly armour, and returned to the company of the Achæans.

And when Coön was aware, præminent of men, the first-born of Antênor's sons, then vehement grief overcast his eyes because of his brother's fall; and he stood sideways with his spear, that divine Agamemnon saw him not, and stabbed him in the middle arm, beneath the elbow; and the point of the bright spear went through and through. And Agamemnon, king of men, started somewhat; but not for that did he desist from fight and battle; he leapt on Coön, with a spear, much toughened by the wind: and he was busy, dragging by the foot Iphidamas, his brother, his father's son, and calling upon all the champions; but him, as he dragged his brother through the press, Atrides ran through with his bronzen spear beneath his bossy shield, and loosed his limbs; another step and he struck off his head above Iphidamas. Thus did the sons of Antênor, beneath the hand of Atrides the king, fulfil their fate, and pass into the house of Hades.

But Agamemnon went yet farther up and down the ranks of men, striking with lance and sword and cast of huge stone, while yet the blood welled warm from the wound; but when the flow was stanchèd, and the gashes bled no longer, then poignant pain entered into the soul of Atrides. As when sharp throes come upon a woman in travail, keen throes, sent by the Eileithyiae, the daughters of Hera, the goddesses of cruel delivery; so did sharp pain enter into the mighty Atrides. He leapt into his chariot, and bade his charioteer drive towards the hollow ships, for he was sorely pained: and he shouted with a piercing voice, and called upon the Danaans—

“O friends, O lords and leaders of the Argives, be it yours to defend the sea-passing ships from stout onset; because Zeus the Counsellor will not suffer me to fight out the day with the Trojans.”

He said, and the charioteer lashed the fair-maned horses towards the hollow ships; and they flew on willing. There was foam upon their breasts, and they were spattered with mud beneath; and they bore the suffering king away from the battle. *Book XI*  
280—314

And when Hector saw that Agamemnon went, he called afar to Trojans and to Lycians—

“Trojans and Lycians, and close-countering Dardans : now play the man, and bethink you of might and main. The principal of the Achæans is gone, and Cronid Zeus hath given me the glory : charge with your chariots full upon the mighty Danaans, and win victorious honour.”

He said, and stirred the strength and spirit of each. As when a hunter sets his white-toothed dogs upon a wild boar of the field, or upon a lion; so did Priamid Hector, peer of slaughterous Ares, set the great-hearted Trojans upon the Achæans : and he went himself among the foremost, high in heart; and he flung himself into the battle, like a down-descending tempest, that swoops infuriate on the violet sea.

Now whom first, whom last, did Priamid Hector slay, when Zeus had given him the glory ?

Asæus first, and Autonöus and Opites, and Dolops, son of Clytus, and Opheltius and Agelaüs and Aesymnus and Orus, and Hipponöus, bearer of the brunt; these many captains slew he of the Danaans, and of the commonalty heads innumerable as the waves, when Zephyr buffets the cloudlets of the clear south wind, and lashes them with vehement squall; and the big wave swells up, and rolls along, and the spray is scattered on high, before the blast of the much-wandering wind : even so the heads of the populace fell thickly beneath Hector.

Then had havoc been wrought, and deeds past help, and the Achæans had thrown themselves among the ships in their flight, had not Odysseus called to Diomedes, son of Tydeus—

“Tydides, wherefore have we forgotten our martial might ?

*Book XI* Come hither, friend of my heart, and stand by me ; it were  
315—346 ignominy if Hector of the tossing plume should take the  
ships."

And then made answer stalwart Diomedes : " I will abide  
and endure ; but cold will be our comfort, if it please Zeus,  
the cloud-compeller, to give the mastery to the Trojans, and  
not to us."

He said, and dashed Thymbraeus from his chariot to the  
ground, hitting him with the spear upon the left breast ; and  
Odysseus struck down god-like Molion, companion of the  
prince. So then they left them, when they had made an end  
of their fighting ; and themselves ran through the crowd with  
a tumult, as when two wild boars, in pride of strength, fall  
amid the hunter's dogs ; so did they slay the Trojans, and  
make head again : and fain were the Achæans, who fled  
before divine Hector, of breath and interval.

Then lighted they upon a chariot and two men, the  
bravest of their people, the sons of Merops the Percôsian, who  
had knowledge of all divining, and would not have his sons  
go to the life-consuming war ; but they would not hear him,  
for the fates of black death urged them on : them the son  
of Tydeus, Diomedes of the famous spear, bereft of life and  
soul, and took their famous armour : and Odysseus slew  
Hippodamus and Hypeirochus.

And then Cronion, looking down from Ida, made equal  
the scales of their preponderance ; and they went on slaying.  
The son of Tydeus wounded warrior Agastrophus, son of  
Pæon, with his spear upon the hip ; for his horses were not  
near, that he should flee ; infatuate ! these his esquire held  
standing at a distance, and himself rushed on foot among the  
foremost, until he lost his life. And Hector was quick to  
see among the ranks, and he darted on them with a cry ; and  
the companies of the Trojans came with him. And when  
Diomedes, good at need, saw the man, he was afraid ; and  
soon he spoke to Odysseus, who stood hard beside—

"Now then, yon mischief rolls upon us two, ponderous Hector; let us be firm, and bear him back by standing." *Book XI*  
347—379

He said, and brandished his long-shadowed spear, and cast, and missed not, but struck him where he aimed, upon the head, upon the helmet; but bronze glanced from bronze, and the fair flesh was untouched; for the helmet protected him, three-plated, and crested, which Phœbus Apollo had given him. And Hector staggered back not a little, and was lost in the crowd: and he fell, but stood upon his knee, and leaned upon his heavy hand; and the dark night overshadowed his eyes. And while Tydides went after his errant spear, far through the foremost, to the place where it lighted in the ground, Hector got back his breath, and leapt into the chariot, and drove among the main army, and eschewed black death. And mighty Diomedes spake, as he rushed on with the spear—

"Dog, once again hast thou avoided death; but harm was nigh thee. And now Phœbus Apollo hath saved thee whole, to whom, doubtless, thou prayest, before thou comest among the ringing javelins. But I shall meet thee again, and make an end of thee, if there be any god who is my helper. And now will I attack the other Trojans, and slay whomsoever I light upon."

He said, and despoiled the son of Pæon, famous with the spear. But Alexander, the husband of Helen of the lovely hair, bent his bow against Tydides, shepherd of the people; he leaned himself against a stone, a memorial of men's hands, the tomb of Dardanid Ilus, that ancient senator; and Diomedes was stripping the rich-wrought corslet from the breast of valiant Agastrophus, and taking from his shoulders the shield and the heavy helmet; and Paris drew the hollow of the bow, and struck him,—for the shaft flew not idly—on the flat of the right foot, and the arrow went through, and stuck in the ground: and Paris laughed lightly, and leapt from out his ambush, and spake a word vain-gloriously—

*Book XI*      "Thou art stricken, and the shaft hath not fled idly;  
380—417 would I had smitten thee home in the flank, and taken thy life. Then had the Trojans had respite from calamity, who now fear thee, as bleating goats fear a lion."

And mighty Diomedes answered him, in no wise dismayed: "Shooter of arrows, ribald of tongue, prince of the horn-bow, spy of girls, wert thou to mell with me face to face in arms, thy bow should not avail thee, nor thy thick-coming arrows. And now thou art boasting, because thou hast scratched my foot. I care not, no more than if a woman had touched me, or an unheeding child; futile is the shaft of a man who is a dastard and a coward. Much different is the sharp spear in my hand, even though it touch but a little; it takes a man's life; and his wife's cheeks are torn with nails of mourning, and his children are fatherless; and he ruddies the earth with blood, and his body rots; and the vultures gather about him, and not the women."

He said, and Odysseus of the famous spear came nigh, and stood before him; and Diomedes sat down behind him, and drew the sharp arrow from his foot, and poignant pain went through him. And he leapt into his chariot, and bade his charioteer drive to the hollow ships, for he was sorely pained.

And Odysseus of the famous spear was left alone, and no Argeian stood beside him; for all were affrighted; and in vexation he spake to his proud spirit—

"Alas, what shall become of me? Much evil were it, if I flee before the multitude; but worse were it, if I were taken alive and slain, my single self, for Cronion hath affrighted the other Danaans. Yet why debate I thus? Well I know that the cowards withdraw themselves from the war; but he who excels in battle it behoves to stand fast, whether he strikes, or himself is stricken."

While thus he pondered in heart and soul, the ranks of the shielded Trojans drew nigh, and hemmed him round about; but they hemmed round their own destruction.

And as when dogs and vigorous youths are astir around a wild boar; he comes from the deep coppice, whetting the white tooth of his curving jaw; they run to and fro round about him, and the gnashing of his teeth is loud withal, but they stand fast, for all his terribleness; so were the Trojans astir about Odysseus, dear to Zeus. And first of all he smote blameless Deïopites in the shoulder, leaping down upon him with plunge of the sharp spear; then slew he Thoön and Ennomus; and next Chersidamas, who had leapt down from the chariot, he stabbed in the navel beneath the bossy shield; and he fell in the dust, and his palm clutched the ground; these then he left, and struck through with his spear Charops, son of Hippasus, the brother-german of the most noble Sôcus; and Sôcus, counterpart of the gods, came to succour his brother; he drew near, and spake, and said—

“Thrice-lauded Odysseus, insatiate in toil and in craft, this day thou shalt either make boast over both the sons of Hippasus, for that thou hast slain two valiant men and taken their armour; or thou shalt fall beneath my spear, and die.”

He said, and lunged upon the equal shield; through the bright shield went the heavy spear, and through the curious corslet it pressed on, and peeled the flesh from the ribs, but Pallas Athene kept the point from the vitals; and Odysseus knew that his mortal term was not yet come, and stepping back he spake thus to Sôcus—

“Ah, wretch, death imminent is come upon thee; thou hast prevented me from fighting with the Trojans; but death and black fate shall be thy portion here this day; thou shalt fall beneath my spear, and give to me the glory, but thy soul to Hades of the famous steeds.”

He said, and the other turned round and fled: and as he turned, Odysseus planted the spear in his back, between his shoulders, and drove it through his breast; and with a crash he fell; and divine Odysseus boasted above him—

“O Sôcus, son of Hippasus, the warrior, the master of

*Book XI*  
418—450

*Book XI* horses, the end of death hath been too quick for thee, and  
451—485 hath taken thee, nor couldst thou escape. Ah, wretch, thy father and thy lady mother shall not close thine eyes in death; the ravening birds shall tear thee, and compass thee with thick wings. But to me, if I die, the divine Achæans will give entombment."

He said, and drew the mighty spear of warrior Sôcus out of the flesh and out of the bossy shield; and when it was drawn out, the blood sprang forth, and he was in sore pain, and when the haut Trojans saw the blood of Odysseus, they cried to each other among the press, and all came upon him together; and he retreated backwards, and called on his companions: three times he shouted, as much as mouth may shout, and three times Menelaus, dear to Ares, heard the cry, and soon he spake to Ajax, who stood beside—

"O Ajax, heavenly-born, prince of the people, son of Telamon, the shout of much-enduring Odysseus is in mine ear, as if the Trojans had cut him off in the hot encounter, and he were left alone, and were sore put to it. Let us go into the press, for we must succour him: I fear lest that man of war come to harm in his singleness, and the Danaans have a heavy miss of him."

He said, and led the way, and divine Ajax followed; they found Odysseus, dear to Zeus; and the Trojans fast beset him, as tawny jackals in the mountains beset an antlered hart, which a man hath smitten with an arrow from the string; he flies from the huntsman with light feet, while the blood flows warm, and his knees are unshaken; but when the quick shaft hath enfeebled him, the ravening jackals tear him in the mountains, in some gloomy haunt: and fate brings thither a marauding lion; the jackals fly devious, and he eats the prey; so did the Trojans, many and brave, beset divine Odysseus, the soldier, the crafty in counsel; but the hero whirled about his spear hither and thither, and averted the pitiless day. And Ajax came up, whose shield was like a



tower; he stood forth beside Odysseus, and the Trojans fled dispersedly. And Menelaus took him by the hand, and led him from the press; and the esquire of Menelaus drove the chariot near. Book XI  
486—521

And Ajax leapt upon the Trojans, and slew Doryclus, Priam's base-born son; then pierced he Pandocus, and after him Lysander and Pylasus and Pylartes. As when a swollen stream comes down the hills, in winter flood, flushed with the rain of Zeus, into the plain; and many a dry dead oak, and many a pine, brings he with him, and sweeps much drift and ruin to the sea; so then did radiant Ajax scour the plain tumultuously, slaying horse and man. And Hector wist not, for he fought on the left of all the battle, beside the banks of Scamander's river, where chiefly fell the heads of men, and rang the incessant din, about great Nestor, and Idomeneus, that man of war; with them was Hector dealing, and doing fatally with stroke of spear and with guiding of steeds, and hewing down the ranks of the youths; yet had not the divine Achæans given back a step, had not Alexander, husband of Helen of the lovely hair, stopped short the achievements of Machaon, shepherd of the people, shooting him with a three-pointed arrow in the right shoulder; and the Achæans, breathing martial might, were much afraid for him, lest the battle should be turned, and he be taken, and forthwith Idomeneus spake to divine Nestor—

“Nestor, son of Neleus, great glory of the Achæans, quick, mount into thy chariot, and let Machaon stand beside thee, and urge thy horses speedily to the ships; for a leech is not one life, but the lives of many men.”

He said, and Gerenian horseman Nestor gainsaid not; immediately he mounted on the car, and Machaon mounted beside him, the son of Asclêpius, of the blameless healer; he touched the horses, and the two flew willingly towards the hollow ships; for they were fain to go.

And Cebriones, where he stood beside Hector in

*Book X* the car, saw the disorder of the Trojans; and thus he  
522—558 spake—

“Hector, we two are dealing with the Danaans here, upon the outskirts of the brawling war; but yonder, lo, the Trojans are disordered and entangled, horses and men, and Telamonian Ajax is their confounder; well do I know the ample shield about his shoulders. Let us also turn our horses and our chariot thither, for there most of all, in a bout of evil rivalry, horsemen and footmen are slaying one another, and the incessant shout goes up.”

He said, and touched the long-maned horses with the hissing lash; and they, perceiving the touch, lightly bore the swift chariot through Trojans and Achæans, trampling upon shields and upon dead men; and all the axle beneath was bespattered with blood, and the edges of the chariot, with drops that flew from the tires and from the horses' hooves; and he longed to plunge into the throng of men, and leap among them, and shatter them; much discomfiture wrought he among the Danaans, and little was the rest of his spear. And he went up and down the ranks of all beside, striking with spear, and sword, and cast of stone, but ever avoided the battle of Telamonian Ajax.

But Zeus the Father, who sits on high, sent fear on Ajax; he stood confounded, and cast the sevenfold shield behind his shoulders; after careful look he fell back towards the army, like some grim wild beast, facing ever round about, and changing slow knee with knee. And as dogs and hinds drive off a tawny lion from the cattle-pen, and keep watch all night, and will not let him take the fatness of the kine; but he, so longs he for the flesh, presses on,—in vain: for thick against him fly javelins from hardy hands, and burning faggots, from which he starts for all his rage; and in the morning he goes away with sullen heart: so then did Ajax give the Trojans ground, sullen at heart, unwilling; for he feared for the ships of the Achæans. And as when an ass turns into a field, and eats

the deep-standing corn, and children belabour him with sticks ; *Book XI*  
but their strength is puny, and many a stick is broken on his 559—594  
back, for he is slow to go, and has the better of them, and with  
much pains they beat him out, when he has eaten his fill : so  
then did the haut Trojans and the multitudinous allies hang  
upon the mighty Ajax, son of Telamon, and thrust at him  
with their lances in mid-shield. And now would Ajax turn  
about and bethink him of might and main and check the ranks  
of the horse-mastering Trojans, and now would he wheel and  
draw back : but ever he barred their inroad from the ships.  
And himself held place between Trojans and Achæans, dealing  
furiously ; and many spears flew forth from hardy hands, and  
were planted in the huge shield, and many also in mid-volley,  
before they touched his white flesh, stuck quivering in the  
ground, thirsting to be satisfied with blood.

And when Euæmon's bright son, Eurypylus, saw him beset  
with arrow and with spear, he went and stood beside him, and  
cast a shining lance, and struck the son of Phausius, Apisaon,  
shepherd of the people, in the liver beneath the midriff ;  
and speedily his limbs were loosed, and Eurypylus leapt upon  
him, and began to take the armour from his shoulders. And  
when Alexander, image of the gods, saw him stripping off the  
arms of Apisaon, at once he drew bow upon Eurypylus, and  
pierced him with the arrow in the right thigh ; and the reed  
of the arrow broke, and he was as one houghed ; and he re-  
treated into his own crew, eschewing death ; and he shouted  
high, and called upon the Danaans—

“ O friends, O lords and leaders of the Argives, wheel round,  
and stand, and avert the pitiless day from Ajax, who is beset  
with spear and arrow ; nor will he, I fear me, escape the  
brawling war ; wherefore make a stand about great Ajax, son  
of Telamon.”

So spake the wounded Eurypylus ; and the Danaans  
stood close around him, leaning their shields upon their  
shoulders, and holding up their spears ; and Ajax came to

*Book XI* meet them, and turned about and stood, when he had come 595—629 to his own fellows.

So then they fought, like flames of burning fire; and the horses of Neleus bare Nestor out of the battle, sweating as they went, and with Nestor, Machaon, shepherd of the people; and firm-foot divine Achilles saw Nestor, and knew him; for he stood upon the stern of his capacious ship, looking on the present tumult and the lamentable rout; and quick he called to his friend Patroclus, speaking from the ship; and Patroclus heard, and came from the booth, a peer of Ares; that was the beginning of his harm; and the stout son of Menœtius spake the first: "Why callest thou, Achilles? What is thy need of me?"

And fleet-foot Achilles answered: "Noble Menœtiad, beloved of my soul, now do I think the Achæans will come and stand about my knees in supplication; for need intolerable is come upon them. But go, Patroclus, loved of Zeus, and ask of Nestor whom thus he fetches wounded from the war: his back parts were wholly like to Machaon, son of Asclêpius, but the man's eyes I saw not, for the horses darted past me in onward haste."

He said, and Patroclus obeyed his dear comrade, and ran towards the booths and the ships of the Achæans.

And when the son of Neleus and his friend were come to the hut, themselves stepped down upon all-fostering earth; and the horses of the old man Eurymedon, his squire, loosed from the car, and the twain cooled themselves from the sweat of their coats, standing in the wind beside the seashore; and then they went into the hut and sat them down on seats. And Hecamêdê of the lovely locks prepared them a posset, whom the old man had from the spoil of Tenedos, when Achilles took it, the daughter of great-hearted Arsinoïs; and the Achæans chose her out for him, because he was supereminent in counsel. First of all she placed before them a table, fair, polished, iron-footed, and put down

a charger of bronze, and set out a leek, savourer of drink, and yellow honey, and meal of sacred barley; and she displayed also a beautiful bowl, which the old man had brought from his home, studded with golden bosses; four handles it had, pair and pair, and above either pair twin doves were pecking; and below were two supporters. No other might move it from the table, when it was full, without much effort; but the old Nestor lifted it easily. And in that bowl the lady, a goddess in beauty, brewed them a posset of Pramneian wine, and shredded on it cheese of goats' milk with a grater of bronze, and scattered on it the white barley, and bade them drink, when the mess was ready. And when they had drunk, and slaked their arid thirst, they talked together, and took delight of conversation. And god-like Patroclus stood at the door; and when the old man saw him, he sprang from his bright chair, and took him by the hand, and led him in, and bade him be seated; and Patroclus held back and would not sit, but spake his word—

“I may not sit, old sir, persuade me not; worthy of respect is he, and jealous of observance, who sent me hither to ask, what wounded man thou broughtest with thee; but I perceive myself, for I see Machaon, shepherd of the people. And now will I return, and render my message to Achilles; thou knowest well, thou heavenly-bred, the manner of his fierceness; the blameless he will blame for little cause.”

Then answered him Gerenian horseman Nestor: “And why is Achilles so concerned for the sons of the Danaans who are wounded, and knows not of our pervading trouble? For the bravest lie among the ships, wounded with shot or stab: shot is the son of Tydeus, valiant Diomedes, and stricken are Odysseus of the famous spear and Agamemnon; and but now I brought this other hither from the war, pierced with an arrow from the string; but Achilles, the doughty, has no care nor compassion for the Achæans. Waits he until the swift ships beside the sea in despite of the Argives

*Book XI*  
630—666

*Book XI* are charred with ravening fire, and ourselves are slain upon  
667—704 an heap? For my strength is not such as it was before in  
lissom limb. Would I were young, and yet possessed my  
strength, as when there was feud between the Eleians and the  
Pyliaus because of lifted cattle, when I slew the brave son of  
Hypeirochus, Itymoneus, who dwelt in Elis, and we drave  
away reprisal. And while he fought for his kine, he was  
smitten with a javelin from my hand, and down he fell among  
the foremost, and the hinds about him fled away. And we  
drove together from out the plain immense booty, of neat  
cattle fifty herds, and flocks of sheep as many, and equal  
droves of swine, and broad droves of goats no fewer, and  
of horses a hundred and fifty, all chestnut, all mares, and  
many with foal at foot. All these we drove by night into  
Pylus, city of Neleus; and Neleus was rejoiced in heart,  
because I had done well, who went but a stripling to the war.  
And the heralds cried on high, with peep of dawn, that all  
should come, to whom a debt was due in divine Elis; and the  
commanders of the Pyhians assembled together, and made  
division; for to many a debt was due from the Epeians,  
because we in Pylus were few and hardly pushed; for in  
years gone by the might of Heracles had come and wasted us,  
and all the bravest were slain: twelve were we, the sons of  
blameless Neleus; but all were dead, and I alone was left:  
therefore the bronzen-coated Epeians, in their contemptuous-  
ness, wreaked on us outrage and injurious wrong. And the  
old man chose for himself a herd of beeves and a great flock  
of sheep; three hundred head he picked out, with their  
herdsmen; for to him also was a great debt due in divine  
Elis, the price of four prize-winning horses, and the chariot  
to boot; they had gone thither to run because of a prize that  
was a tripod; and Augeias, king of men, detained them  
there, but the driver he let go, mourning for his horses.  
Because of these things the old man, indignant at deed  
and word, chose himself a mighty recompense, and gave the

rest to his people. And we were dividing them, parcel by parcel, and sacrificing to the gods round about the city. And on the third day the Epeians came in all haste, with many men and many whole-hooved horses ; and amongst them the two Moliones bore arms, although they were but lads, not yet proficient in battle. There stands a city Thryoessa, on a precipitous hill, beside Alpheus, at the uttermost border of sandy Pylus ; about that they encamped, eager to raze it. And when they had traversed all the plain, Athene came to warn us to arms, hastening through the night from high Olympus ; and the Pylians were not loth to muster, but very ready. And Neleus would not suffer me to arm, and hid away the horses, for he said I knew not aught of warlike doings. But even so, although I went on foot, I bore myself well among our horsemen ; so did Athene conduct the encounter. There runs a river, Minyeïus, that falls into the sea hard by Arênê ; there we, the horsemen of the Pylians, waited for the divine dawn, and the companies of the footmen flocked in after ; and we put on our armour and departed from thence in all despatch, and came by noon to the mighty stream of Alpheus. And there we sacrificed fair victims to Zeus, the most mighty, and a bull to Alpheus, and a bull to Poseidon, and to bright-eyed Athene a heifer of the herd ; and we took our meal drawn up in order in our companies ; and we lay down to sleep, every man in his armour, beside the river stream. And meanwhile the great-hearted Epeians encompassed the city, seeking to destroy it.

“ But first there was put before them a mighty work of war. For when the beaming sun was risen above the ground, we prayed to Zeus and to Athene, and joined in battle, Pylians and Epeians : and when the strife was afoot, first was I to slay a man, and bring away his whole-hooved horses, spearman Mulius ; son by marriage was he of Augeias, and had to wife the eldest of his daughters, auburn Agamêdê, who knew all simples that broad earth brings forth : him, as he came on, I

*Book XI* smote with the bronzen spear, and he fell in the dust, and I  
743—779 leapt upon the chariot, and took a place among the foremost ;  
and the great-hearted Epeians fled this way and that, when  
they saw him fallen who was the captain of the chariots, the  
foremost in the battle : and I leapt among them like a  
lowering tempest, and took fifty chariots, and by every chariot  
two warriors bit the ground, quelled beneath my spear. Then  
had I done to death the Moliones, the sons of Actor, had not  
their very father, the wide-ruling, the shaker of the earth,  
rescued them from out the battle, and wrapped them in thick  
mist. Such great advantage gave Zeus to the Pylians : and  
so long we pursued through the wide plain, slaying the men  
and gathering up the goodly armour, until our horses set  
foot upon Buprasium, rich in wheat, and the Olenian rock,  
and the place which is called Alisium's hill ; and there  
Athene turned the people back ; but I turned not, till I had  
slain the last man. Then the Achæans guided their swift  
horses back from Buprasium to Pylus ; and all glorified of  
the gods Zeus, and of men Nestor. Such was I, while I  
melled with men. And now, Achilles would keep his valour  
to himself ; but much, I deem, will he lament hereafter, when  
the people is perished. Dear lad, rememberest thou thy  
father's charge, the charge of Menœtius in that day, when he  
sent thee from Phthia to Agamemnon ? And I and divine  
Odysseus were in the hall, and heard all his injunction : we  
had come to the magnificent house of Peleus, gathering a host  
through the many-nourishing land of Achæa ; and we found  
there the warrior Menœtius, and thyself, and Achilles with  
thee. And old horseman Peleus was burning thigh-pieces of  
fat oxen to Zeus, the hurler of the thunder, in the yard of his  
court ; and he held a golden bowl in his hand, and made  
libation upon the burning sacrifice : they two were busy  
with the ox's flesh, and we two halted in the portico ; and  
Achilles started, and sprang up, and took us by the hand, and  
led us in, and bade us take place, and set before us refreshment,



as is meet for guests. And when we were filled with food and drink, I took the word, and invited you two to come with us: *Book XI*  
ye both were willing, and your fathers gave you exhortation; 780—815  
old Peleus charged his son Achilles ever to excel, and to outdo the rest; and upon thee, Menœtius, son of Actor, laid this injunction: 'My son, Achilles is in birth thy better, although thou be the elder; and he is mightier far; but do thou speak to him a word in season, and make suggestion, and direct him; and he will obey thee in all good.' Such was the old man's charge, which thou forgettest. Now then at this time give counsel to warrior Achilles; perchance he may give ear; who knows but thou, with help of heaven, mayst move his mind, and persuade him; potent is the persuasion of a friend. And if he be loth, because of some prediction, which his goddess-mother hath shown him from Zeus, yet let him send thee forth, and the people of the Myrmidons with thee, and be thou a light to the Danaans: and let him give thee his fair armour to wear in the battle, if haply the Trojans may hold thee like to him, and waver from the war, that the soldier sons of the Achæans may have rest from their oppression; brief is the pause of war. And it were easy for you, who are fresh, to drive back to the city war-worn men from the booths and from the ships."

He said, and stirred the spirit of his heart; and Patroclus went, and ran along the ships toward Aeacid Achilles. And when he was come in his running to the ships of divine Odysseus, where was the assembly and the justice-seat, and the place of the public altars, there he met with Eurypylus, the heavenly-born, Eusæmon's son, who was wounded in the thigh with an arrow, and came halting from the war; and the running sweat poured down his neck and shoulders, and the black blood trickled from the smarting wound; but his senses failed not. And the valiant son of Menœtius beheld him with pity, and spake compassionately with winged words—

*Book XI*      "Unhappy lords and leaders of the Danaans, was it your  
816—end doom, far from your friends and from your fathers' land, to  
glut with white fat the swift dogs of the Trojans? But come,  
tell me, thou heavenly-bred, warrior Eurypylus, will the  
Achæans now hold back prodigious Hector, or will they  
perish, quelled beneath his spear?"

And thus the wounded Eurypylus answered him: "No longer, O Patroclus, heavenly-born, is there remedy for the Achæans, but they will fling themselves into the black ships: for all that were the champions heretofore lie wounded in the ships with cast or thrust from the hands of the Trojans, whose strength springs ever new. And now do thou succour me, and lead me to my black ship, and cut the arrow from my thigh, and wash the black blood from the wound with tepid water, and shed on it soothing medicaments, whose knowledge thou hast learned, so they say, from Achilles, whom Chiron taught, the gentlest of the Centaurs. For of our mediciners, Podaleirius and Machaon, the one, I deem, lies wounded in his booth, and lacks a blameless leech himself; and the other in the plain abides the sharp war of the Trojans."

And then Menœtius' valiant son spake back: "How may these things be? What shall we do, warrior Eurypylus? I go to bear to warlike Achilles the message wherewith Gerenian Nestor hath charged me, guardian of the Achæans: but I will not desert thee in thy pain."

He said, and clasped the shepherd of the people round the waist, and led him to his booth; and the esquire saw, and made a bed of neat-hides. And there Patroclus made him lie at length, and cut from his thigh the sharp transpiercing head, and washed away the black blood with tepid water, and rubbed between his hands and sprinkled on a pungent mollifying root, that gave release from pain; and the wound was stanchèd, and the blood flowed no longer.

## BOOK XII

### THE BATTLE ON THE WALL

So then among the booths the brave son of Menœtius was *Book XII*  
tending the wounded Eurypylus; and the Trojans and the 1—26  
Argives fought pell-mell, and the ditch of the Danaans  
was doomed to hold out no longer, and the broad wall above,  
which they had made to cover their ships, and drawn a fosse  
around—but they gave not to the gods noble hecatombs—that  
the wall might contain within their ships and their much  
acquisition, and keep them safe; it was built unhallowed by  
the immortal gods, and it lasted not long. While Hector was  
yet alive, and Achilles in his mood, and the city of Priam the  
king was undestroyed, so long the great wall of the Achæans  
stood steadfast. But when the Trojan champions all were  
dead, and many an Argive—though many survived—and  
Priam's town was taken in the tenth year, and the Argives  
were departed in the ships to their own land, then Poseidon  
and Apollo took counsel to obliterate the wall, bringing upon  
it the strength of all the rivers that flow from Ida's mount-  
ains to the sea—Rhêsus and Heptaporus and Carêsus and  
Rhodius and Granicus and Aesêpus and divine Scamander  
and Simois, hard by whose bank fell many a shield-hide in  
the dust, and many a helmet, and the generation of the demi-  
gods; the mouths of all these Phœbus Apollo turned together  
into one place, and for nine days they beat upon the wall;  
and Zeus also rained continually, that he might wash away

*Book XII* the wall the sooner into the sea : and the shaker of the land  
27—64 himself presided, the trident in his hand ; and his waves swept away all the foundations of tree-trunks and of stones, which the Argives had laid laboriously ; and he made a smooth acre by the hurrying Hellespont, a broad sea-beach, and covered it with sand, and blotted out the wall, and turned the rivers again into their ancient courses, wherein their goodly water flowed before.

Thus were Poseidon and Apollo to do in the after-time ; but then war and the cry of war blazed round the strong wall, and the timbers of the towers rang with stroke of spear ; and the Argives, quelled beneath the scourge of Zeus, were pent and prisoned by the hollow ships, in dread of Hector, that mighty author of alarms : for he, as ever, battled like a tempest : and as a lion, or a boar of the field, goes up and down among dogs and hunters, presumptuous in his strength, and the men range themselves in ranks around, and stand up to him, and their hands fling many a javelin, but his valiant heart quakes not nor quails ; yet is his doughtiness his death ; he wheels, and wheels again, and tries the ranks of men ; and wherever he spring, the men fall back : so Hector went through the press, beseeching his friends, and encouraging them to cross the ditch ; but his own fleet horses dared not ; they neighed and neighed, pausing upon the brim ; for the broad trench affrighted them ; they might not leap it at a bound, nor yet walk through ; for everywhere the banks stood deep and sheer, on this side and on that, and above were sharp pales, set up by the sons of the Achæans, many and strong, a protection against hostile men. . Not easily might a horse come in, tugging at the well-wheeled car, and if on foot, they doubted of success. And then Polydamas came to bold Hector, and said—

“ Hector, and all ye captains of Trojans and of allies ; it were madness to drive our swift horses across the trench, for it is hard to pass ; behold the sharp row of stakes, and at

their back the wall of the Achæans. We may not go down *Book XII*  
the bank with our horses, or fight ; for it is a strait place, 65—100  
where we shall come by harm. If indeed Zeus, the Thunderer  
on high, is become their enemy, and will destroy them wholly,  
and seeks to succour the Trojans, then would I fight this  
moment, that the Achæans might perish here ingloriously,  
far from Argos. But if they turn upon us, and we be  
repulsed from the ships, and fall into the deep-dug trench,  
then, I trow, not one of us will return to the city to bear the  
tidings, after the wheeling round of the Achæans. Come,  
therefore, do we all as I direct ; let our esquires hold our  
horses by the fosse's edge, and let ourselves, in full array of  
battle, press on and follow Hector all together ; and the  
Achæans will not withstand us, if indeed the bonds of per-  
dition be bound upon them."

So said Polydamas ; and the prudent speech liked Hector  
well. At once he leapt all armed upon the ground ; and the  
assemblage of the other Trojans remained not upon their  
chariots, but they all leapt down, when they saw divine  
Hector afoot. And every man gave charge to his esquire to  
keep his chariot in due rank beside the trench ; and the men  
divided themselves, and took position, and followed their  
commanders, in five bands.

Some went with Hector and with blameless Polydamas,  
the bravest, and the most numerous, the most eager they to  
break through the wall, and fight beside the hollow ships.  
And with the twain Cebriones went third ; for Hector left  
another with his chariot, who attained not unto Cebriones.  
And the second company Paris led, and Alcatôüs, and  
Agénor ; and the third was led by Helenus and Deïphobus of  
mien divine, two sons of Priam ; third with them was warrior  
Asius, Asius son of Hyrtacus, whom his tall chestnut horses  
had borne from Arisbé, from the stream of Sellêis. And the  
captain of the fourth divison was the stout son of Anchises,  
Aeneas : with him went the two sons of Antênor, Archelochus

*BOOK XII* and Acamas, masters in all warfare. And Sarpêdon was  
101—140 general of the illustrious allies ; and he took to him Glaucus and martial Asteropæus, because they seemed to him not a little the best, after himself ; for he was sanspareil. And when they had made a shield-wall of hide-clad bucklers, they dashed upon the Danaans eagerly, for they thought no longer to be restrained, but to rush in among the black ships.

Then all the Trojans and the far-famous allies followed the counsel of blameless Polydamas ; but Asius, son of Hyrtacus, prime of men, would not leave his horses nor the esquire that drove them ; he kept them and drew near to the swift ships ; infatuate ! for it was not his to escape the evil fates, and to return back from the ships to windy Ilium, exulting in horses and in chariot ; ere that a dismal fate encompassed him, and he fell beneath the spear of proud Idomeneus, Deucalion's heir : he went towards the left of the ships, where the Achæans were wont to return from the plain with chariots and with horses ; with horses and with car he drove right through, and found not the doors fast, nor the long bolt drawn ; but the men kept the gate wide open, if perchance they might safely bring to the ships some comrade fleeing from the war ; thither he steered his horses, and others followed him, with shrill vociferation ; for they supposed that the Achæans should no more repel them from rushing in among the black ships : fools ! for in the gate they met two mighty men, magnanimous sons of the spearman Lapithæ, the son of Peirithous, stout Polypoetes and Leonteus, peer of red-handed Ares ; these two stood before the lofty gate, like oaks of stately head among the hills, that ever bear the weather and the wind, anchored with long and penetrating roots ; like them stood the two, confident in hand and strength, waiting the onset of mighty Asius undismayed. And the Trojans lifted up their shields of dry bull-hide, and came towards the strong wall with a mighty outcry, following the princely Asius and Iamenus and Orestes and Adamas, son of Asius, and Thoön

and Oenomaüs; and for a while they were within, and compelled the Achæans to defend the ships: but when the twain perceived the Trojans pressing on the wall, and the Danaans shrieking and fleeing, they bounded forth, and fought before the gate, like two wild boars who among the mountains abide the hurly-burly of dogs and men, and rushing transverse break the trees about them, and rend them by the root, and gnash their teeth between, until some man strikes them, and takes their life: with like noise did the bright bronze clank upon the breasts of the two with sound of strokes, for they fought mightily, putting trust in their own strength and in the folk above; for they flung down great pebbles from the firm-built walls, defending themselves, and the booths, and the swift-faring ships; and the stones fell volleying to the ground like snowflakes, which a vehement wind, that scatters the shadowy clouds, sheds down incessant on all-nourishing earth; so flowed the missiles from the hands of either, of Trojan and of Achæan: and the helmets gave out a dry clang, and the bossy shields, with shock of mighty blocks: and then Asius, son of Hyrtacus, cried out aloud, and smote upon his thighs, and spake a word in vexation—

“Father Zeus, art thou also become wholly a lover of falsity? Surely I deemed the warrior Achæans would not withstand our might and our hands untouchable; but, like bees, or slim-waisted wasps, which make their hive beside a rugged road, and will not leave their hollow home, but await the coming of the honey-hunters, and defend their offspring; so these men, although they are but two, will not give way from the gate, until they slay or are slain.”

He said; but his words moved not the mind of Zeus; for he was purposed to give glory to Hector.

So fought they round the gates, some here, some there; hard were it for me to tell all the tale, like a god. All round the wall of stone blazed up the fierce flame; sore were the Argives vexed, but they fought before the ships for very need;

*Book XII*

141—179

*Book XII* and all the gods were troubled in their mind, who were the  
180—213 favourers of the Danaan fight; but the Lapithæ came on  
with war and battle.

And next the son of Peirithoüs, stout Polypoetes, struck with the spear Damasus through the cheek-pieced helmet; the metal held not out, and the bronzen point ran through, and rent the bone; and all his brains were dashed about within; and his might was quelled: and after him fell Pylon and Ormenus. Then Leonteus, branch of Ares, brought down Hippomachus, son of Antimachus, with cast of spear, and pinned him in the girdle. Then drew he the sharp sword from the scabbard, and dashed through the press, and first Antiphates he struck with close-dealt blow, and hurled him backwards to the ground; and after them he fell upon Menon, and Iamenus, and Orestes, and brought them near to many-nurturing earth, each upon another.

And while the Argives stripped the glittering spoils, the men of Polydamas and of Hector moved not; most in number were they, and most in bravery, and most eager to breach the wall, and burn the ships with fire; yet still they pondered, halting on the brink; for, as they sought to make their crossing, there came a bird of omination, a high-flighted eagle, and stayed their line to the left; he bore in his talons a huge and blood-red serpent, living, and gasping, nor past thought of fight; he bent him back, and fanged his grasper in the breast beside the neck, and pierced him through with pain; and the other threw him from him upon the ground, into the mid assembly, and with a cry he darted down the wind: and the Trojans trembled, when they saw lying in their midst the writhing snake, the portent of ægis-bearing Zeus. And then Polydamas came to bold Hector, and said—

“Hector, thou ever reprehendest me in the assembly, although my thought be good; for a man of the people should not speak from the mark, either in the assembly, or in the



field ; but ever enhance thine honour ; yet this once will *Book XII*  
I tell thee plainly, what seems me best : let us not go on to <sup>214—254</sup>  
fight with the Danaans about their ships. For thus, I think,  
it shall befall, if it be to the Trojans this bird hath come,  
as they sought to make their crossing, bearing in his talons  
a blood-red monstrous snake, yet living ; and anon he dropped  
him, before he had come to his dwelling, and brought him  
not thither to give to his young brood : so we, should we  
burst through the gates and the wall of the Achæans by  
force of strength, and drive them back, shall not return  
from the ships unbroken the same way again : many a Trojan  
shall we leave behind, whom the Achæans have slain with the  
sword, defending their ships. Such would be the exposition  
of a diviner, adept in portents, in whom the people trusted."

Then scowling grim answered Hector of the tossing  
plume : " Polydamas, thou speakest what I would not hear ;  
well might thou think a better thought than this. But if  
thou speakest convincingly, the gods have besotted thee ; thou  
wouldst have me forget the counsels of Zeus, the Thunderer  
aloud, his promise and his confirmation, and wouldst have me  
confide sooner in broad-pinioned birds ; them I esteem not,  
nor regard at all, whether they pass to the right, toward the  
sun and the sun-rising, or whether they pass to the left,  
toward the gloomy dusk. Rather let us be obedient to the  
counsel of high Zeus, the ruler of all that are mortal and of  
all that are immortal. Our one best omen is, our country's  
cause. Why dost thou shrink from war and conflict ? Were  
all we other Trojans slain around thee before the ships of  
the Argives, thou needst not fear to perish ; thy heart is not  
so steadfast or so martial. And if thou hold thee apart from  
the conflict, or draw back any other with persuasive words,  
my spear shall strike thee, and end thy life."

He said, and led the way ; and the Trojans followed with  
prodigious shouting : and Zeus, the hurler of the lightning, sent  
down a tempest of wind from the Idæan hills, and the dust

*BOOK XII* rolled right upon the ships; and he bewildered the mind of the  
255—290 Achæans, and gave glory to the Trojans and to Hector: and they put trust in the portents of Zeus, and in their own might, and sought to breach the mighty wall of the Achæans; they wrenched away the pinnets, and overthrew the parapets, and sapped the buttresses which the Achæans had planted foremost in the ground, to under-prop their walls: at these they laboured, and thought to breach the barricade of the Achæans. But still the Danaans blenched not from the way; they made a wall of shields along the parapet, and battered the enemies as they came beneath.

And the two Ajaces ran up and down the wall, exhorting the Achæans to do mightily; one man would they hail with comfortable words, another with stern gibe, whom they found abating of his soldiery.

“O friends, O Argives, foremost, midst, and lesser; for all are not of like account in war; but now has each of you a part; ye know well yourselves. Listen every one to the voice that cheers you, and let no man turn back toward the ships, but press you forward and give each other heart; perhaps Zeus, the Olympian, the hurler of the lightning, will grant that we repel the shock, and drive our enemies to the city.”

So called they forth, and sustained the battle of the Achæans. And as flakes of snow fall thick and fast on a winter day, when Zeus, the Counsellor, is minded to snow, and show before men the store of his arrows; he stills the wind, and snows continually, until he cover the heads of the high mountains, and the jutting spurs, and the clover-fields, and the fat tilth of men; he sheds it also upon the havens and the beaches of the gray sea, but the retorting wave drives back the shower; and all beside is wrapped in white, beneath the mighty snowdrift of high Zeus: so numerous flew the stones from either side; these volleying upon the Trojans, and these again upon the Achæans; and clash and clamour rang around the wall.

But even so the Trojans and bright Hector had not burst

through the gate and the long bolt, had not Zeus, the Counsellor, *Book XII*  
sent against the Argives his own son, Sarpêdon, like a lion <sup>291—332</sup>  
among the horned kine. He held before him his equal shield,  
his fair shield of hammered bronze, which the smith had  
beaten out, and sewn within with many a band of hide, and  
fixed long rods of gold around the rim; that shield he held  
before him, and shook two spears, and went forward like a lion  
of the mountain, who long hath not tasted food, and his bold  
spirit bids him break open the lockfast fold, if so he may come  
by the sheep; and although he find there guarding the sheep  
shepherds with dogs and spears, he will not retreat from the  
cote without attempt; he leaps within, and ravishes a prey,  
or takes himself a spear-wound from rapid hand; in like  
wise did his heart bid divine Sarpêdon rush upon the wall  
and tear away the battlements. And he spake to Glaucus,  
son of Hippolochus—

“Glaucus, why have we particular honour, of seat, and mess  
of flesh, and brimming cup, in Lycia, and all men look upon  
us as on gods? And why do we hold great demesnes along  
the banks of Xanthus, goodly to look upon with planted trees  
and fields of wheat? Now must we stand among the foremost  
Lycians, and face consuming war, that some one may say of  
the corsleted Lycians: ‘Our princes, that rule in Lycia, sit  
not inglorious, when they eat of the fat sheep, and drink the  
choice delicious wine; nay, might and manliness are with them,  
for they fight among the foremost Lycians.’ Friend of my  
soul, were we to escape from this war, and then live for ever  
without old age or death, I should not fight myself among  
the foremost, nor would I send thee into the glorifying battle;  
but a thousand fates of death stand over us, which mortal  
man may not flee from nor avoid; then let us on, and give  
a glory, or obtain it ourselves.”

He said, and Glaucus gainsaid not, nor turned back;  
they marched straight on, leading the mighty nation of the  
Lycians. And Menestheus, son of Peteôs, saw them, and was

*Book XII* affrighted ; for they came towards his tower, disaster with  
333—369 them. He looked up and down the Achæan wall, to see some captain who might succour his companions ; and he espied the two Ajaces, insatiate of war, already placed, and Teucer hard beside, new come from his booth ; but he might not make them hear, by force of crying ; such was the hubbub ; and the vociferation went up to heaven ; the shields resounded, and the horse-plumed helmets, and the gates ; for all were shut fast, and the Trojans stood before them, and sought to breach them through, and enter in : and quickly he sent to Ajax the herald Thoötes—

“Run, good Thoötes, and summon Ajax hither ; or both the Ajaces rather ; that would bestead us best ; for quickly will destruction overtake all here. Lo, how the captains of the Lycians press on us, who of old were fierce in the hot encounter ; but if there also there be affray and trouble, let valiant Telamonian Ajax come himself at least ; and Teucer follow, archer excellent.”

He said, and the herald heard, and obeyed ; he ran along the wall of the bronzen-coated Achæans, and stood before the Ajaces, and spoke hastily—

“Ajaces both, ye captains of the bronzen-coated Argives, the son of Peteö's, heavenly-born, bade me come hither, and bring you to relieve him of his trouble a little while ; both of you, if it might be ; for destruction will soon come upon him there, so do the captains of the Lycians press on, who of old were fierce in the hot encounter ; only if here also there be affray and trouble, at least let valiant Telamonian Ajax come himself, and Teucer follow, archer excellent.”

He said, and great Telamonian Ajax gainsaid not ; and he spoke to the son of Oileus with winged words—

“Ajax, hold here thy place, thou and valiant Diomedes, and encourage the Danaans to fight manfully. I will go yonder, and confront the war ; and I will come again quickly, when I have succoured them.”

So said Telamonian Ajax, and went his way : and with *Book XII* him went Teucer, his brother, his father's son ; and behind *370-406* them Pandion bore Teucer's crooked bow. They went along the wall, and came to the tower of great-hearted Menestheus, and found him hardly pushed ; the mighty lords and leaders of the Lycians were mounting on the battlement, like a black tempest ; they closed, and fought together, and the shouting went up.

And first Telamonian Ajax slew a man, Sarpédon's follower, great-hearted Epicles, striking him with a great ragged stone, that lay topmost within the wall along the battlement ; not easily might a man, a full-grown man, raise it with both his hands, such as men are now ; but he lifted it, and flung, and all-to brake the double-crested helmet, and utterly crushed the bones of his head ; and like a diver he fell from the lofty wall, and life left his bones. And Teucer struck Glaucus, brave son of Hippolochus, with an arrow where he saw the arm uncovered, and staid him from his fighting : and he leapt back from the wall privily, lest any Achæan should see his wound and speak exulting words. And Sarpédon was vexed when he saw that Glaucus went away ; but he relaxed not from fighting, and stabbed Alcmaon, son of Thestor, and drew the spear back again ; and he fell forward, with the spear, upon his face, and the gay bronze of his armour clashed. And Sarpédon caught hold of the battlement with his puissant hands, and drew, and it came towards him along and along, and the wall was laid open, and a path was made for many.

Then Ajax and Teucer alike miscarried ; for Teucer struck him with an arrow in the bright belt of the encompassing shield that went round his breast ; but Zeus turned away the fate from his child, and would not have him die beside the poops : and Ajax leapt upon him, and stabbed his shield, but the head went not through, yet it staggered him in his onset, and he gave back a little from the battlement ; yet he

*Book XII* retreated not altogether, for he aspired to win honour; and  
407—444 he wheeled him round, and exhorted the god-like Lycians—

“Lycians, why abate ye of your might and main? Hard is it for me, although I be of powerful strength, to breach the wall myself, and make a road among the ships. Come, follow with me; the more the better.”

He said, and they shrank from his reproach, and pressed on vehemently around their prince and counsellor: and the Argives on the other part made strong their ranks within the wall; for they thought not lightly of the matter. Neither might the valiant Lycians break through the wall of the Achæans, and make a way among the ships, nor again might the spearman Danaans repel the Lycians from the wall, when they had made approach. But as two men contend about a boundary, measure in hand, upon conterminous ground, and make claim and dispute about a little border, so were the twain parted by the battlements; to win or lose they battered about each other's breasts the rounded shields of hide and the light targets. And the flesh of many was wounded with the ruthless bronze, whether a man turned his back, and was undefended in the battle, or whether the stroke went through and through the shield; and everywhere the walls and the battlements were spattered with blood of men, of Trojan and of Achæan; yet not even so could they make flight among the Achæans; they held the level, as when a just-dealing work-woman takes weight and wool, and lifts up and balances the scales, earning a petty wage to feed her children; so was the combat and the fight in equipoise, until Zeus gave the superior honour to Priamid Hector, and first he leaped within the Achæans' wall; he shouted piercingly, and called upon the Trojans—

“On, on, ye horse-mastering Trojans, break through the wall of the Argives, and fling fierce fire among the ships.”

He said exhorting, and they heard him well, and rushed in mass upon the wall; and the others mounted upon the

bartisans, holding sharp spears. And Hector lifted up and *Book XII*  
bore a stone, that stood before the gate, wide at bottom, and 445—end  
sharp at top ; not easily might two men, the strongest of the  
people, upheave it from the ground upon a wain, such as men  
be now ; but he himself swung it lightly ; for the son of  
crooked-counselled Cronus made it easy in his hand. As  
when a shepherd takes and lightly carries the fleece of a ram  
in one hand, an insignificant burden ; so Hector lifted up the  
stone, and bore it straight toward the doors, the high and  
double doors, that made the firm-closed gate, which two  
encountering bars secured within, and a single lock-pin  
fastened them : he came, and stood nigh, his feet apart, that  
he might cast the firmer, and leant himself upon the throw,  
and struck the gate in the midst, and shattered both the  
hinges, and the stone fell inward by its weightiness, and the  
gate gave forth a groan, and the bars held not fast, and the  
doors were dashed open, this way and that, beneath the  
impact of the stone ; and radiant Hector bounded in, his  
countenance like swift night ; and he shone with appalling  
bronze, that covered him about, and he held a spear in either  
hand. None might have met him, or driven him back, when  
once he had leapt within the gates ; and his eyes burned with  
fire. And he turned himself round amid the throng, and  
called upon the Trojans to cross the wall ; and they obeyed  
his call ; and immediately some came over the wall, and some  
came in through the strong-built gate ; and the Danaans  
were driven back among the hollow ships, and confusion  
reigned incessant.

## BOOK XIII

### THE BATTLE BY THE SHIPS

*Book*  
*XIII*  
1—25

Now when Zeus had brought Hector and the Trojans near to the ships, he left them there to have trouble and disquiet unremitting; and he turned away his shining eyes, looking down upon the land of the horseman Thracians, and of the close-combating Mysians, and the proud Hippémolgiæns, who drink the milk of mares, and of the Abians, the justest of all men. But Troyward he turned not his bright eyes at all; for well he deemed that none of the immortals would come to help or Trojan or Danaan.

But the prince, the shaker of the land, kept not blind watch; he sat, rapt in the combat and the battle, aloft upon the topmost head of woody Samothrace; for from thence all Ida was plain in view, and Priam's town, and the ships of the Achæans. There sat he down, issuing from the sea, and took pity upon the Achæans, who were borne down by the Trojans, and sorely wroth was he with Zeus.

And quickly he came down from the rugged mountain with rapid stride; and the tall hills and the forest trembled beneath the immortal feet of Poseidon as he went. Three times he stepped a step, and the fourth step brought him to his bourne, Aegæ; where in the sea-deeps his famous house is builded of beaming gold imperishable; there came he, and yoked beneath the car his bronzen-footed horses, swift to fly, with long manes of gold; and he arrayed himself in gold,



and grasped a golden well-wrought whip, and stepped upon the car, and drove across the waves ; and the sea-beasts came from their chambers everywhere, and gambolled beneath him, knowing well their king ; and the rejoicing sea parted before him ; swiftly the horses flew, and the bronzen axle was not wet beneath ; and bounding lightly they brought him to the ships of the Achæans.

There is a broad cave, in the bottoms of the deep sea, between Tenedos and rugged Imbros ; there Poseidon, the shaker of the land, halted his horses, and loosed them from the car, and set before them immortal food to eat, and put about their feet shackles of gold, which might not be loosed or broken, that they might certainly await their returning king ; and went himself to the army of the Achæans.

And the Trojans all together, like flame or like a tempest, followed furiously after Priamid Hector, with roar and battle-yell ; they thought to take the ships of the Achæans, and slay beside them the bravest, every man ; but Poseidon, the encompasser of the land, the shaker of the earth, cheered the Argives, coming from the deep sea ; he made himself like to Calchas in body and in unflagging voice, and first he spoke to the two Ajaces, impetuous themselves—

“ Ajaces, yourselves shall save the people of the Achæans, if ye hold fast by might, and think not of icy flight. Not elsewhere do I fear the hands untouchable of the Trojans, whose multitude hath overpassed our mighty wall ; for the greaved Achæans will keep them back ; but in one place I fear terribly, lest evil befall us, the place where he, the furious, the flame-like, leads the way, Hector, who deems himself a son of puissant Zeus. Now may some god inspire your mind with courage, to stand steadfast yourselves, and to command the rest to do likewise ; then might ye repel him, for all his hotness, from the swift-passing ships, even if the Olympian himself be his encourager.”

So said the encompasser of the land, the shaker of the

BOOK  
XIII  
60—95

earth, and smote them each with his staff, and filled them with vigorous might, and made their limbs nimble, their feet and their hands above. And himself passed from them, like a swift-winged hawk, that rises from a high precipitous rock, and darts through the plain in chase of a bird; even so Poseidon, shaker of the earth, passed from them. And the swift Ajax, son of Oileus, knew him the first; and soon he said to Telamonian Ajax—

“Ajax, verily some of the gods, who possess Olympus, puts on the semblance of the seer, and bids us fight beside the ships; for it is not Calchas, the diviner, the reader of omens; well did I mark, as he went from us, the goings of his legs behind and of his feet; the gods are easy to discern. And my own heart also within my breast is more eager for the battle and the fight, and my feet yearn beneath me, and my hands above.”

And Telamonian Ajax thus spoke back: “Even so do my hands untouchable yearn around my spear, and my heart burns, and my feet beneath carry me away; and I long to fight, my single self, with Priamid Hector in his vehemence.”

So spoke they, each to other, rejoicing in the spirit of war, which the god had put within them; and meanwhile the enfolder of the land cheered the Achæans behind, who were recovering themselves besides the ships; their limbs were loosed with grievous labour, and their hearts were woe, when they saw the Trojans, whose multitude had overpassed their mighty wall; when they looked upon them, the tears fell from their eyes; for they hoped not to escape from calamity. But the shaker of the earth went fleetly up and down, and cheered the steadfast ranks; to Teucer first he came with charge and to Leïtus, and warrior Peneleôs, and Thoas, and Deïpyrus, and Meriones, and Antilochus, proficients in the battle; to these he spake pressingly in winged words—

“Shame, shame, ye Argives, lusty in youth! Well do

I trust that ye will fight, and preserve our ships ; but if ye flinch from melancholy war, now is the day appeared when we shall be quelled beneath the Trojans. Wo's me, I see a marvel with mine eyes, a terrible thing, which never, I thought, should come to pass ; the Trojans assault our ships, who heretofore were like timorous hinds, that wander as cowards in the wood, and fight not, and become the food of jackals and leopards and wolves ; like them the Trojans until now would not encounter the might and the hands of the Achæans, no, not at all : and now far from the city they fight beside the hollow ships, because of the king's wrongdoing and the half-heartedness of the people ; they are at feud with him, and will not defend the swift-passing ships, but suffer themselves to be slain amongst them. But even if the warrior son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, be utterly to blame, in that he put slight upon fleet Pelides, not for that ought we to flinch from the war. Let us repair our fault ; the minds of the brave are exorable. But it beseems you not, you who are the bravest of all the army, to abate of martial might ; I would not trouble myself with a man, a paltry fellow, who flinched from the battle ; but with you I am wroth excessively. Cravens, your slackness soon will bring us yet more harm ; bethink you well of shame and honour ; for this is no petty broil : Hector, good at need, does battle by the ships valiantly, and hath burst the gates and the long bar."

So exhorted the encompasser of the land, and stirred the Achæans. And about the two Ajaces stood the steady ranks, which Ares himself might not review and blame, nor Athene, the inciter of the peoples : for there the chosen bravest awaited the Trojans and divine Hector, supporting spear with spear, and interlocking shield with shield ; target pressed on target, helmet on helmet, man on man ; and, as they bent their heads, the horse-plumed helmets touched with their bright crests ; so close they stood together ; and the long

X

*Book* spears bent, that were shaken by hardy hands ; and all their  
*XIII* desire was to fight onward.  
135—169

And the Trojans rushed forward in a mass, and Hector led the way unswervingly, like a round boulder from the crag, which a winter torrent, swollen with endless rain, urges down the steep, loosening the grip of the relentless stone ; it flies along, and bounds on high, and all the wood resounds beneath ; and it runs continually, until it comes to the flat ground, and then it rolls no longer, for all its speed ; like that did Hector threaten to drive through the booths and the ships of the Achæans, to the sea, slaying as he went ; but when he lighted on the serried ranks, he halted close against them ; and the sons of the Achæans faced him, and stabbed with swords and double-ended spears, and thrust him from them ; and he retired disordered ; and he shouted piercingly, and called upon the Trojans—

“Trojans, and Lycians, and close-countering Dardans, stand fast ; not long will the Achæans keep me back, although they range themselves in wall-like rank. Surely they shall retreat beneath my spear, if in truth the God of gods hath urged me on, the Thunderer, the lord of Hera.”

He said, and stirred their spirit and their mind. And Priamid Deïphobus walked amongst them, with high heart, and held before him his proportioned shield, stepping lightly on his feet, and moving forward all protected : and Meriones took aim at him with bright spear, and struck unerring in the rounded bull-hide shield ; but he drave not through, and the long spear brake in the shaft ; and Deïphobus held from him the bull-hide shield, fearing greatly the stroke of soldier Meriones ; and he retreated back among his own crew, in double indignation, because of his mishap, and because of his broken spear ; and he went toward the booths and the ships of the Achæans, to fetch a long spear, that was left in his booth.

And the others fought, with shout interminable ; and

Teucer, son of Telamon, first slew a man, spearman Imbrius, son of Mentor, rich in horses. He dwelt in Pédæum, before the sons of the Achæans came, and had to wife the love-born daughter of Priam, Mèdesicastê; but when the rounded ships of the Danaans came, he returned to Ilium, and was great among the Trojans, and dwelt with Priam, who honoured him as his own son. Him the son of Telamon stabbed beneath the ear with the long lance, and drew it out again; and he fell, like an ash-tree which the bronze cuts down upon the top of a conspicuous hill, and brings the tender leaves to the ground; so fell he, and his gay armour clanked about him. And Teucer sprang forward, eager to strip his harness; and Hector cast at him with bright spear as he sprang: but Teucer saw, and avoided the bronzen spear, by a little; but Amphimachus, the son of Cteatus, the son of Actor, was smitten in the breast as he came towards the war; with a clash he fell, and his armour clanked above him. And Hector sprang forward to snatch from the head of gallant Amphimachus the helmet that fitted his temples; and Ajax lunged at him with his bright spear; and he touched not his flesh, for he was covered about with appalling bronze; but he struck the boss of his shield, and thrust him back by main force; and he retreated from both the dead men, and the Achæans dragged them off. Stichius and divine Menestheus, leaders of the Athenians, bore off Amphimachus among the people of the Achæans; and the two Ajaces, eager with martial might, bore off Imbrius. As when two lions snatch a goat from the white-toothed dogs, and bear it away through the thick brushwood, grasping it in their jaws above the ground, so did the two panoplied Ajaces hold him aloft, and strip off his armour; and the son of Oileus struck his head from the tender neck, in anger for Amphimachus, and like a ball he bowled it through the throng; and it fell in the dust before Hector's feet.

And then Poseidon, the shaker of the ground, was wroth

*Book*  
*XIII*  
170—206

*Book*  
*XIII*  
207—241

exceedingly, because his grandson was fallen in the grim encounter; and he went along the booths and the ships of the Achæans, to cheer the Danaans, and bring mischief upon the Trojans. And there met him Idomeneus of the famous spear, coming from his esquire, who was but newly gone from the war, wounded with the sharp bronze behind the knee; his comrades bore him to the booth, and Idomeneus, having given charge to the leeches, was going to his own booth; for he was eager yet to meet the fight; and the prince, the shaker of the land, spake to him, like in voice to Thoas, son of Andræmon, who in all Pleuron and lofty Calydon ruled over the Aetolians, and the people honoured him as a god—

“Idomeneus, counsellor of the Cretans, where are now the threats, which the sons of the Achæans threatened against the Trojans?”

And thus replied Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans: “Thoas, no man is blameworthy, to my knowing; for all of us know battle well; nor doth coward terror hold any back, none yields to fear and shrinks from entering the evil war; but almightiest Cronion will have it so, that the Achæans perish here inglorious, far from Argos. And now, Thoas, for thou art ever steadfast thyself, and canst stir up another, when thou seest him lagging, desist not from thy well-doing, but exhort every man.”

And thus returned Poseidon, shaker of the ground: “Idomeneus, let not the man return home from Troyland, but let him become a sweet morsel for dogs, who willingly this day forbears the fight. Come, take thy arms, and follow me; let us labour together, and perchance, although we be but two, we may avail somewhat; even feeble folk are valiant, if they be brought together; but we two can hold our own with the brave.”

So said the god, and went again into the mellay; and when Idomeneus came to his builded booth, he drew his fair

armour upon him, and took two spears ; and he went forth like the lightning, which Cronion takes in his hand and shakes from flashing Olympus, and shows a sign to men ; and his lightning lightens abroad : so did the bronze blaze about his breast as he ran. And Meriones, his brave esquire, met him hard by the booth ; for he came to fetch himself the bronzen spear ; and thus spake the strength of Idomeneus—

*Book**XIII*

242—279

“Meriones, son of Molus, swift of foot, my friend of friends, why com'st thou, leaving the war and the engagement ? Art thou wounded, and in torment from point of weapon, or hast thou come with message to myself ? For my desire is not to sit within my booth, but to fight.”

And thus discreet Meriones replied : [“Idomeneus, counsellor of the bronzen-coated Cretans], I come to fetch me a spear, if there be any left in thy booth ; for that I had before I have broken in pieces, striking the shield of proud Deiphobus.”

And thus returned Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans : “Spears, if thou wilt, thou mayst find a score standing in my booth against the glittering front, Trojan spears, which I take from the slain ; for it is not my way to fight, standing at distance from my foes ; and therefore have I spears and bossy shields, and helmets, and cuirasses, beaming bright.”

And thus discreet Meriones replied : “I too have many a Trojan spoil in my booth and my black ship ; but they are far to fetch ; for I no more than thou forget my mettle, but stand among the foremost in the glorifying battle, when the strife of war is aroused ; some other of the bronzen-coated Achæans may be ignorant, but thou knowest my deeds full well.”

And thus returned Idomeneus, captain of the Cretans : “I know thy bravery ; why dost thou speak thus ? Were we now gathered, all the most valiant beside the ships, into an ambush ; there is man's mettle tried ; there is discerned the brave man, and the coward ; the countenance of the

X

*Book* coward changes from this to that, and he cannot control his  
*XIII* mind, and remain motionless, but changes knees, and shifts  
280—316 from leg to leg, and his heart beats hard within his breast, as  
he thinks of various deaths, and his teeth chatter in his head ;  
but the brave man's colour changes not, nor does he fear  
greatly, when he couches himself among the ambush of men,  
and he prays to mingle at once in the grim affray ; were we  
so mustered, no man might condemn thy courage or thy hand :  
for took'st thou hurt of stroke or shot in the affray, the  
wound would not fall on thy back or on thy neck behind,  
but would meet thee in breast or in body, pressing on to the  
encounter of the foremost. But come, let us stand no longer,  
talking like prattling children, lest some one wax indignant ;  
go to the booth, and get thyself a heavy spear."

He said, and Meriones, equal of rapid Ares, brought quickly from the booth a bronzen spear, and went after Idomeneus, intent on battle. And as when Ares, destroyer of men, goes to the war, and with him Defeat, his son, mighty and fearless, who can appal the staunchest combatant ; they arm themselves, and go from Thrace towards the wars of the Ephyrians, or of the gallant Phleggyans ; and they listen not equally to either side, but give the victory to these or those ; with no less majesty did Meriones and Idomeneus, captains of men, move to the war, armoured in bright bronze ; and of the twain Meriones spoke first—

"Son of Deucalion, where wilt thou approach the throng? upon the right of all the army, or in the midst, or on the left hand? for not elsewhere, I fear me, are the long-haired Achæans so lacking in the battle."

And thus replied Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans :  
"Among the midmost ships there be other defenders ; the two Ajaces, and Teucer, archer best of all the Achæans, and good also in the planted fight ; they will fill the hands of Priamid Hector, for all his eagerness, and for all his mightiness ; not lightly, though he be so hot to fight, shall he



overcome their spirit and their hands untouchable, and set the ships afire, unless the son of Cronus himself shall cast a blazing brand among the swift ships. But not to man will great Telamonian Ajax yield, to mortal man, who eats Dêmêter's bread, who can be pierced with bronze, or crushed with stone; nay, not to Achilles, the slayer, will he yield, hand to hand; but with Achilles' feet none may contend. And as for us two, keep towards the left of the army, that we may quickly know whether we shall give a glory, or obtain it ourselves."

Book  
XIII  
317-355

He said, and Meriones, equal of fleet-foot Ares, drove on until he came to the army, where he bade him.

And when the Trojans saw Idomeneus, mighty as a flame, himself and his esquire, in their rich-wrought arms, they called to each other amid the throng, and came against him all at once; and the fight stood balanced underneath the poops. And as when the winds blow loud, and the squalls come fast, in a day when the roads are full of dust, and the winds whirl it up in a great cloud, so merged their battle; and they were hot to slay each other in the throng with the sharp bronze. And the life-taking battle bristled with long spears, tearers of flesh; and eyes were dazzled with the bronzen gleam from glittering helmets, and new-burnished corslets, and flashing shields, as the men encountered: bold were he who could rejoice to see that battle undismayed.

So the two mighty sons of Cronus, opposed in purpose, prepared sore labour for warrior men. Zeus sought victory for the Trojans and Hector, and would exalt Achilles, swift of foot; but he wished not that the Achæan people should wholly perish before Ilium, though he favoured Thetis and her mighty son. And Poseidon again came among the Argives, and stirred them, gliding clandestine from the sprayey sea; for it irked him that the Trojans should have the better, and he was wroth with Zeus exceedingly. Both were of one descent and of one race, but Zeus was elder born and wiser

*Book* far ; wherefore the other would not give his succour openly,  
*XIII* but stirred the army up in secret, in the likeness of a man.  
356—390 And thus they drew from side to side and stretched the rope  
of vehement strife and balanced war [the rope which may  
not be undone nor broken, which looses the knees of many].

And then Idomeneus of the grizzling hair called to the Danaans, and leapt upon the Trojans, and turned them ; for he slew Othryoneus, whose home was in Cabêsus ; he had come but newly, because of the bruit of the war, and sought in marriage the fairest of Priam's daughters, Cassandra, without a dower, and he promised a mighty deed, that he would repel the sons of the Achæans from Troy, would they or no ; and aged Priam promised and consented to give her ; and he fought on that assurance. And Idomeneus took aim at him with bright spear, and struck him happily as he strode on tiptoe ; and the bronzen corslet that he wore defended him not, and the spear was planted in his belly. With a crash he fell ; and the other spake in exultation—

“Othryoneus, I praise thee above all men, if thou fulfil thy covenant with Dardanid Priam, because of which he promised thee his daughter. We too would gladly covenant with thee and fulfil, and fetch from Argos the fairest of Atride's daughters to thy wife, wouldst thou make cause with us, and take the goodly town of Ilium. Come with me to the sea-passing ships, and let us hold conference of marriage, and we will deal liberally with thee.”

So spake warrior Idomeneus, and dragged him by the foot through the hot encounter ; and Asius came to rescue his friend, on foot before his horses ; they breathed upon his shoulders, ever guided by the charioteer ; and he was eager to strike Idomeneus ; but he prevented him, and struck him with the spear in the throat beneath the chin, and drove the weapon through. And he fell, as an oak falls, or a black poplar, or a tall pine, which woodmen in the mountains cut down with new-grinded axes to be a ship-timber ; so with a

roar he fell along before horses and chariot, clutching the bloody dust. And the startled charioteer lost all his wits ; he found not heart to turn about the horses, and so avoid the hands of enemies ; and steadfast Antilochus pinned him through the middle with his spear ; and the bronzen corslet, which he wore, defended him not, but the spear was planted in his body. And with a gasp he fell from the firm-wrought car ; and Antilochus, son of magnanimous Nestor, drove the horses from the Trojans amid the well-greaved Achæans.

And Deïphobus, in grief for Asius, drew near to Idomeneus, and darted a bright spear ; but Idomeneus saw, and avoided the bronzen head ; for he covered himself with the rounded shield, bound about with hides of oxen and beaming bronze, bearing two arm-rods ; beneath that he gathered himself, and the bronzen spear glided away, but rough was the ring of the impinging spear ; nor flew it vainly from the heavy hand, but struck the son of Hippasus, Hypsénor, shepherd of the people, in the liver beneath the midriff ; and at once his limbs were loosed : and Deïphobus shouted afar with grim exultation—

“Not unavenged lies Asius ; although he pass to the house of Hades, the mighty jailer, yet shall he rejoice, because I have given him a companion.”

He spake, and grieved the Argives by his boast, and most of all the mind of valiant Antilochus ; but not in his grief did he neglect his companion, but ran, and bestrode him, and covered him with his shield. And two companions true gat beneath him, Mêkisteus, son of Echius, and noble Alastor, and groaning deep they bore him to the hollow ships.

And Idomeneus paused not from his fierce attack, for he was hot, either to wrap some Trojan in black night, or himself to fall repelling harm from the Achæans ; so fell he on the son of heaven-bred Aesyêtes, warrior Alcathous, the marriage-son of Anchises ; he had to wife the eldest of his daughters, Hippodameia, whom her father and her lady

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*Book* mother loved above all others in their hall, because she  
*XIII* excelled all of her years in beauty and discretion and accom-  
430—466 plishment; and therefore was she wedded by the prime  
of men in broad Troy. But him Poseidon did to death be-  
neath the spear of Idomeneus; he dazed his bright eyes,  
and numbed his radiant limbs; he could not flee, nor yet  
avoid the spear, but stood fixed like a monument-stone or a  
high-leaved tree, and warrior Idomeneus stabbed him with  
the spear in mid-breast, and rent the bronzen coat about  
his flesh, which ever guarded him from death before;  
and harsh it rang around the shattering spear. With a  
clash he fell, and the spear stood planted in his heart, and  
the palpitations shook the butt, until ponderous Ares took  
away the lance's force. And Idomeneus shouted afar in  
grim exultation—

“Deiphobus, fair sir, shall we call it quits, when three are  
slain for one? if we must give boast for boast. Come now  
thyself, and stand up to me, and know what manner of man  
I am who am come hither, one of the seed of Zeus. Zeus  
first begat Minos, Crete's high president; and Minos had to  
his son the blameless Deucalion; and Deucalion begat me, a  
king of many men in spacious Crete; and now my ships have  
brought me hither, a bane to thee, and to thy father, and to  
all the Trojans.”

He said, and Deiphobus was divided in his mind, whether  
to fall back, and take to himself some fellow-venturer of the  
gallant Trojans, or make attempt himself; and as he pondered,  
thus he thought it best, to go seek Aeneas; and he found him  
standing on the battle's verge; for he was ever wroth with  
divine Priam, because he honoured him not, though valiant  
among men; and he stood near, and spake in winged  
words—

“Aeneas, counsellor of the Trojans, now must thou succour  
thy marriage-brother, if thought of affinity touch thee; come  
with me, let us rescue Alcatheus, thy sister's husband, who

reared thee yet a stripling in his hall ; for Idomeneus of the famous spear hath slain him."

He said, and stirred the spirit in his breast ; and he went towards Idomeneus, war in all his thoughts. But fear came not on Idomeneus, as on one gently reared ; he stood as a boar amid the mountains in a solitary place, whose trust is in his strength ; he awaits the oncoming hue-and-cry of men, and bristles up his back, and his eyes flash with fire, and he whets his tusks, ready to guard himself from dogs and men ; so stood Idomeneus of the famous spear, and gave not way before the succour of Aeneas ; but he cried on his companions, whom he saw, Ascalaphus, and Aphareus, and Deïpyrus, and Meriones, and Antilochus, adepts in battle ; on these he called, and spake with winged words—

"Come hither, friends, support my single arm ; greatly I fear Aeneas, who approaches, swift of foot, a very valiant slayer in the battle ; and he has the flower of youth, and the fulness of strength ; yet were we of one age, and my courage as it is, soon should he yield a victory, or obtain it."

He said, and all with one concordant soul stood side by side, leaning their shields upon their shoulders. And Aeneas on the other part called to his companions, whom he saw, Deïphobus and Paris and divine Agênor, commanders of the Trojans with himself ; and the people followed behind, as sheep follow the ram, when they come from the pasture to drink, and the shepherd's heart is proud ; so did Aeneas' heart rejoice within him, when he saw the company of the people following.

Then round Alcathous they dashed upon each other hand to hand with long spears ; and dreadful was the ring of bronze on breast as they aimed at each other in the press ; and above all the rest two mighty men, Aeneas and Idomeneus, equals of Ares, longed to rend each other's flesh with the ruthless bronze. And Aeneas first cast at Idomeneus ; but he saw and avoided the bronzen spear, and it passed by and

*Book* stuck in the earth quivering, and flew harmless from his  
*XIII* mighty hand. Then Idomeneus struck Oenomaüs in mid  
505—541 body, and burst his corslet's hollow, and the bronze tore  
through his vitals, and he clutched the ground in his palm.  
And Idomeneus drew the long-shadowed spear from the dead  
man; but he might not take the fair arms from his shoulders,  
so was he overborne with spears; for the joints of his feet  
were no longer firm in the onset, nor might he rush after  
his cast or avoid that of another; therefore in the standing  
fight he warded off the day of doom, but in flight his feet no  
longer nimbly bare him out of the battle. And as he retreated,  
step by step, Deïphobus cast at him a glancing spear; for he  
was wroth implacably; and once again he missed him, but  
smote Ascalaphus, son of Enyalius, and the heavy spear went  
through his shoulder; and he fell in the dust, and clutched  
the ground in his palm. But ponderous loud-throated Ares  
wist not yet that his son was fallen in the fierce encounter;  
but on topmost Olympus, under clouds of gold, he sat  
restrained by the will of Zeus, among the other deathless  
gods; for all were debarred the battle.

And again they closed together about Ascalaphus:  
Deïphobus snatched away the shining helmet, but Meriones,  
equal of fleet-foot Ares, leapt on him, and struck him on the  
arm with the spear, and the socketed helm fell ringing from  
his hand upon the ground; and once again Meriones leapt on,  
like a vulture, and drew the heavy spear from his upper arm,  
and retreated among his own people. And the other Polites,  
his brother-german, conducted from the rough-sounding war,  
stretching his arms around him, until he came to the swift  
steeds, which stood behind the battle and the war, with the  
charioteer and the inlaid chariot; and they bore him to the  
city, groaning deep in his anguish; and the blood ran down  
from the fresh-wounded arm.

But the others fought, and the shouting was not quenched;  
and Aeneas, bounding forward, struck with the sharp spear

Aphareus, Calëtor's son, as he looked towards him, in the throat, and his head fell back, but helmet and shield clung to him, and life-severing death encompassed him. And Antilochus waited his time, and sprang on Thoön, as he turned his back, and gashed away the vein that runs along the back up to the neck ; that gashed he quite away ; and Thoön fell supine in the dust, stretching out his hands to his friends. And Antilochus sprang forward, and began to take the armour from his shoulders, looking round the while ; for the Trojans encircled him, and struck at the broad gay shield from this side and from that ; but they could not turn his guard, or scathe the tender flesh ; for Poseidon, the shaker of the earth, guarded him amid their many strokes. Never was he free from enemies, but in their very midst ; nor did his spear stand still, but shook and writhed ; and he meditated either to make a cast, or close and thrust.

But as he went about to make his cast, he escaped not the view of Adamas, son of Asius, who ran up near and struck him in mid shield with the sharp bronze ; but dark-haired Poseidon grudged him the life he sought, and bated the force of the point ; and one half the spear stuck fast in the shield of Antilochus, like an old outburnt brand, and half fell upon the ground ; and Adamas retreated towards his companions, avoiding fate ; but Meriones followed as he went, and struck him with the spear between the man and the navel, where most of all is Ares cruel to miserable men ; there planted he the spear ; but the other, borne on by the stroke, panted, as a bull pants, whom herdsmen in the mountains bind with ropes against his will, and lead away ; so panted he a little while, not long, until warrior Meriones came near, and drew the spear from the flesh ; and darkness covered his eyes.

And Helenus in close encounter struck Deïpyrus on the temple with a great Thracian sword, and burst his helmet ; and dashed away it fell upon the ground, and some Achæan

Book  
XIII  
542—578

X

*Book* lifted it, as it rolled among the feet of the fighters ; and black  
*XIII* night came down upon his eyes.

579—616

X

But grief seized upon the son of Atreus, Menelaus good at need ; and he went forth full of menace against Helenus the prince, shaking a sharp spear ; and the other grasped his bow, and drew. At once together the one made ready to cast the beechen spear, and the other to shoot an arrow from the string ; and first the son of Priam struck the corslet's hollow on the breast, but the sharp arrow glanced away ; and as in a great thrashing-floor the black-coated beans or the vetches leap from the broad fan, impelled by the whistling wind and the sweep of the winnower's arm ; so was the sharp arrow dashed far away from the corslet of glorious Menelaus. But the son of Atreus, Menelaus, good at need, pinned him through the bow-hand ; right through the hand went the bronzen spear into the bow itself ; and he retreated back to his companions, avoiding death, with his hand hanging, and the ashen spear trailing behind ; and gallant Agênor, shepherd of the people, drew the head from the wound, and bound up the hand with a strip of twisted wool from a sling, which he had from his esquire.

And Peisander advanced upon illustrious Menelaus ; but an evil fate conducted him to final death, to be slain by thee, Menelaus, in the terrible encounter. And when they were come near together, Atrides missed, and his spear turned aside ; and Peisander lunged at the shield of illustrious Menelaus, but could not drive the spear-head through ; for the broad shield stopped the spear, and the head broke off by the socket ; yet he rejoiced in his heart and hoped for victory. Then Atrides drew his silver-studded sword, and sprang on Peisander ; and he drew from beneath his shield a goodly axe of fine bronze, set on a helve of olive, long and polished ; and at once they attacked each other. Peisander struck the crest of the horse-plumed helmet, beside the very plume ; but the other struck him in the face above the nose ; and the bones



crashed, and his blood-stained eyes fell down before his feet in the dust. He bowed himself and fell, and Menelaus set his foot upon his breast, and spoiled his arms, and spake a word of pride—

*Book  
XIII  
617—652*

“Thus shall ye leave the ships of the swift-steeded Danaans, ye overweening Trojans, insatiate of grim combat. Never are ye found wanting in outrage and in shamefulness, wherewith ye have outraged me, ye evil dogs, not fearing the sharp wrath of Zeus the Thunderer, the lord of hospitality, who some day will lay low your lofty town: wickedly ye took away my wedded wife, and much possession beside, for ye had entertainment at her hands; and now ye seek to throw destroying fire among the sea-passing ships, and slay the warrior Achæans; but ye shall be stopped, for all your eagerness. Father Zeus, they say that thou art the most wise, of men and gods; and all these things are from thee. How dost thou favour the insolent Trojans, whose mind is ever untractable, nor can they satisfy themselves with the contention of the balanced war? Of all things there is satiety, of sleep, and endearment, and the sweet song, and the deft dance, with which things a man would satisfy himself rather than with war; but the Trojans are insatiate of battle.”

So spake blameless Menelaus, and stripped the bloody arms from the body, and gave them to his men, and himself returned again, and mingled among the foremost.

Then leapt upon him the son of Pylæmenes the king, Harpalion, who followed his father to Troy, to see the war, but he returned not to the land of his fathers. He came near, and lunged at the mid shield of Atrides, but he could not drive the spear-head through, and he retreated back to his own company, avoiding fate, looking round and round, lest any should wound his fair flesh: but as he went, Meriones shot a bronzen-headed arrow, and struck him on the right hip, and the arrow went through beneath the bone into the

*Book* bladder; and he crouched down, gasping out his life among  
*XIII* the hands of his friends, spread like a worm upon the ground;  
653—689 and the black blood ran down, and wetted the ground. And  
the gallant Paphlagonians were busy about him, and lifted  
him upon a chariot, and brought him to sacred Ilium, lament-  
ing; and among them went his father, shedding tears; but he  
had no reprisal for his dead son.

But Paris was very wroth, because he was slain; for  
he was his friend among many Paphlagonians; and in his  
anger he shot a bronze-tipped arrow. And there was one  
Euchênor, a son of Polyîdus, a seer, a man rich and brave,  
whose dwelling was in Corinth, who embarked upon his ship,  
not ignorant of deadly fate to be; for often his old father,  
good Polyîdus, told him that he should either perish in his  
hall by miserable disease, or be slain by the Trojans among  
the ships of the Achæans: wherefore he avoided the heavy  
mult of the Achæans, and the melancholy disease and  
lingering pain. Him Paris struck beneath the jaw and  
beneath the ear, and speedily the life went from the limbs,  
and dismal darkness took him.

So on they fought, like flaming fire; but Hector wist not,  
nor was he told, that his people were defeated by the Argives  
on the left hand of the ships; and soon would the Achæans  
have gotten the glory; so did the encompasser of the earth,  
the shaker of the land, encourage the Argives, and himself  
fight mightily;—but he stood, where first he had leapt  
through wall and gate, and burst the close ranks of the  
shielded Danaans, where the ships of Ajax and of Protesilaus  
were drawn up on the shore of the gray sea; and above them  
the wall ran at the lowest, and there horses and men might  
most press on.

And there the Bœotians, and the long-coated Ionians, and  
the Locrians, and the Phthians, and the bright Epeians,  
sought eagerly to keep back from the ships the assault of  
divine Hector, fierce as a flame, but could not repel him. Ionian

were the chosen first of the Athenians, their leader Menestheus, son of Peteôs, and with him came Pheidias and Stichius and Bias ; and the Epeians were led by Phyleides and Meges and Amphion and Dracius ; and over the Phthians was Medon and Podarces, bearer of the battle. And Medon was the bastard son of divine Oileus, and brother of Ajax ; but he dwelt in Phylacê, far from his fatherland, because he had slain a man, the brother of his stepmother Eriôpis, the wife of Oileus ; and Podarces was son of Iphiclus, the son of Phylacus ; these in their armour, in defence of the ships, commanded the gallant Phthians, and fought with the Bœotians.

But Ajax, the swift son of Oileus, no longer moved from Telamonian Ajax, no, not a step : but, as two brown oxen in a fallow tug at the firm-framed plough with equal strength, and the abundant sweat oozes out about the roots of their horns, and only the polished yoke divides them as they labour in the furrow, and the plough cuts through to the field-end ; so stood they stationary side by side. And companions many and brave followed the son of Telamon, and relieved him of his shield, when sweat and weariness might come upon his knees ; but the Locrians followed not the great-hearted son of Oileus, for it was not their way to stand and fight in close fight ; they had not brazen horse-plumed helmets, nor rounded shields, nor spears of ash ; but they came to Ilium, putting trust in their bows, and in their fleecy slings of twisted wool ; with these they shot continually, and battered the lines of the Trojans. But the others in front, in their rich-wrought armour, fought with the Trojans and with bronze-clad Hector, and covered the Locrians, who shot behind ; and the Trojans no longer remembered how to fight, for they were confounded by the arrows.

Then had the Trojans retreated in sorry plight from the ships and from the booths to windy Ilium, had not Polydamas drawn near, and spoken to bold Hector—

“ Hector, thou art obstinate, and listenest not to counsel.

Book  
XIII  
690—726

Book  
XIII  
727—766

Because heaven hath given thee the works of war, thou wouldst be also the wisest in counsel; but thou canst not compass all, thy single self. To one man heaven assigns the works of war, and to another Zeus, the Thunderer afar, imparts discretion within, whereby many men are profited, and many are preserved, and most of all himself knows his own wisdom. But I will tell thee what I think the best; all round thee blazes, see, the circle of war; and the gallant Trojans, now that they have passed the wall, are standing, some of them, apart in their armour, and some are fighting, scattered up and down the ships, fewer with more: therefore fall thou back, and summon all the champions, and then let us consider the whole matter, whether we shall again assault the benched ships, if heaven will give us the better, or whether we shall draw off before we come to harm, for I fear much lest the Achæans pay back their debt of yesterday; they have yet beside the ships a man insatiate of war, and no longer, I deem, will he refrain himself from the battle."

So spake Polydamas, and the cautious counsel pleased Hector well; and he spake in winged words—

"Polydamas, do thou detain here all the champions, and I will go yonder and encounter the war; but I will come again speedily, when I have given them their charge."

He said, and went, with a cry, bright as a snowy mountain; and he flew through Trojans and through allies. And all hurried towards the son of Panthûs, gracious Polydamas, when they had heard the voice of Hector. And he went up and down the foremost, seeking if he might find Deiphobus, and the might of princely Helenus, and Adamas, the son of Asius, and Asius, son of Hyrtacus: but death and disaster had been among them, and some had lost their lives at the hands of the Argives, and lay beside the poops; and some were within the wall, wounded with cast or thrust. But one man he found speedily upon the left of the lamentable battle, divine Alexander, husband of Helen of the lovely hair,

encouraging his men, and urging them to fight. And he stood near, and spake injurious words—

*Book  
XIII  
767—803*

“Paris, thou evil Paris, amorous beguiler of women, where is Deiphobus, and the might of Helenus the prince, and Adamas, son of Asius, and Asius, son of Hyrtacus? and where is Othryoneus? Now is lofty Ilium ruined altogether; now art thou sure of death downright.”

And thus made answer Alexander of feature divine: “Hector, it is thy humour to blame the blameless; some other day I may withdraw from the battle, but not now; for I am no coward from my mother’s womb. Ever since thou didst set thy followers to fight beside the ships, we have been here, dealing with the Danaans continually; and the friends are slain whom thou requirest. Only Deiphobus and the might of princely Helenus are gone away, stricken with long spears in the hand, but Cronion guarded them from death. And now lead on, where thy heart and soul bid thee, and we will follow thee zealously, nor shall we be found wanting in might, according to our ability; for no man, however eager, can do battle beyond his ability.”

So spake the warrior, and pacified his brother. And they advanced, where most was fight and fray, about Cebriones, and blameless Polydamas, Phalces, and Orthæus, and godlike Polyphêtes, and Palmys, and Ascanius, and Morys, son of Hippotion, who came from loamy Ascania to relieve their fellows the previous morn; and now Zeus urged them on war. And they went, no less terrible than the squall of the dangerous winds, which descends to the plain beneath the thunder of Zeus the Father, and mingles boisterous with the clamouring deeps; and up rise the brawling waves of the much-murmuring sea, hollow curves, foam-crested, some before, and others following; so did the Trojans, glittering in bronze, follow their leaders, some posted before and some behind; and Priamid Hector went the foremost, peer of destroying Ares; he held before him his proportioned shield, thick with

*Book* bull-hide, and plated with hammered bronze, and on his  
*XIII* temples sat his bright helmet with the tossing plume. And  
804—end round and round he tried the ranks, stepping forward, to see  
if they would give ground when he advanced under shield;  
but he dismayed not the mind of the Argives. And Ajax  
strode a long stride, and challenged him the first—

“Fair sir, draw near; why seekest thou merely to scare the Argives? We know well how to fight, but we are subdued by the sharp scourge of Zeus. Doubtless thy hope is to despoil the ships; but we also have hands to defend them: much more like is your goodly city to be taken and plundered by ourselves: and I promise thee to be near, when thou shalt flee, and pray to Zeus, the Father, and all the immortals, that thy beautiful-maned horses may be fleetier than hawks, and press across the plain, and bear thee to the city.”

While thus he spoke, there flew forth on his right hand a prosperous omen, a high-flighted eagle; and the people of the Achæans shouted aloud, emboldened by the bird; and radiant Hector made answer—

“Ajax, thou witless-worded, thou braggart, what words are these? Would it were as true that I were for ever the son of ægis-bearing Zeus, and born of lady Hera, and honoured as Athene is honoured, and Apollo, as it is true that this day brings evil upon all the Argives; and thou thyself shalt be slain among them, if thou have the courage to abide my long spear, which shall bite thy lily skin; thou shalt fall by the ships of the Achæans, and thy fat and flesh shall glut the Trojan dogs and the fowls of heaven.”

He said, and led the way; and they followed after him with noise and hubbub, and the people shouted loud behind. And the Achæans on the other part shouted loud, and forgot not might, but abided the charge of the Trojan champions; and the clamour of them both reached up to æther and the gleams of Zeus.

## BOOK XIV

### THE DECEIVING OF ZEUS

NOR did Nestor not hear the shouting, as he sat at the wine ; and he spake to the son of Asclepius in winged words—

*Book*  
*XIV*  
1—27

“Take counsel with thyself, noble Machaon, what thou wilt do ; the crying of the young men waxes louder beside the ships. Sit thou here and drink the sparkling wine until Hecamêdê of the lovely hair heat thee a bath, and wash away the clotted blood ; and I will look forth and see what is toward.”

He said, and took the well-wrought shield of his son, which lay in the booth, the shield of horse-controlling Thrasymêdes, glittering with bronze ; and he had the shield of his father. And Nestor took a strong spear, pointed with sharp bronze ; and he stood at the booth door, and saw the ghastly sight, these driven along, and those driving them behind, the proud Trojans, and the wall of the Achæans overthrown. And as when the sea works heavily with dumb-swell, and awaits the impetuous comings of the loud winds, ere yet some settled breeze comes down from Zeus ; so mused the old man, with divided mind, whether he should join the company of the swift-steeded Danaans, or seek Atride Agamemnon, shepherd of the people ; and as he pondered, thus he thought it best, to go to Atrides. And they fought on, and slew one another ; and the unwearying bronze clanked about their flesh, as they stabbed each other with swords and double-pointed spears.

X *Book*  
*XIV*  
28—65

And there met Nestor the heaven-bred kings who had been wounded, coming from the ships, Tydides, and Odysseus, and Atride Agamemnon; for their ships were drawn up far away from the battle on the shore of the gray sea; these ships first had the Achæans drawn up upon the land, and built a wall before the sterns: for the beach, broad though it was, could not contain all the vessels, and the people had no room; therefore they drew up the ships row behind row, and filled all the great opening of the shore which the capes enclosed. And now the kings came all together, leaning upon their spears, yearning to see the combat and the war; and their hearts were sore within them. And the old man met them, Nestor, and made their hearts to sink within them, and princely Agamemnon spake to him—

“Nestor, son of Neleus, thou glory of the Achæans, why com’st thou hither, leaving the destroying war? I fear lest ponderous Hector keep his word, his threat which once he spake among the Trojans, that he would not return from the ships to Ilium, before he had burned them with fire, and slain ourselves. Such were his words; and now they come to fulfilment. Alas, and the other well-greaved Achæans cherish anger against me, no less than Achilles, and they will not fight beside the poops.”

Then answered him Gerenian horseman Nestor: “What now is done is done, and Zeus, the Thunderer on high, himself could not frame it otherwise: the wall is overthrown, which we trusted should be a sure munition for our ships and ourselves; and the Trojans maintain interminable battle beside the swift ships; and look thou never so closely, thou canst not discern which way the Achæans are driven in their confusion; so intermingled is the slaying, and the shouting reaches up to heaven. Now let us consider, what shall be done, and whether judgment may avail; but the war we must not enter; for a wounded man is useless there.”

And then returned Agamemnon, king of men: “Nestor,



since the fighting is beside the poops, and the well-built wall and the ditch defend us no longer, which the Danaans builded with sore labour, hoping that they should be a sure munition for themselves and their ships, deem it the pleasure of almightiest Zeus that the Achæans should perish here inglorious far from Argos. I knew before, when he was kind to protect the Danaans, and I know now, that he glorifies the Trojans like as the blessed gods, and binds fast our strength and our hands. But come now, do we all as I shall tell you; let us put hand on the ships that are nearest the water, and draw them down to the divine sea, and moor them, floating, to their anchor-stones, until immortal night come, if haply the Trojans draw off from the battle here; and then we may drag down all the ships. It is no shame to flee from disaster, though it be by night; better to flee, and escape from evil, than to be overtaken."

And sagacious Odysseus bent his brows, and spake: "Atrides, what word hath slipped the fence of thy teeth? Pernicious, would thou hadst been the captain of some pitiful band, and not the general of us, whom Zeus hath appointed from youth even to old age to wage miserable war, until each soul of us perish. Art thou so eager to leave Troy of the broad streets, because of which we suffer evil and misery? Be silent, lest some Achæan hear this word, which should not have passed the mouth of any who could think right, and speak conveniently, —and bare the sceptre, and had the obedience of so many men as are the Argives, among whom thou rulest; wherefore I wholly reprehend thy words. Now that the war is joined, and the battle stands, thou wouldst have us draw our benched ships to the sea, that the Trojans may have their wish to the full, who overcome us already, and death downright descend upon us: for the Achæans will not maintain the war, when the ships are moving to the sea; they will look over their shoulders, and edge themselves out of the battle; then shall thy counsel be our destruction, thou first of the people."

*Book*  
*XIV*  
103—140

Then answered Agamemnon, king of men : "Odysseus, thou hast galled my soul with harsh reproof ; but I would not have the sons of the Achæans draw down the benched ships to the sea against their will ; come who may, young or old, who can give a better counsel ; he shall be welcome."

And then spake Diomedes, good at need : "The man is near ; we need not search long ; if ye will be ruled, and not be wrathful or jealous, because in age I am the youngest of you : but I also style myself son of a noble father, of Tydeus, whom in Thebes the mounded earth covers ; for to Portheus were born three blameless sons, and they dwelt in Pleuron and in lofty Calydon, Agrius and Melas, and the third was horseman Oeneus, my father's father ; and he excelled his brethren. And he dwelt in Pleuron, but my father wandered, and dwelt in Argos ; such was the will of Zeus and all the gods ; and he married a daughter of Adrastus, and dwelt in a house of rich abundance, and many a fertile field of wheat was his, and many an orchard stood about his hall, and he had sheep very many ; and he excelled all the Achæans with the spear ; ye have heard, and know if I speak true. Wherefore think me not low-born, or of coward race, nor slight the word in season which I speak. Let us go towards the war, wounded though we be, since needs must ; but let us keep apart from the combat out of shot, lest we come by wound upon wound ; let us encourage the others, and send them into the battle, who now indulge themselves, and stand apart inactive."

He said, and they heard and consented ; they went forward, and Agamemnon, king of men, was first.

But the famous shaker of the earth kept not blind watch ; he followed after them in the likeness of an aged man, and took the right hand of Atride Agamemnon, and spake to him in winged words—

"Atrides, now the cruel heart of Achilles rejoices in his breast, as he looks upon the slaughter and the flight of the

Achæans, for he is insensate wholly ; perdition on him, and the blighting hand of heaven ! But with thee the blessed gods are not wholly wroth ; yet a while, and the chiefs and captains of the Trojans shall hurry across the plain, and thyself shall see them fleeing to the city from the ships and from the booths."

*Book*  
*XIV*  
141—180

He said, and hastened into the plain, and cried aloud ; as loud as is the cry of nine thousand or of ten thousand men in battle, when they join in the strife of Ares ; so loud was the voice that came from the breast of the prince, the shaker of the ground ; and he put strength in the heart of all the Achæans, to fight and combat without ceasing.

And Hera of the golden chair looked and saw him, where she stood upon a jutting rock of Olympus ; and at once she knew him, as he laboured in the glorious battle, her brother both by marriage and by birth, and her heart rejoiced ; and she saw Zeus sitting on the topmost top of many-fountained Ida, and he was hateful to her. And then broad-eyed lady Hera considered with herself how she might befool the mind of ægis-bearing Zeus ; and as she mused, this seemed the likeliest way ; to array herself bravely, and go to Ida, and see if he would be moved by love, and lie beside her, that she might shed upon his eyes and upon his wise mind the warm refreshing sleep. And she went to her chamber, which her own son had builded, Hephæstus, and had hung strong doors upon the posts, closed with a secret bolt, which no other of the gods might open. She entered in, and shut the bright valves ; and first she cleansed her lovely skin with ambrosia, and anointed herself with ambrosial oil, pleasant and perfumed ; when that was handled in the house of Zeus, the fragrance reached at once to earth and heaven ; with that she anointed her fair skin, and combed her locks, and plaited them in bright tresses, that hung in beauty from her immortal head ; and she put on a celestial garment, the smooth and careful weaving of Athene, rich with much embroidery ; and it was buckled on the breast

✓

BOOK  
XIV  
181—218

with golden brooches. And she put on a girdle, hung with a hundred tassels ; and she put earrings in her fine-pierced ears, sparkling, with three pendants, flashing with beauty ; and the divine of goddesses covered her head with a veil, new-wrought, beautiful, resplendent as the sun ; and beneath her bright feet she bound fair sandals. And when she had made an end of her adornment, she issued from her chamber, and called Aphrodite apart from the other gods, and said—

“ My child, wilt thou consent and grant my wish ? Or wilt thou refuse in thine indignation ; because thou helpest the Trojans, and I the Danaans ? ”

Then answered her the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite : “ Hera, august of goddesses, daughter of great Cronus, speak thy pleasure ; and my heart bids me do the thing, if I can do, and if it may be done.”

Then answered lady Hera wilily : “ Give me that love and longing wherewith thou subduest immortal gods and mortal men ; for I go towards the bounds of many-nourishing earth, to visit Ocean, progenitor of the gods, and our mother Têthys, who reared me in their hall and fostered me, and took me from the hand of Rhea, when Zeus, the thunderer afar, thrust down Cronus to dwell beneath the earth and the unresting sea ; them I go to visit, and make an end of their perpetual quarrel ; for long have they been separated because of mutual anger ; and if I can persuade them by my words, and bring them back to love and union, ever should I be called of them dear and honoured.”

Then answered Aphrodite, who loves the smile : “ I may, I must not, disregard thy word ; for thou sleepest in the arms of Zeus the supreme.”

She said, and undid from her bosom the gay embroidered band, the cestus, wherein there lay allurements manifold ; there was love, and longing, and amorous talk, seducement that can steal away the wise man’s wit ; and she put it in her mother’s hands, and spake a word, and said her say—

"Take, lay in thy bosom the gay band, with all that it contains ; certainly thou shalt not return disappointed of thy purpose."

Book

XIV

219—258

Thus she spake, and broad-eyed lady Hera smiled, and took the band, and laid it in her bosom. Then the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, went to her house. And Hera darted forth leaving the crag of Olympus ; over Pieria passed she, and lovely Emathia, and hastened towards the snowy mountains of the horsemen Thracians, the topmost tops ; and she touched not the ground with her feet ; and from Athos she stepped upon the foamy sea, and came to Lemnos, city of divine Thoas ; and there she met with Sleep, the brother of Death ; and she clasped his hand, and spake a word, and said her say—

"Sleep, lord of all men and of all the gods, if ever thou didst listen to my asking, listen now, and I will be thy debtor evermore. Shut up the bright eyes of Zeus beneath his brows, when I have laid myself down beside him ; and I will give thee for thy gift a beautiful chair of gold imperishable, and my son Hephæstus shall work it with his ambidexter arms, and put a stool beneath, on which thou mayest set thy bright feet when thou makest merry."

And unawakening Sleep spoke back in answer : "Hera, goddess august, daughter of great Cronus, it were a light thing to put to sleep any other of the sempiternal gods, yea, even the streams of Ocean, the river, the progenitor of us all ; but I may not approach Zeus, the son of Cronus, or put him to sleep, unless he bid me himself. Before now I have been taught not to obey thy bidding, in that day when the high-hearted son of Zeus sailed from Ilium, after he had despoiled the city of the Trojans : I laid to rest the mind of ægis-bearing Zeus, diffused around him pleasantly ; but thou didst meditate evil against Heracles, and send upon the sea the blasts of the dangerous winds, and carry him away to goodly Cos, apart from all his friends ; and Zeus awoke in indignation, and flung the gods hither and thither about the hall, and most of all he sought

X

*Book* me; then had he cast me from æther into the sea, and I had  
*XIV* been known no more, had not Night preserved me, who sub-  
259—295 dues both gods and men; to her I fled for refuge, and he  
paused in his wrath; for he cared not to do displeasure to  
swift Night: and now thou biddest me do as madly again."

Then broad-eyed lady Hera answered him: "Sleep, why dost thou trouble thyself about these matters? Thinkest thou that Zeus, the thunderer afar, will be so much in haste to help the Trojans, as he was much in anger because of Heracles, his own son? See now, I will give thee one of the youthful Graces, to be bride, and to be called thy wife."

She said, and Sleep rejoiced, and answered back: "Come now, swear to me by Styx's water, oath inviolable, and take hold with thy one hand of many-nourishing earth, and with the other touch the sparkling sea, that all the gods may be our witnesses, who dwell below in the house of Cronus, that thou wilt give me to wife one of the youthful Graces, Pasithea, who ever is my heart's desire."

He said, and the goddess, white-armed Hera, refused not; she swore as he would have her, and named the name of the gods who dwell in Tartarus beneath, and have the name of Titans. And when she had sworn, and gone through all the oath, they went on their way, leaving the cities of Lemnos and of Imbros, wrapped round with mist, speeding upon their way. And they came to Ida of the many fountains, mother of wild creatures, to Lectus, and there they left the sea; and they stepped upon the land, and the tree tops shook beneath their feet. And Sleep remained there, lest the eyes of Zeus should spy him, and mounted up into a lofty pine, which grew on Ida to extremest height, and reached through air to æther. There perched he, shrouded in the pine branches, in the likeness of that clear-voiced mountain bird, which the gods call chalcis, and men cymindis.

But Hera hastened towards Gargarus, summit of lofty Ida; and Zeus, the cloud-compelling, saw her; and when he

saw, love compassed about his wise heart; such love as they had when first they loved, and were together in secret, and their parents knew not. And he stood before her, and spake a word, and said his say—

*Book  
XIV  
296—334*

“Hera, with what purpose comest thou hither from Olympus? And why bringest thou not horses nor chariot to ride upon?”

Then lady Hera answered wilily: “I go towards the bounds of many-nourishing earth, to visit Ocean, progenitor of the gods, and our mother Têthys, who reared me in their halls and fostered me; them I go to visit, and put an end to their perpetual quarrel; for long have they been separated from each other, because of anger; and my horses stand at the foot of many-fountained Ida, ready to bear me over damp and dry: and because of thee am I come hither from Olympus, lest thou be angry hereafter, if I go without telling thee, to the house of deep-streamed Ocean.”

And Zeus, the cloud-compelling, answered her: ‘Hera, there will be another day to journey thither; but now let us delight ourselves with love. Never did love of woman or of goddess so wind about my heart and conquer me; not so did I love the consort of Ixion, who bore Peirithoüs, counsellor peer of gods; not so Acrisius’ daughter, fair-ankled Danaë, who bore Perseus, notable among all men; not so Europa, daughter of far-famous Phœnix, who bare to me Minos and godlike Rhadamanthys; not so much Semelê or Alcmêna in Thebes, whose son was Heracles, the much-enduring; but Semelê bore Dionysus, to be the delight of men; not so Dêmêter, the queen of the beautiful hair; not so glorious Lêtô; no, not so much thyself, as now I love, and am possessed by sweet desire.”

And queenly Hera answered wilily: “Thrice awful Cronides, what hast thou said? If thou wouldst have me lie with thee on Ida’s summits, and in open view, how would it be if some of the eternal ones should see us sleeping, and go

*Book* among the gods, and point us out? I could not rise from our  
*XIV* bed and return to thy house; for that were shame. But if  
335—373 thou wilt, and this is thy desire, thou hast a chamber, which  
thy son Hephæstus builded for thee, and hung strong doors  
upon the doorposts; there let us go and lay us down, if such  
be thy pleasure."

But Zeus, the cloud-compelling, answered her: "Hera,  
fear not that man or god will see; for I will veil thee in a  
cloud of gold; the sun himself shall not look through upon  
us, whose light is beyond all lights we see."

So spake the son of Cronus, and caught his consort in his  
arms; and beneath them the divine earth sent up new-  
sprouting grass, and dewy clover, and crocus, and hyacinth,  
thick and soft, and raised them from the ground; there lay  
they down, wrapped in a beautiful and golden cloud; and  
the sparkling drops fell down.

So then the Father slept tranquilly on topmost Gargarus,  
subdued by sleep and dalliance, and held his consort in his  
arms; and unawakening Sleep ran towards the ships of the  
Achæans, to tell the thing to the encompasser of the earth,  
the shaker of the land; and he stood near, and spake with  
winged words—

"Poseidon, help the Danaans zealously, and give them  
glory a little space, while Zeus sleeps; for I have lapped him  
in soft repose; and Hera beguiled him to lie with her."

He said, and went among the famous tribes of men; and  
Poseidon was emboldened yet more to help the Danaans; he  
bounded forward a mighty bound, and shouted encourage-  
ment among the foremost—

"Argives, shall we again give up the victory to Priamid  
Hector, and let him take the ships and win the glory? He  
speaks so big, because Achilles tarries beside the hollow ships,  
an angry man; but we shall not greatly lack him, if all here  
are ready to help each other. Come therefore, do according  
to my word; let us put on about us the shields that are



greatest and strongest in all the army, and cover our heads with resplendent helmets, and take the longest spears in our hands, and attack; and I will go before you, and Priamid Hector, I trow, will not abide me, though he be so hot; and he that can bear the brunt, and has but a little shield on his shoulder, let him give that to a weaker man, and get himself into a larger shield."

He said, and they attended and obeyed; and the kings themselves arranged them, wounded though they were, Tydides, and Odysseus, and Atride Agamemnon, and went up and down, and interchanged the armours; the mighty man put on mighty pieces, and the weaker pieces they gave to the weaker man. And when they had clad themselves in beaming bronze, they marched; and Poseidon, shaker of the ground, went foremost, holding in his strong hand a terrible sword of long edge, bright as the lightning; with it may no man mell in the dismal battle; for fear restrains; and on the other side radiant Hector drew up the Trojans.

And now most terrible was become the tug of strife between black-haired Poseidon and radiant Hector, he supporting the Argives, and he the Trojans; and the sea broke loud before the ships and booths, and the armies met with a mighty shouting. Not so loud bellows the sea-wave upon the shore, driven wildly from the main before the blast of stormy Boreas; not so loud is the crackling of the flaming fire in the mountain glens, when the woods are burning; not so loud is the voice of the wind among the high-leaved oaks, whose roar of rage is louder than all else; as then was the cry of Trojans and Achæans, shouting terribly, and springing on one another.

And first radiant Hector drave with his spear at Ajax, as he stood turned towards him, and missed not, but struck where the two bands were drawn across his breast, this of his shield, that of his silver-studded sword; and they defended the tender skin. And Hector was wroth, because the sharp spear was gone

Book  
XIV  
409—447

from him fruitlessly ; but he retreated back to his own crew, avoiding death. And as he went great Telamonian Ajax caught a stone, such as there were many rolled among the feet of the fighters, supports of the swift ships ; of these he caught up one, and struck him over the shield on the breast beside the neck, and made him to fly like a top, and he spun round ; and as beneath the stroke of Zeus the Father an oak falls rended from the roots, and a smell of brimstone is spread around, and he stands terrified who looks on close by ; for the bolt of high Zeus is no little thing ; so was the might of Hector dashed in the dust. And the spear dropped from his hand, but shield and helmet remained fast, and the inlaid bronzen armour clanked about him : and the sons of the Achæans cried aloud, and ran upon him with a shower of spears, hoping to drag him off ; but neither spear nor sword might reach the shepherd of the people ; for the bravest stood around him, Polydamas, and Aeneas, and noble Agênor, and Sarpêdon, captain of the Lycians, and blameless Glaucus : and all the rest were heedful, and held before him rounded interposing shields. And his friends lifted him up, and bore him from the broil where his fleet horses stood, with the charioteer and the rich car ; and they bore him towards the city, groaning heavily ; but when they came to the ford of the beautiful stream, of eddying Xanthus, son of immortal Zeus, they let him down from the chariot to the ground, and poured water upon him ; and he came to himself, and looked up with his eyes, and sat up on his knees, and vomited the deep-dark blood ; and then again he sank back to the ground, and black night covered his eyes ; so did the blow overwhelm him.

And when the Argives saw that Hector was gone away, they sprang yet more upon the Trojans, and remembered prowess : and much the first swift Ajax, son of Oileus, leapt upon Satnius, and struck him with the beechen spear, the son of Enops, whom a nymph bore, a blameless Naiad, to Enops, as he grazed his herds along the banks of Satnioeis : him

Oileus' son, famous with the spear, approached, and ran him through the flank; supine he fell, and around him the Trojans and the Danaans joined fierce encounter. And Polydamas, shaker of the spear, the son of Panthûs, came to fight for him, and struck Prothoênor on the right shoulder, the son of Areilycus, and the heavy spear went through his shoulder, and he fell in the dust, and clutched the ground with his palm; and Polydamas shouted afar, in noisy boastfulness—

*Book*  
*XIV*  
448—481

“Not in vain, I think, hath the javelin leapt once again from the firm hand of Panthûs' gallant son; but some Argive hath received it in his body, and it shall serve him for a staff to help him to the home of Hades.”

So bragged he, and the Achæans were sorely vexed; but most of all the heart of warlike Ajax was roused, the son of Telamon; for the slain man fell beside him: and quickly, as the slayer turned away, he flung a bright spear; and Polydamas himself escaped black death, darting awry; but Archelochus, the son of Antênor, received the spear; for him the gods intended to die. And he struck him on the joining of head and neck, on the last bone of the back, and shore away both sinews of the neck; and when he fell, his mouth and nose and eyes came sooner to the ground than his knees and legs; and Ajax called aloud to blameless Polydamas—

“Take thought, Polydamas, and tell me true; is not this man worthy to die in revenge for Prothoênor? He seems to me no mean man, nor of mean descent, but a brother of horse-controlling Antênor, or a son; for he is featured like him.”

So said he, though he knew well; and the Trojans were sorely grieved; and next Acamas, as he bestrode his brother, ran through with his spear Promachus, a Bœotian, who dragged away the body by the feet; and Acamas shouted afar, in wanton boastfulness—

“Ye blatant Argives, insatiate in menace, no longer shall

BOOK  
XIV  
482—517

we alone suffer trouble and misery, but ye too shall be slain as this man. Look now, and see how Promachus sleeps, laid low beneath my spear, that the price of a brother's blood may not long be due; because of this let a man pray to leave behind a kinsman in his hall, to be his avenger."

X

So vaunted he, and the Argives were sorely vexed; but most of all he stirred the soul of warlike Peneleôs, and he rushed towards Acamas, but he awaited not the onslaught of the prince; and the blow struck Ilioneus, the son of Phorbas, rich in sheep, whom Hermes loved above all the Trojans, and gave him much possession; and one son was born to him, Ilioneus; whom now Peneleôs struck beneath the brow into the roots of the eye, and bruised out the eyeball; and the spear went through the eye and through the neck-bone, and he sank down, stretching out both his hands. And Peneleôs drew forth his sharp sword, and struck him on mid-neck, and smote off head and helmet to the ground; and the heavy spear was yet in the eye; and he held up the head, like a poppy-head, and showed it to the Trojans, and spake a word of pride—

"Ye Trojans, tell the father and the mother of proud Ilioneus to make mourning in their hall; so be it, because the wife of Promachus, the son of Alegênor, shall not exult in her returning husband, when the young men of the Achæans come back in the ships from Troy."

He said, and trembling seized upon their limbs, and each man looked around him, to find escape from death.

Tell me now, ye Muses, who dwell in houses of Olympus, who first of the Achæans bore away the bloody spoils of men, when the famous shaker of the ground had turned the battle. First was Telamonian Ajax; he struck down Hyrtius, the son of Gyrtius, a captain of the stout-hearted Mysians; and Antilochus slew Phalces and Mermerus; and Meriones killed Morys and Hippotion; and Teucer laid low Prothoön and Periphêtes; and Hyperênor, shepherd of the people, Atrides

ran through the flank, and the rending bronze tore out the  
entrails, and the soul darted from the deep-dealt wound,  
and darkness covered his eyes. But most by far did Ajax  
slay, the swift son of Oileus; for none might vie with him  
in pursuing fugitive men, when Zeus had turned them to  
flight.

*Book**XIV*

518—end

## BOOK XV

### THE REPULSE FROM THE SHIPS

*Book XV* BUT when the Trojans in their flight had crossed again the  
1—24 trench and the palisade, where many were slain beneath the  
hands of the Danaans, they drew up beside their chariots, and  
made stand, green with fear, beaten men; and Zeus awoke  
upon the tops of Ida, beside Hera of the golden chair; he  
sprang and stood, and saw the Trojans and the Achæans,  
those all confounded, and the Argives driving them behind,  
and in their midst Poseidon the king. And he saw Hector  
lying in the plain, and his friends kneeling around him.  
Senseless he lay, and gasping painfully, vomiting blood; for  
not the weakest of the Achæans had smitten him. And the  
father of gods and men beheld him, and took compassion upon  
him; and grim with bended brow he spake to Hera—

X “Hera, thou incorrigible, thy malignant plot hath sent  
divine Hector from the battle, and defeated his people. I  
know not but thou shouldst be the first to taste the fruit of  
thy disastrous intriguing, and feel the scourge thyself. Re-  
memberest thou not how thou didst hang on high, an anvil  
at either foot, and round thy hands I cast a band of gold that  
might not be broken, and thou didst hang amid the clouds of  
æther? And the gods were angry throughout high Olympus,  
and came, and sought to loose thee; and whom I came upon  
I caught and flung from the celestial threshold, to fall until  
he came to earth, utterly spent. And not even so was my

heart eased of its deep resentment for divine Heracles, when *Book XV*  
thou didst take the north wind to thine aid, and persuade the 25—62  
tempests, and send him over the unresting sea, with ill intent,  
and bear him away to goodly-seated Cos : then came I, and  
rescued him, and brought him back to Argos of the horse-  
meadows, after much suffering. Remember these things, and  
make an end of thy deceits, and see whether the bed and the  
fruition will protect thee, wherewith thou didst seduce me  
privily, apart from all the gods."

He said, and broad-eyed lady Hera trembled ; and thus  
she answered him with winged words—

"Be earth my witness, and broad heaven above, and  
Styx's cataract water, the chiefest and most awful oath of  
the immortal gods, by thine own reverend head I swear and  
by our nuptial bed, whereby I may not swear deceitfully ;  
not because of my pleasure does Poseidon, the shaker of the  
ground, afflict the Trojans and Hector, and support their  
enemies ; but his own spirit bids and leads him on, and he  
hath seen the Achæans tormented beside the ships, and taken  
pity upon them ; but even him, O thou of the black cloud,  
would I advise to walk in that way, wherein thou walkest  
first."

She spake ; and the Father of gods and men smiled ; and  
thus he answered back with winged words—

"O broad-eyed lady Hera, were thy thought one with  
my thought, as thou sitt'st among the immortals, soon should  
Poseidon, whatsoever his wish, bend his mind according to  
our pleasure. But, if thou meanest truth and verity, go now  
among the companies of the gods, and call me hither Iris  
and archer Apollo, that she may go to the people of the  
bronzen-coated Achæans, and tell Poseidon the king to leave  
the battle and get him to his own house, and that Phœbus  
Apollo may incite Hector to the war, and inspire him with  
strength, and make him forget the pains which now torment  
his soul and turn back the Achæans, and send recreant fear

*Book XV* among them, so that in their flight they may rush among the  
63—101 ships of Pelide Achilles; and he will send out his friend Patroclus; and him radiant Hector shall slay, after he has done to death many a young knight, and among them my son, divine Sarpêdon; and in anger for Patroclus divine Achilles shall slay Hector; and after that I will cause perpetual retreat of the Trojans from the ships, until the Achæans take lofty Ilium by the device of Athene. But till then my wrath abates not, nor will I suffer any of the immortals to succour the Danaans, before the prayer of Pelides be accomplished, which I granted him, and gave confirmation by my nod, in that day when divine Thetis touched my knees, and besought me to pay honour to Achilles, taker of cities."

He said, nor did the goddess, white-armed Hera, refuse; and she went down the Idæan hills to high Olympus; and as when the mind of a man runs up and down, a traveller over much of earth, and he thinks in his deep heart, "Would I were here, or there," in his keen desire; as swift as that did lady Hera fly; and she came to steep Olympus, and found all the gods assembled in the house of Zeus; and they saw her, and started up, and greeted her with cups of welcome. But the others she passed by, and took the cup from Themis of the lovely cheeks, who came running the first to meet her, and spake to her in winged words—

"Hera, why com'st thou so, like one distraught? Surely the son of Cronus, thy consort, hath affrighted thee."

And thus replied the goddess, white-armed Hera: "Themis, ask me not of these things; thou knowest thyself, how he is masterful and untoward of mood. Lead thou the gods the way to the equal banquet; and thou shalt hear in full presence the evil declaration of Zeus; not every one, I think, shall be alike contented, nor god nor mortal, although now he sit at the banquet joyfully."

So spake majestic Hera, and sat her down; and the gods



were troubled in the house of Zeus. And she laughed with *Book XV*  
her lips, but her forehead unbent not, nor her black brows, *102—139*  
and she spake among them words of indignation—

“Fools! who in our madness are in anger with Zeus, and think to approach him, and thwart his purpose, by force or by persuasion; but he sits apart, and cares not, nor regards; for he thinks that among the immortal gods in might and strength he is superlative. Therefore accept whatsoever evil he sends you; and Ares, I suppose, hath had his penalty already; for his son, the man he loved, is dead in the battle, Ascalaphus, whom mighty Ares claims for his own.”

She said, and Ares smote his stout thighs with the palms of his hands, and spake a word of sorrow—

“Think it no wrong, ye dwellers of Olympus, if I go to the ships of the Achæans to avenge the slaughter of my son, even though it be my fate to be smitten by the bolt of Zeus, and lie in blood and dust amid the dead.”

He spake, and bade Fear and Flight yoke his horses, and himself put on his glittering harness. Then had wrath and rage from Zeus come upon the immortals, greater and more terrible, had not Athene, in dismay for all the gods, rushed through the vestibule, and left the seat where she sat; she took the helmet from his head and the shield from his shoulders, and caught the bronzen lance out of his stalwart hand; and thus she fell on him with words—

“Brain-sick, infatuate, thou art beside thyself; thou hast ears to hear, but sense and reverence are gone from thee. Understandest thou not what white-armed Hera says, who is but now come from Olympian Zeus? Wouldst thou thyself suffer the bitter end, and be haled back to Olympus whether thou will or not, and be a cause of evil to us all? For soon will he leave the Achæans and the proud Trojans, and come hither to Olympus, and make a brabble, and lay hand upon the guilty and upon the free. Wherefore repress thy wrath for thy valiant son; mightier than he, and taller of their

*Book XV* hands, have been slain and shall yet be slain ; hard were it  
140—177 to preserve the kin and the generation of every one."

She said, and set impetuous Ares in his chair again ; and Hera called Apollo out of the hall, and Iris, the messenger of the immortal gods ; and thus she spake to them with winged words—

"Zeus will have you come to him at Ida with all speed ; and when ye are come, and have seen Zeus face to face, do all his order and bidding."

So said majestic Hera, and returned again, and sat in her chair ; and they sprang forth and flew. And they came to many-fountained Ida, mother of wild beasts, and they found Cronides, whose voice is heard afar, sitting upon topmost Gargarus, encompassed in a fragrant cloud ; and they came before cloud-compelling Zeus, and stood ; and he beheld them without anger, because they had speedily obeyed the order of his consort ; and to Iris first he spake with winged words—

"Get thee down, swift Iris ; tell all thou knowest to Poseidon the king, and see thou tell him true. Bid him desist from battle, and from war, and go among the gatherings of the gods, or into the divine sea. And if he will not obey my words, but will disregard them, let him be well advised in heart and soul, lest he find not courage, for all his strength, to encounter me when I attack him ; for I am mightier far than he, and elder born ; he cares not greatly to measure himself with me, with me, of whom all others are in fear."

He said, and windfoot rapid Iris disobeyed not, but went down the Idæan mountains to holy Ilium ; and as when hail or snow shoots from the clouds, chilled by the gust of Boreas, cloudless-born ; so swiftly flew rapid Iris on ; and she stood near, and spake to the famous shaker of the ground—

"I come to thee, lord of the dark hair, encompasser of the ground, bringing a message from ægis-bearing Zeus : he bids thee desist from war and battle, and go among the gatherings

of the gods or into the divine sea; and if thou wilt not obey *Book XV*  
his words, but wilt disregard them, his threat was that he <sup>178—214</sup>  
would come hither and fight with thee, strength to strength;  
and he bids thee avoid his hands, for he is mightier far, and  
elder born; and thou carest not greatly, he says, to measure  
thyself with him, with him, of whom all others are afraid."

And thus returned the famous shaker of the ground, in  
much umbrage: "Say'st thou? Mighty although he be, he  
speaks exceeding proudly, if he thinks to control me by  
violence, his like in honour. Three brethren are we, the sons  
of Cronus, whom Rhea bore, Zeus, and myself, and thirdly  
Hades, lord of those below; but we divided the world equally,  
and each has his especial honour; we cast the lots, and it fell  
to me to inhabit the gray sea for ever, and to Hades fell the  
misty darkness, and to Zeus the broad heaven, in æther and  
in cloud; but earth remains yet common to us all, and high  
Olympus. Therefore I walk not by the will of Zeus, mighty  
although he be; let him remain unmeddling in his own  
possession. And let him not seek to menace me with his  
hands, as if I were some mean one; better had he browbeat  
his sons and his daughters with blustering words; they are  
his own begetting; and they will hear his bidding, for they  
must."

Then windfoot rapid Iris answered him: "Lord of the  
black hair, encompasser of the land, shall I bear back to Zeus  
a word so rough and so untoward, or wilt thou think again?  
The noble mind is ever open. And thou knowest how the  
Erinyes ever attend upon the elder-born."

Then answered her Poseidon, shaker of the ground: "Iris,  
thou speakest well; how good a thing is a discreet messenger!  
But sore sorrow touches me in mind and heart, because he  
browbeats with injurious words his like in fate, co-destinied  
with himself: yet at this time I will yield, and demean  
myself; but I will tell thee the threat of my heart; if he  
disregard me, and Athene, driver of the prey, and Hera, and

*Book XV* Hermes, and Hephæstus the king, and spare lofty Ilium, and  
 215—249 let it stand untaken, and give not victory to the Argives;  
 let him well know that there shall be wrath unhealable  
 between us."

So spake the shaker of the earth, and left the people of  
 the Achæans, and dived into the sea, and sore the Achæan  
 warriors lacked him. And then cloud-compelling Zeus spake  
 to Apollo—

"Go now, my Phœbus, seek Hector of the bronzen  
 harness; for the encompasser of the earth, the shaker of the  
 land, is gone into the divine sea, avoiding our impending  
 wrath: others would surely have heard of the battle, the gods  
 below, who dwell with Cronus. Better for me, and better for  
 himself, that he hath demeaned himself, and avoided my  
 hands; for the end had not been without dire contention.  
 Take now the tasselled ægis in thine hands and shake it,  
 and terrify the warriors of the Achæans; and be thyself,  
 Far-aimer, the guard of radiant Hector; stir up his strength  
 until the Achæans flee, and come to the ships and the Helles-  
 pont. And after that I myself will contrive, word and deed,  
 that the Achæans may yet again find rest from their labour."

He said, and Apollo disobeyed not his father; and he  
 went down the Idæan mountains in the likeness of a hawk,  
 the slayer of the ring-dove, the fleetest of all birds; and he  
 found the son of warlike Priam, divine Hector, sitting up, for  
 he lay no longer; but was newly come to himself, and began  
 to know his friends around; and he panted and sweated no  
 longer, for the will of ægis-bearing Zeus had revived him.  
 And Apollo, the worker afar, drew near and spake—

"Hector, son of Priam, why sittest thou thus in feebleness  
 apart from thy fellows? Hath trouble come upon thee?"

And Hector of the waving plume answered feebly: "Who  
 art thou, kindest of the deities, who askest me? Knowest  
 thou not, that as I slew his people beneath the poops of the  
 Achæan ships, Ajax, good at need, smote me with a great

stone upon the breast, and stopped me from martial might? *Book XV*  
Surely I thought, when I was gasping out my heart, this day <sup>250—286</sup>  
to go down to the dead and the house of Hades."

And thus replied the king, Apollo who deals afar: "Take confidence, behold, Cronion hath sent thee from Ida no mean auxiliary, to stand beside thee and succour thee, Phœbus Apollo of the golden sword, thine ever protector, thine and thy high-placed city's both. Arouse thee, and command thy chariotmen to drive in multitude towards the hollow ships; and I will go before thee, and make the way smooth for thy horses, and discomfit the warriors of the Achæans."

He said, and the shepherd of the people was inspired with strength; and as a horse of the stall, fat with the manger barley, breaks from his fastening, and runs across the plain, and stamps his feet, and seeks his wonted bathing-place in the fair-flowing stream; he glories as he goes, and rears his head, and his mane floats around his shoulders, and his knees bear him lightly to the familiar pasture; so nimbly did Hector, when he had heard the voice of the god, ply foot and knee, urging on his horsemen. And the Danaans came on, like dogs and countryfolk, who course a horned stag or a wild goat; but he finds safety in the thick shaw and the precipitous rock, for it is not their fortune to run him down; and at the noise of their shouting a whiskered lion comes into the path, and all their eagerness is turned to flight; so did the concourse of the Danaans follow the Trojans, stabbing with swords and double-pointed spears; but when they saw Hector going up and down the ranks of men, they were afraid, and their courage fell down among their feet.

Then spake to them Andraemon's son, Thoas, chiefest of the Aetolians, skilful to dart the javelin, and stout in standing battle; and in the assembly not many of the Achæans might surpass him, when there was contest of oratory, and well and wisely thus he spake and said—

"Aha, I see a wonder with mine eyes; behold, Hector

*Book XV* hath risen to his feet again, and avoided the Fates. Surely  
287—322 we hoped each one that he was dead beneath the hands of Telamonian Ajax. But now some god hath helped him and preserved, him who hath loosed the knees of many a Danaan, and now again will loose; for not without the help of Zeus the Thunderer stands he so forward in his eagerness. Come, therefore, do according to my word; let us bid the multitude return to the ships; but we, who boast ourselves the champions, let us stand fast, and hold up our spears, and meet him, and repel him, if we may; ardent although he be, I trow he will lack courage to come into the company of the Danaans."

He said, and they attended, and obeyed; they drew towards Ajax, and Idomeneus the king, and Teucer, and Meriones, and Meges, counterpart of Ares, and prepared their battle, and called the champions together to face the Trojans and Hector; and behind them the multitude retreated towards the ships of the Achæans.

And the Trojans advanced, all together, and Hector came the first, with long strides; and before him went Phœbus Apollo, his shoulders wrapped in cloud, bearing the mighty ægis, terrible, dazzling, tasselled thickly round, which artificer Hephæstus had given to Zeus, to bear amid the moil of men; that held he in his hands, and led the people on.

And the Argives awaited them in close ranks, and the piercing shout went up from either side, and the arrows bounded from the string; and many a spear flew from hardy hands, and some were planted in the flesh of valiant combatants, and some midway, before they touched white skin, stood quivering in the ground, longing to glut themselves; and while Phœbus Apollo held the ægis steady, so long the arrows went home on either part, and the people fell; but when he looked full in the face of the swift-steeded Danaans, and shook the ægis, and shouted mightily withal, their hearts were palsied in their breasts, and they forgot might and main. And as when two wild beasts drive in confusion, in the mid

mirk night, a herd of beeves or a great flock of sheep, coming *Book XV*  
at unawares, when there is no controller, so were the impotent 323—361  
Achæans routed, for Apollo sent flight among them, and gave  
glory to the Trojans and to Hector.

Then, as the battle scattered, man slew man ; Hector smote Stichius and Arcesilaus, this a leader of the bronzen-coated Bœotians, and that the faithful friend of great-hearted Menestheus ; and Aeneas killed Medon and Iasus. And Medon was the base-born son of divine Oileus, and brother of Ajax ; but he dwelt in Phylacê, far from his father's land, because he had slain a man, the brother of his step-mother Eriôpis, whom Oileus had to wife : and Iasus was a captain of the Athenians ; the son of Sphêlus was he called, the son of Bucolus. And Polydamas slew Mécisteus, and Polites Echius in the van of the battle, and divine Agênor slew Clonius. And Paris shot Deïochus among the foremost, as he fled, from behind in the outmost shoulder, and sent the arrow through.

And while they were spoiling them of their arms, meanwhile the Achæans rushed into the deep-dug ditch, and over the palisade, fleeing dispersedly, forced within their wall ; and Hector shouted afar, and called upon the Trojans—

“Charge hotly on the ships, and leave the spoils ; whomso I espy holding back from the ships, I will slay upon the place ; his brothers and his sisters shall not give him his share of fire, but the dogs shall tear him before Troy city.”

He said, and touched his horses on the shoulder, and drove along the Trojan ranks exhorting ; and they shouted encouragement, and kept their chariot-horses abreast of Hector, with vociferous cry ; and Phœbus Apollo went before them, and dashed down with his feet the banks of the deep trench, and heaped them in the middle, and made a bridge-way long and broad, the length of a spear-cast, when a man throws in trial of his strength : over that they poured in close array, and before them went Apollo, bearing the ægis without

*Book XV* price ; and he flung down the rampart of the Achæans, easily,  
*362—397* as when a merry child, beside the sea, builds in his play a mimic wall of sand, and then for sport thrusts and beats it down again ; so didst thou, archer Phœbus, annul the labour and trouble of the Argives, and drive themselves fugitive.

So then the Danaans stopped themselves, and waited beside the ships ; calling to each other, and holding up their hands, and praying loudly to the gods each man ; but most of all Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Achæans, prayed, stretching out his hands to the starry heaven—

“ O Zeus our father, if any of us hath prayed, in Argos of the wheat-fields, to find return, and sacrificed fat thighs of sheep or steer, and thou hast consented and promised, have now remembrance, and keep from us, Olympian, the relentless day, nor let the Achæans be quelled beneath the Trojans.”

So prayed he, and Zeus the Counsellor thundered aloud, because he heard the prayer of Neleus' aged son.

And when the Trojans heard the peal of ægis-bearing Zeus, they sprang the rather upon the Argives, remembering all their prowess. Like a great wave of the broad-wayed sea, that comes over a ship's sides driven by the impetuous wind, which makes the waves to swell ; so did the Trojans come over the wall with a great cry, and drove their horses through, and fought beside the poops with double-pointed spears, hand to hand ; the Trojans fought from their chariots, and the Danaans mounted on the black ships, and fought from above with pikes, that lay ready for sea-fighting, long and jointed, headed and edged with bronze.

And Patroclus, while the Trojans and Achæans fought around the wall, outside the swift ships, sat in the booth of gentle Eurypylus, and cheered him with talk, and sprinkled on his sore wound simples, the assuagers of black pains. But when he perceived that the Trojans were charging upon the wall, and the Danaans crying and fleeing, he groaned aloud,



and smote his thighs with the palms of his hands, and spake a word of despondency—

*Book XV*  
398—435

“Eurypylus, I may not stay with thee longer, although thou hast need of me ; for the battle waxes high. Thine esquire shall amuse thee, but I must away to Achilles, and urge him to the war. Who knows but, heaven helping, I may persuade him ? Potent is the persuasion of a friend.”

He said, and his feet bare him away ; but the Achæans stood firm to the Trojan charge ; yet they might not repel them from the ships, although they were fewer in number ; nor could the Trojans break the ranks of the Danaans, and fall among the ships and the booths : but as the measuring line lies straight upon a ship-timber, beneath the hands of a skilful carpenter, an adept in his craft, whom Athene monishes ; so did the war and the battle stand equipoised.

And here and there they fought by ship and ship. And Hector drew towards illustrious Ajax : they two struggled about one ship, and that one might not drive back his enemy, and fire the ship, and this might not repulse him, whom some fate had brought so near, until bright Ajax struck in the breast with his spear Calêtor, son of Clytius, as he put a brand toward the vessel ; with a clash he fell, and the link dropped from his hand. And when Hector's eyes saw his cousin fallen in the dust before the black ship, he shouted afar, and called to Trojans and to Lycians—

“Trojans, and Lycians, and close-counterering Dardans, give not from the battle in this narrow place, but rescue the son of Clytius, who hath fallen amid the circuit of the ships, lest the Achæans strip him of his arms,”

He said, and flung his shining spear at Ajax ; him he missed, but Lycophron, son of Mastor, the friend of Ajax, Cythêra-born, who dwelt with Ajax, because he had slain a man in thrice-divine Cythêra, him he struck with the sharp bronze on the head above the ear, where he stood by Ajax : and he fell from the ship's stern upon the ground on his back

*Book XV* in the dust, and his limbs were loosed ; and Ajax trembled for  
436—470 rage, and spake to his brother—

“ My Teucer, now is a faithful friend slain, the son of Mastor, Cythêra-born, the inmate of our hall, whom we honoured as our very parent ; great-hearted Hector hath slain him. Where be thy death-fraught arrows, and thy bow, which Phœbus Apollo gave thee ? ”

He said, and Teucer heard, and ran, and came beside him, bearing in his hand the double-bended bow and the quiver full of arrows ; and swiftly he shot upon the Trojans. Cleitus he struck, Peisênor's brilliant son, the friend of Polydamas, proud son of Panthûs, as he held the reins, and managed his horses : for he drove where the ranks were most in confusion, supporting the Trojans and Hector ; but speedy evil came upon him, which none, not the most solicitous, might avert ; for the painful arrow lighted on his neck behind, and he fell from the chariot, and his horses fled away, whirling the empty car. But Polydamas the prince was quick to see, and first he came to meet the horses ; and he gave them to Astynous, son of Protiaon, and charged him straitly to hold them near at hand, and look to them ; and himself returned, and mingled with the foremost.

And Teucer drew forth another arrow, for Hector of the bronzen armour, and had stopped him from his fighting beside the ships of the Achæans, had he stricken him in the midst of his prowess, and taken his life ; but he escaped not the deep mind of Zeus, who guarded Hector, and took his boast from Telamonian Teucer, and broke the string upon the blameless bow, as he bent it against Hector ; and the heavy-headed arrow flew wildly, and the bow fell from his hand. And Teucer shuddered, and spake to his brother—

“ Woe's me, some god utterly defeats the devices of my war, who hath torn the bow from my hand, and broken the new-twisted string, which I bound fast this morning, that it might be strong to bear the thickly-leaping arrows.”

Then great Telamonian Ajax answered him: "Brother, *Book XV*  
lay by thy bow and thy quick-shot arrows, since heaven hath *471-509*  
made them useless, and grudged them to the Danaans; with  
spear in hand and shield on shoulder fight thyself with the  
Trojans and urge on our people; let them not take the well-  
benched ships, although they have the better of us, without  
their utmost, but let us remember prowess."

He said, and Teucer laid his bow in his booth, and hung  
upon his shoulders a fourfold shield, and set upon his valiant  
head a well-wrought cap; and seized a strong spear, headed  
with sharp bronze, and went forth, and ran, and took his  
place by Ajax.

And when Hector saw the end of Teucer's artillery, he  
shouted afar, and called on Trojans and on Lycians—

"Trojans, and Lycians, and close-countering Dardans,  
be men, O friends, and remember might and manhood among  
the hollow ships; for I have seen Zeus suppressing the archery  
of a mighty captain. Not inconspicuous is the help of Zeus,  
whether he give the glory and the mastery, or whether he  
refuse his aid, and send enfeeblement, as now he enfeebles  
the Argives, and supports us. Keep all together, as ye fight  
beside the ships; and if any of you be shot or stricken, and  
ensue death and fate, let him die; it is noble to die defending  
our country. His wife he preserves, and his children that  
shall succeed him, and his house and holding are secure, when  
once the Achæans are gone with their ships to the land of  
their fathers."

He spake, and stirred the strength and spirit of each; and  
Ajax on the other part encouraged his followers—

"Shame on you, Argives. Now shall we find perdition, or  
else salvation, and repulse of danger. Think ye, that if Hector  
of the tossing plume take the ships, we shall march afoot each  
man to his own land? Hear ye not the voice of Hector,  
urging on all his people, Hector, who hungers to fire the ships?  
He calls not to the dance, but to the battle. And we have

*Book XV* no plan or counsel better than this, to mingle hand to hand,  
510—548 and might to might. Better to strike a stroke, and die or live, than to be long tormented thus in the dreadful fray, beside the ships, with men less valiant."

He said, and stirred the might and mind of each. Then Hector slew Schedius, son of Perimêdes, a captain of the Phocians, and Ajax slew Laodamas, leader of the vanmost, Antênor's bright son; and Polydamas struck down Otus of Cyllênê, the friend of Meges, a captain of the intrepid Epeians; and the son of Phÿleus saw, and leapt upon him, but Polydamas slipped away backwards, and Meges missed him; for Apollo would not have the son of Panthûs slain among the foremost; but the spear struck Crœsmus in mid-breast, and with a clash he fell; and the other began to strip the arms from his shoulders; but meanwhile there leapt upon him Dolops, master of the spear, adept in furious battle, the son of Lampus, and his bravest-born, Lampus, Laomedon's son; he it was who rushed up near, and struck with the spear Phÿleides in mid shield; but the strong corslet which he wore protected him, with its hollow piecings; that coat Phÿleus brought from Ephyrê, from Selleïs' stream; for his friend Euphêtes, king of men, gave it him to wear in the war, a defence against hostile men; and now it defended the body of his son from death. Then Meges struck with the beechen spear the topmost socket of the bronzen helmet, and carried clean away the horse-tail plume, new-bright with purple dye, and all the helmet fell in the dust. But while the son of Phÿleus yet stood, and fought with Dolops, and looked for victory, there came to his help martial Menelaus; he stood with his spear aside unseen, and struck Dolops on the shoulder behind; and the eager hurrying spear went through his breast, and he fell forward on his face; and the two came on, to strip the bronzen armour from his shoulders; but Hector called to all his brother-kin, and first he fell upon Hicetaon's son, stalwart Melanippus, who dwelt beforetime in Percôtê, among the

heavy-gaited browsing kine, while yet there was no enemy ; *Book XV*  
but when the round ships of the Danaans came, he returned 549—584  
to Ilium, and was great among the Trojans, and dwelt with  
Priam, and had a son's place ; him Hector chid, and spake a  
word, and said his say—

“ Melanippus, shall we be thus remiss ? Takest thou no  
concern for thy cousin slain ? Seest thou not how they lay  
hand upon the armour of Dolops ? Come, follow me, for we  
must fight with the Danaans, no longer at distance, but man  
to man, until either we have killed them utterly, or until lofty  
Ilium be levelled, and her citizens slain.”

He spake, and led the way ; and his godlike kinsman  
followed ; and great Telamonian Ajax exhorted the Argives—

“ Be men, my friends, and fix your thoughts on honour, and  
have respect one of another in the fierce encounter ; the man  
of honour comes off the rather, and dies not ; but the fugitive  
hath neither glory nor security.”

He said, but they were willing of themselves, and took  
his word into their hearts, and fenced about the ships with  
a wall of bronze ; and Zeus instigated the Trojans. And  
Menelaus, good at need, moved brave Antilochus—

“ Antilochus, none other of the younger Achæans is swift  
of foot as thou, or tall of hand ; spring forth, and see thou  
strike some Trojan down.”

He said, and he fell back himself, but excited Antilochus ;  
he bounded before the foremost, and cast a glance around, and  
threw a shining spear ; and the Trojans cringed beneath the  
javelin's cast ; not vainly flew the spear, but transfixing a man,  
through the breast beside the nipple, the son of Hicetaon, in-  
trepid Melanippus ; with a clash he fell, and darkness covered  
his eyes. And Antilochus sprang upon him, like a hound that  
darts upon a wounded fawn, which the hunter hath stricken  
with his arrow as he bounded from his lair, and loosed his  
limbs ; like that hound, Melanippus, ran steadfast Antilochus  
towards thee, to strip thy arms. But Hector noted him, and

*Book XV* ran, and came to meet him in the battle ; but Antilochus, 585—621 light-footed warrior although he was, awaited him not ; he fled away, like a wild creature that hath done a mischief, hath slain a dog, or a herd among his kine, and flees, before the posse of men be gathered together ; so fled the son of Nestor ; and the Trojans and Hector shouted prodigiously, and poured upon him lacerating darts ; but he turned again, and stood, when he was come to his own crew.

So then the Trojans assaulted the wall, like flesh-eating lions, fulfilling the command of Zeus, who ever roused them up to mighty strength, and cheered them on, and dazed the mind of the Achæans, and took away their glory ; for it was his purpose to give the victory to Priamid Hector, that he might cast among the pinned ships the fiercely-flaming never-wearied fire, and fulfil to the full the high request of Thetis ; for Zeus the Counsellor persevered, until his eyes should see the blaze of a burning vessel ; and after that he purposed to give the Danaans the glory, and cause a counter-pursuit of the Trojans from the ships ; to that intent he aroused against the hollow ships Hector, son of Priam, himself too eager ; he moved frantic through the battle, like Ares, shaker of the spear, or like a desolating fire that rages over the mountains amid the thick deep wood ; the foam stood about his mouth, and his eyes glared beneath his dreadful brows, and the helmet tossed affrighting about his temples as he fought ; for Zeus was his supporter from æther, who gave honour and glory to him alone among many men ; for his time was well-nigh run, and already Pallas Athene prepared his day of doom beneath the might of Pelides. He sought and tried to break the ranks of men, where he saw the press thickest and the armour bravest ; but he might not break them, for all his eagerness ; for they stood compact in column, like a great sheer rock, by the verge of the gray sea, which withstands the headlong onsets of the loud winds, and the big waves, belched up against the stone ; so did the

Danaans withstand the Trojans, and fled not. But yet he leapt amid the press, blazing with ambient fire; and flung himself among them, as when there falls upon a swift ship a vehement wave, which the winds accumulate beneath the clouds, and all the ship is overwrapped with spray, and the terrible squall yells in the sail, and the sailors shake for very fear; so nigh they drift beside the verge of death; so was the mind of the Achæans distracted in their breast. He fell upon them, as a bloodthirsty lion falls upon the kine, who feed innumerable on the flat of a great water-meadow, but their herdsman knows not skill to fight with a wild beast for the life of a horned heifer; he keeps the pace beside the foremost, or beside the last; but the lion leaps into the midmost, and eats a beast, and the others flee before him; so were the Achæans discomfited terribly beneath Hector and beneath Zeus the Father; yet he slew no man, save only Mycenæan Periphêtes, the son of Copeus, who went messenger from Eurystheus the king to the might of Heracles; inferior far, he gat a son his better in all excellences, and in speed of foot and in battle and in wisdom he was among the foremost of the Mycenæans; but now he gave to Hector the superior honour. For, as he turned him round, he stumbled upon the rim of his shield, turner of javelins, reaching to the feet; in that he caught, and fell upon his back; and the helmet clanked grimly about his temples as he fell. And Hector quickly saw, and ran to him, and planted the spear in his breast, and slew him by the side of his companions; but they might not help their friend, though sorely angry; for themselves were in terror of divine Hector.

And now they were entered in among the ships, and the outermost ships overlapped them, which were drawn up first; and the Trojans poured in after them; for the Argives were constrained to withdraw from the first row of ships; but they made their stand beside the booths, all in a body, nowise scattering; for shame and fear kept them steadfast,

*Book XV*  
622—658

*Book XV* and they called continually one on another; and most of all  
659—695. Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Achæans, adjured each man,  
and besought him by his parents—

“O friends, be men, and fix your thoughts on honour, and mutual esteem of men; and let each man remember beside his children, and his wife, and his possession, and his parents, whether they be dead, or whether they be yet alive; on their behalf, who are not here, I supplicate you to stand firm, and not to turn and flee.”

He spake, and stirred the strength and spirit of each; and Athene lifted from their eyes much cloud and darkness, and on this side and on that they had more light, on the side of the ships and on the side of the balanced war: and all descried Hector, good at need, and his men, whether they stood behind apart, and fought not, or whether they fought beside the swift ships.

But it pleased not great-hearted Ajax to stand idle, where the rest of the sons of the Achæans stood aloof; he went up and down the decks of the ships, long striding, and he wielded in his hands a great ship's pike, spliced piece to piece and riveted, its length two cubits and a score. And like a man of dexterous horsemanship, who gathers together four horses out of many, and drives them from the plain, and guides them to some mighty city along the frequented road, and many men and women gaze admiring, and from moment to moment he leaps from back to back, alternate, and the horses fly on; so did Ajax come and go upon the deck of many a ship, long striding, and his voice reached up to æther; and ever with terrible shout he called upon the Danaans to defend the ships and the booths. Nor again did Hector remain amid the course of the cuirassed Trojans; but as a brown bright eagle pounces upon a bevy of winged fowl, that feed beside a river, geese, or cranes, or long-necked swans; so did Hector dart forwards, and make for the black-prowed ship; and Zeus impelled him behind with mighty hand, and inspirited his people.



So then again the rancorous battle was joined beside the ships ; regardless, thou wouldst say, of labour or of weariness they closed with one another ; so zealously they fought. But different far was their presentiment ; the Achæans expected no longer to escape from evil, but to perish ; and the Trojans hoped, every man in his own breast, to fire the ships, and slay the warriors of the Achæans. Such were their thoughts as they stood face to face ; and Hector laid hand upon a sea-passing ship, fair and swift-sailing, which bore Protesilaus to Troy, but brought him not back again to the land of his fathers. About his ship the Trojans and Achæans slew one another, man to man ; they stood not apart, or awaited the shot of arrow or of javelin ; but they drew near together, all of one intent, and fought with bills and with sharp axes, and great swords, and double-pointed spears ; and many a good sword with fair black iron hilt fell on the ground from severed hand, or from dismembered arm ; and the black earth ran with blood. And when Hector had laid hold of the stern, he quitted not the pinnet, which his hands had grasped, but called upon the Trojans—

“ Bring fire, and waken the unanimous cry ; now hath Zeus given us a day of compensation, if we take these ships, which, coming unpermitted by the gods, have wrought us many evils because of the cowardice of our old men, who, when I was minded to make the fight beside the ships, kept back myself and inhibited my people. But if in time past Zeus clogged our inclinations, now he enkindles and encourages us.”

He said, and they sprang yet fiercelier upon the Argives ; even Ajax no longer remained, so was he pressed with shot. But he retreated a little space, expecting imminent death, towards the seven-foot bridge, and left the deck of the balanced vessel ; there stood he in wait, ready to strike down that Trojan who should apply to the ships the never-wearied fire ; and ever with terrible shout he called upon the Danaans—

*Book XV*      "O friends! O warriors of the Danaans, ye ministers of  
733—end      Ares, be men, my friends, and remember impetuous prowess.  
Think we that we have any reinforcement behind, or any  
strong fortalice to save us from perdition? There is no city  
nigh, fenced about with towers, where we might find defence,  
with a new people to help; not so; in the plain of the  
cuirassed Trojans, seated by the sea, we remain far from the  
land of our fathers; wherefore our comfort is in stroke and  
strength, not in dealing delicately."

He said, and did prodigiously with the beechen spear;  
whatever Trojan rushed upon the hollow ships, the flaming  
fire in his hand, at Hector's incitation, for him Ajax lay in  
wait, and struck him with the long spear; twelve men before  
the ships he did to death.

## BOOK XVI

### THE DEEDS OF PATROCLUS

So then they fought about Protesilaus' ship; but Patroclus came before Achilles, shepherd of the people, shedding hot tears, gloomy as an unsunned spring, whose sombre waters trickle down the headlong rock; and swift divine Achilles saw him with anxiety, and thus he spake to him in winged words—

*Book  
XVI  
1—27*

“Why art thou all bewept, Patroclus, like a baby girl, who runs by her mother's side, and would be taken up, and holds her dress, and stops her as she hastens, and looks up pitifully until she be lifted? Like her, Patroclus, thou dropp'st the tender tear. Wouldst thou disclose aught to the Myrmidons, or to myself, or hast thou any private news from Phthia? But Menœtius, Actor's son, they say, is yet alive, and Peleus, son of Aeacus, among the Myrmidons; whose death should grieve us. Or takest thou compassion on the Argives, who now are perishing because of their insolency? Speak out; conceal not; let us both know all.”

Then with heavy groan madest answer horseman Patroclus: “Achilles, son of Peleus, most valiant of the Achæans, be not angry; so deep a grief hath overwhelmed the Achæans; and all who were before the best lie in the ships, smitten with stroke or shot; smitten is the son of Tydeus, stout Diomedes, and stricken is Odysseus of the famous spear, and Agamemnon, and shot is Eurypylus with

*Book*  
*XVI*  
28—65

an arrow in the thigh ; and about them the leeches are busy with their simples, and tend their wounds ; but thou, Achilles, art inexorable. Let not such wrath be in me, as thou cherishest, thou fatal-valiant ; what benefit shall men unborn see of thee, if thou avert not from the Argives dire destruction ? Implacable, not horseman Peleus was thy father, nor Thetis thy mother ; but the gray sea brought thee forth, and the precipitous rocks ; for thou art ever froward. And if thou darest any prognostication from Zeus, which thy mother hath shown thee, at least send me forth, and the people of the Myrmidons with me, and let me be a light in darkness to the Danaans ; and give me thine own armour to wear upon my shoulders, that the Trojans may take me for thee, and abstain from the battle, and the martial sons of the Achæans may have pause from their distress ; brief is the respite of war. And we who are fresh might easily drive back to the city from the ships and from the booths men exhausted with long fighting."

So prayed he in his ignorance ; for he invoked upon himself fate and black death. And thus in much vexation spake fleet-foot Achilles—

"Alas, Patroclus, heavenly-bred, how sayest thou ? I know not, reckon not of any prognostication from Zeus, nor hath my reverend mother shown me of such ; but grief and anger touch me to the heart, anger at one who will despoil his equal, and take away his prize, because he is the mightier ; that is my grief, and that is my vexation. The woman whom the sons of the Achæans chose to be my prize, the captive of my spear, when I took a fenced city, her princely Agamemnon, son of Atreus, took back from my hand, as if I had been some paltry runagate. But what has been has been ; it was not for my anger to be perpetual ; and yet I thought it should never cease, until the battle and the shouting were come to mine own ships. So put my famous armour upon thy shoulders, and lead the valiant Myrmidons to the battle,

*Book*  
*XVI*  
66—103

since now the black cloud of the Trojans encompasses the ships prevailingly, and the Argives lean upon the seashore, reduced to little space, and all Troy town comes on audaciously, because they see not the brow of my helmet shining before them; soon should they flee, and choke the trenches with dead, were princely Agamemnon reconciled with me; but now they surround our army. For not in the hands of Diomedes, son of Tydeus, rages the spear, to avert havoc from the Danaans; nor have I heard the shout of Atrides from out his hated head; but the cry of red-handed Hector, cheering on the Trojans, breaks around mine ear, and they with answering yell hold all the plain, and vanquish the Achæans in the battle. But fear not, Patroclus, avert destruction from the ships, and fall upon them very furiously, lest they consume the ships with flaming fire, and take away our day of return. But see thou do as I especially charge thee, that thou mayest win me great honour and glory among all the Danaans, and make them render back the lovely girl, and give me thereto gifts magnificent. Drive the Trojans from the ships, and come again; and if the lord of Hera, the Thunderer aloud, hath given thee the victory, seek not without me to fight with the valiant Trojans; so shalt thou diminish mine honour; and be not over glorious because of war and battle, and of Trojans slain, or lead the host to Ilium, lest some of the gods who live for ever come from Olympus, and be among you; for Apollo, who deals afar, loves the Trojans well; but turn again, when once thou hast shown the Danaans a light in darkness, and leave the others to battle it in the plain. Would indeed, O Father Zeus, and Athene, and Apollo, that none of all the Trojans, who now are, should escape death, nor any Argive, but we two alone should be preserved alive, and level our sole selves the sacred tops of Troy."

So spake they, either to other. But Ajax could no more; so was he pressed with shot; for he was overborne by the will

X

BOOK  
XVI  
104—141

of Zeus, and the assault of the proud Trojans ; and his bright helmet rang around his head with stroke on stroke, and he was battered on the cheek-pieces ; and his left shoulder was wearied out with holding continually the inlaid shield ; but for all their blows, they might not beat it through. And evermore he panted painfully, and the abundant sweat flowed from every limb, and he could not fetch his breath ; and trouble crowded upon trouble.

Tell now, ye Muses, who dwell in houses of Olympus, how first the fire fell among the ships of the Achæans.

Hector drew near to Ajax, and smote with his great sword the ashen spear, behind the socket of the head, and shored the wood in sunder ; and Telamonian Ajax shook in his hand the mutilated staff, but the bronzen head far off fell ringing on the ground. And Ajax knew the hand of heaven, and shuddered ; he saw that Zeus, the Thunderer on high, intended victory for the Trojans, and brought to nought his courage and his skill. He fell back out of reach ; and the Trojans cast fire into the swift ship ; and the flame fastened.

And Achilles saw that the stern was wrapped in fire ; and he smote his thigh, and called upon Patroclus : " Up now, Patroclus, heavenly-born, driver of horses ; I see among the ships the drift of consuming fire ; will they take the ships, and leave us without escape ? Put on thine armour quickly, and I will gather the people."

He said, and Patroclus armed him in glittering bronze. First he put about his legs beautiful greaves, fastened with silver clasps ; and then he drew upon his breast the corslet of swift Aeacides, gay with inlaying, flashing like a star ; and over his shoulder he hung the bronzen sword with its silver studs, and the long and firm-wrought shield ; and upon his noble head he set a well-wrought helmet, with its horse-tail crest, that nodded terribly ; and he took two good spears, that fitted his hand. Only the spear of blameless Aeacides he took not, for it was great, heavy, and strong, that no other Achæan

might wield, save Achilles alone; an ash of Pelion, which Chiron gave to his father Peleus, from Pelion's top, to be the death of heroes. And the horses he bade Automedon yoke with all speed, him whom most he esteemed after Achilles, slayer of men; most faithful he of followers in the fight. And Automedon led beneath the yoke the swift horses, Xanthus and Balius, rapid as the wind, whom Zephyrus, the West, got upon the Harpy Podargê, the Storm-wind, as she fed in the meadow by the Ocean stream. And side by side, in another trace, he bound blameless Pêdasus, whom Achilles won, when Eëtion's town was taken; he, the mortal, paced with the immortal steeds.

Book  
XVI  
142—182

And Achilles went up and down the huts, and reviewed the Myrmidons, and made them arm; and they ran to and fro, like ravening wolves, whose hearts are filled with courage when they have slain a great antlered stag in the mountains and eaten him, and their chops are red with blood, and they rush in troops to lap with their thin tongues the surface of some black spring, dropping bloody slaver; their bellies are full, and their courage is high: so did the chiefs and captains of the Myrmidons run to and fro about the ~~huts~~ of swift Aeacides. And Achilles stood in the midst, hurrying the horsemen and the shielded footmen.

X

Squire

Twoscore and ten were the swift ships, which heaven-beloved Achilles brought to Troy; and in every ship sat fifty of his men upon the benches. Five captains had he, whom he trusted to conduct; and himself was general and paramount. Menesthius of the various corslet led the first company, the son of the river, rain-fed Spercheius; him never-resting Spercheius begat upon lovely Polydôra, daughter of Peleus, a god embracing a woman; but he was accounted the son of Bôrus, son of Periêrês, who paid a mighty price, and took the lady to open wedlock. And the second company martial Eudôrus led, a maiden's child, the son of Polymêlê, lovely in the dance, the daughter of Phÿlas; for the prince, the Argicide,

Book  
XVI  
183—220

loved her, when he saw her among the dancers in the dance of Artemis, the lady of the loud chase, of the golden arrows ; and Hermes, sender of no evil, went up to the upper chamber, and was with her privily, and begat a goodly son, Eudôrus swift to run and brave to fight. And when Eileithyia of the labour-pains brought him to light, and he beheld the sun, then a valiant man, Echeclus, son of Actor, laid down a mighty price, and took her to his house ; and aged Phylas bred and brought up the boy, and cherished him as his very son. And the third company warlike Peisander led, the son of Mæmalus, chiefest spearman of the Myrmidonian men, after the friend of Achilles. And the captain of the fourth company was aged horseman Phœnix ; and of the fifth Alcimedon, blameless son of Laërces. And when Achilles had made careful choice, and ranked them all beneath their generals, he spake a word of power—

X

“Ye Myrmidons, forget not your threatenings, wherewith ye threatened the Trojans, beside the swift ships, while yet mine anger lasted, and upbraided me, saying : ‘O angry heart, thy mother’s milk was angry ; thou cruelly keepest thy friends among the ships, unwilling. Let us go home with our sea-venturing ships, since malign anger hath come into thy bosom.’ Thus did ye speak, when ye were gathered together ; and now behold a mighty work of war, the war ye love. Be bold of heart, and go, fight with the Trojans.”

He said, and stirred the strength and spirit of each ; and the ranks drew closer, when they heard the king. And as a man joins the compacted wall-stones of a high house, and shuts out the raging winds ; so was joined the wall of helmets and of bossy shields. Shield pressed on shield, and helmet upon helmet, and man on man. And the horse-hair plumes of the bright crests touched as they tossed about ; so close stood the men together. And before them all, before the Myrmidonians, two men approached the battle, Patroclus and Automedon ; and there was one spirit in them both. But Achilles went to



his tent, and opened the lid of the fair rich-carven chest, which Thetis of the silver sandal gave him, to take in his ship, and filled well with coats, and thick woollen rugs, and cloaks to screen the cold. And therein lay a cup of curious work; from that the sparkling wine was drunk by no man else, nor was libation poured to any god save only to Zeus, the Father; he took it from the coffer, and cleansed it, first with brimstone, and then with rinsing of pure water, and washed his hands, and drew the sparkling wine. And he stood in the middle of the court, and poured out the wine, and looked up to heaven, and prayed; and Zeus, the hurler of the lightning, heard—

“O Zeus, O king of the Pelasgian race, who dwellest afar; lord of inclement Dodona; where dwell the Selli, thine interpreters, who couch upon the ground with unwashed feet: in time before thou hast heard my supplication, and hast exalted me, and humbled the people of the Achæans; and now yet once accomplish this my prayer; myself will remain within the circle of the ships, and send my friend to the war, with many Myrmidonians; give him victory, O thou who speakest with the thunder, and embolden his heart within him, that Hector may know of my lieutenant, whether he can fight, himself alone, or if it is only when I come into the brawl of war that his hands do terribly. And when he has repelled the battle and the shouting, let him return to me safe, to the swift ships, and bring back my armour, and my mighty men.”

Such was his prayer; and Zeus, the Father, the Counsellor, heard; one part he granted, and the other he denied; he consented that Patroclus should repulse the battle and the war, but he refused that he should return back safe out of the battle. And when Achilles had made libation, and prayed to Zeus the Father, he went back into his hut, and put the cup into the chest; and he came forth again, and stood before his door; for he longed to see the desperate encounter of Trojans and of Achæans.

So on they marched, they who bare arms with

BOOK

XVI

221—257

X

BOOK  
XVI  
258—295

great-hearted Patroclus, and sprang intrepidly upon the Trojans; they poured out like wasps, who pour out from their wayside hive, provoked continually by foolish thronging boys, who come but sorrily off, and create a mischief for many; or if some passer-by excite them, meaning it not, they fly forth every one courageously, defending his brood; with no less bravery, and with no less heart, did the Myrmidons pour forth from the camp; and the shout arose, and was not quenched; and Patroclus shouted afar, and called to his men—

“Ye Myrmidons, followers of Pelide Achilles, be men, my friends, and forget not might and main, that we may win honour for the son of Peleus, who is found the bravest among the ships of the Argives, himself and his mighty men; and that the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, may know his foolishness, in that he hath slighted the chief of the Achæans.”

He said, and stirred the strength and spirit of each; and all compact they fell upon the Trojans; and round and round the ships resounded terribly the cry of the Achæans.

But when the Trojans saw Menœtius' valiant son, himself and his companion, glittering in arms, their hearts were troubled, and their ranks were moved; for they deemed that the swift son of Peleus had put by anger, and accepted amity; and each man looked about him for escape from death.

And first Patroclus cast the flashing spear into the midst, where most were crowded together, beneath the ship's stern of great-hearted Protesilaus; and he struck Pyræchmes, who led the horsehair-plumed Pæonians from Amydon town, that stands on the fair water of Axius; him smote he on the right shoulder, and with a cry the other fell backward in the dust, and his Pæonian men fled from him; for they were terrified before Patroclus, who had slain their captain and preëminent: he drove them from the ships, and put out the flaming fire, and the ship was left half-burned; and the Trojans were driven back with prodigious clamour; and the Danaans poured

upon them from the hollow ships; and the clamour abated not. And as when Zeus, the gatherer of the lightning, moves for a little the thick cloud from the high head of some mighty mountain, and all the cliffs, and the jutting crags, and the valleys are disclosed, and the immeasurable æther breaks open up to heaven, so did the Danaans, when they had repelled the flaming fire from the ships, find a little respite; but the war was not yet done; not yet did the Trojans flee precipitate from the black ships before the Achæans, minions of Ares; constrained they went, but faced their foe.

*Book  
XVI  
296—332*

And then the battle scattered out, and man slew man. And first of the captains Menœtius' valiant son struck Areilycus upon the thigh, as he turned him round; the beechen spear went through, and the metal crushed the bone, and he fell forward on the ground. And soldier Menelaus wounded Thoas, beside the shield rim, where his breast was open, and loosed his limbs. And Meges, son of Phÿleus, espied Amphiclus as he sprang upon him, and struck him the first through the upper thigh, where the muscle is thickest; and the sinews were torn around the spear-head; and darkness covered his eyes. And of the sons of Nestor, Antilochus stabbed Atymnius with the sharp spear, and drove the metal through his side; and he fell forward. And Maris sprang upon Antilochus, hand to hand, in anger for his brother, and stood before the dead man; but godlike Thrasymêdes lunged at him before he could strike, and missed not his shoulder; and the point stripped the flesh of the upper arm from the muscles, and tore it away to the bone; with a clash he fell, and darkness covered his eyes. So went they down to darkness together, two brothers by two brothers overcome, casters of javelins, Sarpêdon's valiant men, sons of Amisôdarus, who fed the immeasurable Chimæra, perdition of many men. And Ajax, son of Oïleus, leapt upon Cleobûlus, and caught him alive, where he was hindered in the press; and at once he struck

*Book*  
*XVI*  
333—367

him on the neck with the hilted sword, and loosed his force. And all the blade was warm with reeking blood ; and ruddy death, and violent fate came down upon his eyes. And Lycon and Peneleôs dashed together ; their casts were futile, and they missed each other ; so fell they to the sword. And Lycon struck the ridge of the horse-plumed helmet ; but the sword broke off by the hilt ; and Peneleôs smote him on the neck beneath the ear, and all the blade went in, and the skin alone held fast, and the head hung dangling down, and the knees gave way. And Meriones overtook Acamas with his swift feet, and stabbed him with the spear, as he sought to mount the car, in the right shoulder ; down he fell, and darkness was shed upon his eyes. And Idomeneus struck Erymas upon the mouth with the ruthless spear ; and the bronzen head went through beneath the brain, and split the white bones in sunder ; and his teeth were dashed from their places, and his eyes were filled with blood ; and the blood gushed out from open mouth and nostril ; and the black cloud of death encompassed him.

Thus then these captains of the Danaans slew each a man. And as rapacious wolves fall upon lambs or kids, and take them from their nursing dams, when the flock is divided in the mountains by the foolishness of the shepherd, and the wolves see, and ravish away the timid yearlings ; so did the Danaans fall upon the Trojans ; and their hearts were full of coward-shrieking flight, and strength and valour were forgotten.

And great Ajax sought evermore to cast a cast against Hector of the bronzen arms ; but he, consummate captain, wrapped his broad shoulders in his shield of hide, and avoided the whistling arrow and the rattling javelin. He knew that decisive victory was not with him ; but yet he abided, succouring his true men.

And as Zeus spreads out the storm, and the clouds come into the sky from Olympus, from the divine æther, so fled

they shouting from the ships, and passed the ditch again in disarray; but Hector and his arms the fleet chargers bore away, leaving the Trojan people, detained unwilling by the deep-dug ditch; and many swift horses, drawers of chariots, broke short the chariot-pole in the fosse, and fled away; and Patroclus pressed on pitilessly, and cheered the Danaans on; and the Trojans fled shouting dispersedly, and choked all the pathways; and a shower came scattering from the clouds above, and the whole-hooved horses struggled to flee back to the city from the huts and from the ships. And Patroclus shouted aloud, and steered where he saw the wildest confusion; and many a man was tumbled beneath the axles, and the cars fell rattling over: and the swift horses of Patroclus bounded forward, and sprang over the ditch; and he longed to make a cast at Hector, for his heart bade him; but the swift horses bare him away. And as when all the land lies black and heavy, on an autumn day, when Zeus pours down the dense impetuous rain; his hand is heavy, for he is wroth with violent men, who judge unrighteous judgment, and put away equity from their assembly, and regard not the displeasure of the gods: and all the rivers of their land are filled to the full, and torrent upon torrent eats away his banks, and groaning loudly they flow precipitous to the purple sea, and the tilth of men is wasted; so ran the Trojan horses, groaning heavily.

BOOK  
XVI  
368—403

X

[And when Patroclus had made a harvest of the foremost ranks, he sought to cut off the Trojans back again towards the ships, and would not suffer them to mount the city, eager though they were, but dashed among them and slew them in the mid space between the ships and the river and the high wall; and he took vengeance for many. First he struck Pronous with the shining spear, where the breast showed by the shield's rim, and loosed his limbs; and he fell with a crash. Next he rushed on Thestor, son of Enops; he sat crouching in his polished car, dazed with terror, and the reins

Book  
XVI  
404—437

had slipped from his hands. And Patroclus came near, and stabbed him with his spear in the right jaw, and thrust it through his teeth; and he dragged him with his spear over the chariot-rim; as when a fisherman sitting on a jutting rock drags to land from the deep a goodly fish with line and bright bronze, so from the chariot he drew him, open-mouthed, with the bright spear, and he dashed him down on his face, and life left him when he fell. Then with a stone he hit Erylaus, as he was rushing on, in the crown of the head; and his head was split open within the heavy helmet; prone down he fell, and life-despoiling death encompassed him. Then Patroclus slew Erymas, and Amphoterus, and Epaltes, and Tlêpolemus, son of Damastor, and Echius, and Pyris, and Ipheus, and Euippus, and Argeade Polymêlus:—these, each after the other, he brought to the nurturing earth.]<sup>1</sup>

And when Sarpêdon saw his unbelted companions falling beneath the hands of Menœtius' son, Patroclus, he called upon the godlike Lycians, and upbraided them—

“Fie on you, Lycians, whither do ye flee? Now are ye swift indeed. I will meet the man, and learn who is this new prevailer; much evil hath he done to the Trojans, and loosed the knees of many and of brave.”

He said, and sprang all armed upon the ground; and Patroclus again, when he saw him, leapt from the chariot. And as two vultures, curved of beak, crooked of talon, fight with each other on a high rock, crying and screaming; so did they spring upon each other with loud cries. And the son of wily-witted Cronus saw them, and took compassion; and he spake to Hera, sister and wife in one—

“Ah me, now is it fated that Sarpêdon, my beloved, shall fall beneath the hand of Patroclus. But my heart hesitates within my breast, whether I shall take him, while yet he lives, from the dismal battle, and transport him to Lycia's

<sup>1</sup> Omitted in Mr. Purves's MS.—E. A.

fat land, or whether I shall suffer him to fall beneath the hand of Menœtius' son." *Book XVI*

And thus returned broad-eyed lady Hera: "Thrice reverend Cronides, what hast thou said? Wouldst thou release from ill-sounding death a mortal man, predestinate to die? Do so; but we the gods applaud thee not. And I will tell thee what thou must consider; if thou send away Sarpêdon alive to his own home, remember that some other god may wish to send his son from the hot encounter; for many are the immortals, whose sons fight around the great town of Priam; and thou wilt fill them with bitterness. But if he be thy beloved, and thy heart is moved for him, suffer him to be slain in the sharp skirmish beneath the hands of Menœtiad Patroclus; and when his spirit and his life are gone from him, let Death and sweet Sleep be his conveyers, until they come to Lycia's broad land; and there his brothers and his next of blood will give him burial with barrow and with standing stone, the honours of the dead."

She said, and the Father of gods and men gainsaid not; and he rained drops of blood upon the ground, honouring his son, whom Patroclus was about to slay in loamy Troy, far from his native land.

[When they came near to one another in their courses, Patroclus smote illustrious Thrasymêlus, the brave henchman of prince Sarpêdon; he smote him in the nether belly, and loosed his limbs. And Sarpêdon in turn lunged at Patroclus with his spear, but he missed him, and struck his horse, Pêdasus, in the right shoulder; and the horse screamed in his death agony, and fell with a shriek in the dust, and his life fled away. The other two started asunder, and the yoke cracked, and the reins were entangled about them, for the side-horse lay in the dust. But Automedon, famous spearman, put an end to the coil, for he drew the long hanger from his stout thigh, and rushed on and cut away the third horse, and faltered not. And the other two went straight

*438—475*

X

Book  
XVI  
476—511

onwards, and drew the traces tight ; and the warriors joined once again in the life-destroying fray.]<sup>1</sup>

Then yet again Sarpêdon missed him with the bright spear ; the point flew over the left shoulder of Patroclus, but touched him not ; and Patroclus rushed on him with the bronze ; and the lance fled not idly from his hand, but struck him where the midriff sits close about the firm heart : and he fell as an oak falls, or an aspen, or a tall fir-tree, which wood-cutters fell in the mountains with new-grinded axes to be a ship-timber : so lay he all his length before the chariot and before the horses, groaning, and clutching at the bloody dust. And as when a lion comes among the herd, and kills a bull, bright and brave, among the clumsy-walking kine, and bellowing he dies beneath the lion's fangs ; so before Patroclus fell the captain of the shielded Lycians, and struggled as he died, and called his friend—

“My Glaucus, mate of men, now prove thee spearman good and dangerous foe ; now woo grim war, thou rapidest of foot. Go round the captains of the Lycian men, and bring them all to fight about Sarpêdon, who is fallen ; and fight thyself beside me with the bronze. Shame and dishonour were it to thee, for ever and for ever, should the Achæans strip me of my armour, who am fallen among the circle of the ships. Hold fast thy place, and set the people on.”

He said, and final death came down upon eye and nostril : and Patroclus set his heel upon his breast, and drew the spear from the flesh, and the midriff came with the spear ; with one pull he pulled out the spear and the life. And the Myrmidons laid hold upon the panting horses, who sought to flee with the disburdened chariot.

And grief and rage came on Glaucus, when he heard that voice ; and his heart burned within him, because he might not help ; and he took his arm and squeezed it hard ; for he was tormented with the arrow-wound, the wound of Teucer,

<sup>1</sup> Omitted in Mr. Purves's MS.—E. A.



who shot upon him, as he charged forward, from the lofty wall, succouring his friends; and he spake, and prayed to the prince, far-fatal Apollo—

*Book  
XVI  
512—549*

“Hear me, O king, whether thou be in Troy, or in Lycia’s fat land; in any place thou canst hear the prayer of a man in trouble, in trouble such as mine. I am sore wounded, and my arm is shot through with sharp pains, and the blood will not stanch, and my shoulder is weakened, and I cannot hold up the spear, and fight with mine enemies; and a mighty man of war is dead, Sarpêdon, son of Zeus; but Zeus helps not his own son. And now, O king, heal thou my grievous wound, and put my pain to sleep, and give me might, that I may cheer my friends the Lycians, and bid them to the battle, and myself fight before the mighty dead.”

So prayed he, and Phœbus Apollo heard. He stopped his pains, and dried the black blood of the grievous wound, and put strength in him; and Glaucus knew, with gladness in his mind, that the high god had speedily heard his prayer; first went he up and down, and called the captains of the Lycians to fight around Sarpêdon; and then with mighty strides he went to seek the Trojans, Polydamas, son of Panthûs, and divine Agênor, and Aeneas, and Hector of the bronzen arms; he found them there, and spake with winged words—

“Hector, hast thou wholly forgotten thine auxiliaries, who lose their life because of thee, far from their friends and from their father’s land, while thou helpest not? Low lies Sarpêdon, leader of the shielded Lycians, the protector of Lycia in justice and in mightiness; for bronzen Ares hath slain him beneath the spear of Patroclus. Come, help, my friends, be filled with generous shame, and let not the Myrmidons strip him of his arms, and do him contumely, in anger for the Danaans who are dead, whom our spears have smitten, beside the swift ships.”

He said, and grief unbearable, insufferable, came down upon the Trojans, for he, though a stranger, was the prop of

*Book* their city ; and many a man came with him, but he was  
*XVI* the best and bravest ; and they rushed eagerly towards the  
550—586 Danaans ; and Hector led them on, in indignation. But Patroclus, son of Menœtius, intrepid heart, rallied the Achæans ; and first he spake to the Ajaces, although it needed not—

“ Ajax, and Ajax, frame your thoughts to valour ; be all ye have been, or be mightier still. Low lies the man who first leaped within the wall of the Achæans, Sarpêdon : come, let us take him contumeliously, and strip the armour from his shoulders, and slay with the unsparing sword the friend that tries to rescue him away.”

He said ; but all was in their heart already. And these and those made strong their battalions, Trojans and Lycians, and Myrmidons and Achæans ; and they shouted terribly, and joined their battle above the body of the dead ; and loudly rang their armour. And Zeus spread ominous night above the strife, the battle’s fatal toil, whose prize was his son’s corse.

And first the Trojans dashed back the quick-eyed Achæans ; for a man was stricken, nowise the meanest of the Myrmidons, the son of great-hearted Agacles, divine Epeigeus ; prince was he once in goodly Budêum ; but after he had slain a valiant kinsman, he fled a suppliant to Peleus and to Thetis of the silver foot ; and they sent him with destroying Achilles to Ilium, land of colts, to fight with the Trojans. Him, as he laid hand upon the dead, Hector smote upon the head with a stone ; and his head was split open within the heavy helmet ; prone down he fell upon the dead man, and life-despoiling death enveloped him. And Patroclus was enraged, because his friend was slain ; and he rushed through the foremost like a pouncing hawk, who flutters the starlings and the chattering pies ; direct like him, Patroclus, driver of horses, didst thou dash upon the Lycians and the Trojans, thy heart incensed because of thy friend. And he smote Sthenelaus, son of Ithæmenes, upon the neck with a stone, and rent the sinews asunder ; and the foremost

fighters, and bright Hector himself, gave back. As far as is the cast of a long lance, which a man throws in trial of his power, in the prize-contest, or in the battle, in the midst of life-spilling enemies; so far did the Trojans give ground, and the Achæans close up.

[And Glaucus, leader of the shielded Lycians, was the first to turn, and he slew great-hearted Bathycles, Chalcon's son, who dwelt in Hellas, and was renowned among the Myrmidons for prosperity and wealth; him Glaucus wounded in mid-breast with his spear, turning swiftly, when his pursuer was upon him. And with a crash he fell, and bitter grief came upon the Achæans, for that a brave man had fallen, but the Trojans rejoiced much, and came about him in crowds and stood. Nor did the Achæans forget prowess, but they bore right onward upon the foe. Then Meriones slew a helmeted Trojan, Laogonus, the bold son of Onêtor, who was priest of Idæan Zeus, and was honoured of the people like a god. He struck him beneath the jaw and ear, and his spirit went quickly from his limbs, and hateful darkness came upon him. And Aeneas launched his bronzen spear at Meriones, hoping to hit him under the shield as he strode onwards; but Meriones saw, and avoided the bronzen spear; he bowed himself forwards, and the long spear struck the earth behind him. It struck, and the shaft quivered, until fierce Ares slackened its rage.]<sup>1</sup>

And Aeneas was vexed exceedingly, and spake—

“Meriones, posture-master though thou be, my spear had laid thee low, had it stricken thee.”

And thus returned Meriones of the famous spear: “Aeneas, thou art mighty, but hardly wilt thou quench the might of every man who meets thee; for thou too art of mortal mould. Were I to strike thee fair with the sharp point, mighty although thou be and confident in thy hands, soon wouldst

<sup>1</sup> Lines 594-615 are omitted in Mr. Purves's MS.; lines 614, 615 are omitted in the best sources.—E. A.

*Book* thou give renown to me, and thy soul to Hades of the  
*XVI* glorious steeds."  
625—663

He said; and the valiant son of Menœtius chid him:  
"Meriones, brave man, why bandy words? Dear friend, the  
Trojans will not give up the dead man for jibe or taunt:  
sooner than that, the earth shall have her own. Our hands  
in battle, and our voice in council; make not many words,  
but fight."

X He said, and led the way, and the god-like warrior  
followed. And a clamour arose, as of woodmen in the  
mountain-glens, whose hewing is heard afar; so went up  
the noise from wide-streeted earth, the noise of metal and  
of hide and of tough-made shield, of stroke of sword and  
double-pointed spear. Keen were the eye that had spied  
out divine Sarpêdon; for he from head to heel lay covered  
over with blood and dust and spears; and they joined in  
strife about him, like flies that buzz in the byre about the  
brimming milk, in the spring season, when the pails are full;  
so were they joined together about the corse; and Zeus turned  
not away his bright eyes from the encounter, but he looked  
down, considering much about Patroclus' death, whether  
bright Hector should slay him also upon the place above  
divine Sarpêdon, and strip the armour from his shoulders, or  
whether the death-stroke should be multiplied. And as he  
pondered, this he thought the best: that the brave lieutenant  
of Pelide Achilles should yet again repel to the city the  
Trojans and Hector of the bronzen arms, and take the life of  
many a man. And Hector first he filled with feebleness:  
he mounted the chariot, and turned, and fled, and called on  
the Trojans to flee also; for he knew that he was light in the  
scale of Zeus. And the valiant Lycians also abided not, but  
fled altogether, when they saw their king pierced through the  
heart, lying amid the circle of the dead; for many a man had  
fallen above him, after Zeus had fixed the tug of vigorous  
strife. And the Achæans stripped the arms from Sarpêdon's

shoulders, the shining bronzen arms; and the valiant son of Menœtius gave them to his friends to carry to the hollow ships. And cloud-compelling Zeus spake to Apollo—

BOOK  
XVI  
664—703

“Go now, my Phœbus, bear thou Sarpêdon out of the battle, and cleanse away the black congealing blood, and wash him in the river water, and anoint him with ambrosia, and wrap him in ambrosial cerements, and commit him to swift conveyers, to the twins, Sleep and Death, that they may quickly set him down in broad Lycia’s fat land; and there his brothers and his cousin-hood will give him burial with mound and with stone, the honours of the dead.”

He said, and Apollo did his father’s bidding; he went down the Idæan mountains to the terrible battle, and lifted up divine Sarpêdon, and bore him far away, and washed him in the river, and anointed him with ambrosia, and swathed him in celestial vestments, and committed him to swift conveyers, to the twin brothers, Sleep and Death; and soon they laid him down in broad Lycia’s fat land.

And Patroclus urged on Automedon, and the horses, and pursued the Trojans and the Lycians, in his infatuation: O fool! for had he observed the commandment of Pelide Achilles, he had escaped the evil fate of black death. But the thought of man yields to the thought of Zeus; he filled his mind with dreams of bravery.

Whom first, whom last, didst thou strike down, O Patroclus, in that hour when the gods called thee to thy death?

Adrastus first, and Autinous, and Echeclus, and Perimus, Meges’ son, and Epistor, and Melanippus; and next Elasmus, and Mûlius, and Pylartes; these he slew, and of the rest every one bethought him of flight.

Then had the sons of the Achæans taken high-gated Troy by the hands of Patroclus; for his spear raged forth and far; but Phœbus Apollo stood upon the firm-built wall, his deadly enemy, and the Trojans’ friend. Thrice did Patroclus set foot on the wall’s lofty corner, and thrice Apollo dashed him back

Book  
XVI  
704—740

again, striking the bright shield with the thrust of his immortal hands ; but when he approached the fourth time, mighty as a god, Apollo, the dealer afar, shouted terribly—

“Retire, Patroclus of immortal race ; it is not fated for thee to take the town of the haut Trojans, no, nor for Achilles, thy far superior.”

He said, and Patroclus retreated away, avoiding the wrath of Apollo, the striker afar.

And Hector held his whole-hooved horses in the Scaen gate ; for he doubted whether he should drive back into the mellay and fight, or summon the people, and muster them to the wall. And while he thought, Phœbus Apollo stood by him, in the likeness of a stately valiant man, Asius, the uncle of Hector, curber of horses, Hecabé’s brother-german, the son of Dymas, who dwelt in Phrygia by Sangarius’ stream ; in his semblance spake the son of Zeus, Apollo—

“Hector, why hast thou deserted the war ? It ill becomes thee. Would I were so much thy better, as I am thy worse ; not without disgrace shouldst thou withdraw from the war. Come, set thy firm-hooved horses upon Patroclus, if haply thou mayst slay him, and Apollo give thee victory.”

So said the god, and turned him back into the stress of men ; and Hector bade warrior Cebriones urge the horses into the battle. And Apollo entered into the concourse, and sent fatal rout among the Argives, and gave glory to the Trojans and to Hector. And Hector minded not the other Danaans, nor touched them, but set his firm-hooved horses against Patroclus. And Patroclus again leapt from the chariot upon the ground, the spear in his left hand ; and in the better hand he caught a stone, bright and rugged, and his hand covered it about. He threw, and leaned his force upon the cast ; not long was a man unstricken ; the sharp stone missed not, but struck Cebriones upon the face, the chariotman of Hector, the base-born son of illustrious Priam, the reins in his hand ; and the stone crushed his eyebrows into one, and the bone gave, and his eyes

fell out among the dust before his feet ; and like a diver in the sea he fell from the stately car, and life left his bones ; and thus thou spakest, horseman Patroclus, with words of derision—

*Book**XVI*

741—779

“Aha, the man is lithe ; he tumbles deftly. Were he but leaping from a ship, and diving in the fishy sea, many  would he satisfy with oysters, even in rude weather ; for here ashore he tumbles dexterously. I see the Trojans have their tumblers !”

He said, and made for dead Cebriones, like a springing lion, who devastates the farm-place, and is wounded in the breast, and is undone by his own bravery ; eager like him, Patroclus, didst thou bound upon Cebriones. And Hector again leapt from his chariot upon the ground. And they fought about Cebriones like two hungry lions, who battle desperately in the mountain tops, disputing a dead hind ; like them fought these proficients in war about Cebriones, Patroclus, son of Menœtius, and radiant Hector, and sought to cut each other's flesh with the unsparing bronze. For when Hector caught the body by the head, he loosed not his hold ; and Patroclus clung to the foot ; and the rest, Trojan or Danaan, joined in the fierce fray.

As when the East wind and the South contend together in the mountain glens, and batter the thick-set trees, the oak, and the ash, and the tough-barked cornel, and the long branches swing against each other tempestuously, and break with mighty crashings ; so did the Trojans and the Achæans spring upon one another and slay, and thought not either of disastrous flight. And many a sharp spear drew blood around Cebriones, and many an arrow, leaping from the string, and many a great stone was dashed against shield, as they fought ; but the hero lay hero-like in the tornado of dust, his horsemanship forgotten.

And while the sun was compassing mid heaven, so long the weapons of either part went home, and the people fell ; but when the sun declined towards unyoking-time, then the

*Book*  
*XVI*  
780—817

Achæans had the better, in spite of fate ; they dragged the brave Cebriones out of shot, away from the Trojan shouting, and took the armour from his shoulders ; and Patroclus leapt ferocious upon the Trojans. Three times he came on, parallel of nimble Ares, shouting terribly, and thrice he slew nine men ; but when he approached the fourth time, mighty as a god, then, then, Patroclus, was thy life's end seen ; for Phœbus met him in the rough encounter, Phœbus in dreadfulness ; and he saw him not, as he came through the tumult ; for he was hidden in much mist ; and he stood behind, and smote him on the back and the broad shoulders with flat descending hand ; and his eyes whirled in his head ; and the cap was dashed from his head, the crested helmet, and fell rolling and ringing beneath the horses' feet, and the plume was soiled with blood and dust ; in time before that horse-plumed helmet brooked not such pollution, but covered the head and the fair face of a godlike man, Achilles ; and now Zeus vouchsafed Hector to wear it ; but death was nigh him. And all the spear was shattered in his hand, the long sharp-pointed rigid ponderous spear ; and the encompassing shield and the baldric fell from his shoulders upon the ground ; and his corslet was burst open by the king, the son of Zeus, Apollo. And his sense was distraught, and his members failed him, and he stood astonished : and a Dardan man struck him from behind with the sharp spear in the back between the shoulders, Euphorbus, son of Panthûs, who outdid all his fellows, whether he threw the spear, or reined the steed, or ran with rapid feet ; and though he came apprentice to the war, twenty men brought he from their chariots down ; he it was who first touched thee with dart, horseman Patroclus, but slew not ; and he caught the ashen spear from the flesh, and ran back, and mingled with the crowd, and coped not with Patroclus, though unarmed. And Patroclus, confounded by the stroke of the god and the prick of the spear, drew back towards his own people, avoiding death.



And when Hector saw great-hearted Patroclus retiring back, wounded with the sharp point, he drew near to him amid the ranks, and stabbed him with the spear in the nether flank, and drove the spearhead through; with a clash he fell, and sore vexed were the people of the Achæans. And as a lion overcomes an invincible boar, when they fight in their pride, because of a little wellspring; and both would drink together; and the lion quells him, and he gasps and gasps; so did Hector, son of Priam, draw near to the valiant son of Menœtius, and despatch him. And vaunting loud he spake in winged words—

*Book  
XVI  
818—855*

“Patroclus, thou thoughtest to despoil our city, and take from the Trojan women the day of liberty, and carry them in the ships to thine own land. O fool! for the toiling feet of the swift horses of Hector interpose; and I myself am foremost lance of the soldier Trojans, and keep from them the day of subjugation; but thee shall the vultures eat. Ah wretch, the brave Achilles helps thee not; he staid behind, and charged thee as thou wentest; ‘Return not to me again, Patroclus, rider upon horses, nor see the swift ships, until thou have gashed and bloodied about his breast the warcoat of red-handed Hector.’ So doubtless spake he, and thy foolishness obeyed him.”

Then feebly mad'st thou answer, horseman Patroclus: “Hector, now extol thyself; for Cronid Zeus and Apollo have given thee the victory, and have slain me with a light hand; they it was who took mine arms from me. But were twenty like thee to cope with me, they should perish here every man beneath my spear. But now of gods destroying fate and Lêto's son have slain me, and of men Euphorbus; thou countest but the third. And I will tell thee—lay thou it to heart;—thy time shall not be long, but death and violent fate approach thee near, and thou shalt fall beneath the blameless hands of Aeacid Achilles.”

He said, and final death enveloped him; and his soul flew

*BOOK*    forth from his limbs lamenting toward the house of Hades,  
*XVI*    leaving behind manliness and prime. And yet again bright  
856—end    Hector spake to the dead man—

“Patroclus, why dost thou prophesy of death to me? Who knows but that Achilles, son of fair-haired Thetis, may sooner die himself beneath my spear?”

He spake, and set his foot upon his breast, and thrust him back, and plucked the spear from the wound; and then he hastened after Automedon, the godlike follower of swift Aeacides; for he longed to smite him: but he was borne away by the swift immortal horses, which the gods gave to Peleus, a goodly gift.

## BOOK XVII

### THE PROWESS OF MENELAUS

AND Atreus' son, Menelaus, dear to Ares, knew that Patroclus was slain of the Trojans in the battle : and he came through the foremost, armed in bright bronze, and bestrode him, as a first-born calf is bestridden of her lowing dam, which knew not before the pains of travail ; so did fair-haired Menelaus bestride Patroclus. And over him he stretched his spear and his round shield, burning to slay the first who might attack. And Panthûs' son, Euphorbus, of the ashen spear, perceived that blameless Patroclus was fallen : and he came, and spake to Menelaus, dear to Ares : "Son of Atreus, Menelaus, heavenly-bred, chiefest of the people ; fall back, and leave the dead man, and give up the bloody spoils. None before me of Trojans or of allies struck Patroclus with the spear in the hot encounter ; therefore leave me to win renown among the Trojans ; let me not smite thee, and rob thee of delicious life."

*Book  
XVII  
1—29*

Then answered fair-haired Menelaus in indignation : "Father Zeus ! it is not well to brag presumptuously. Not the leopard, nor the lion, nor the ferocious boar, whose mighty spirit glories in his strength,—not these presume so far as Panthûs' sons. Yet not the might of horseman Hyperênor long enjoyed his manhood, when he braved and disparaged me, and called me weakest warrior among the Danaans ; not upon his own feet, I think, did he go home, and rejoice his tender wife and his parents dear ; and so will I lay thee low, if thou

*Book* meet me. Stand not in my way, but get thee back into the  
*XVII* crowd, before evil befall thee : the fool is wise too late."  
*30—70*

He spake, but moved him not ; and thus he answered back : " Soon, and surely, Menelaus, heavenly-bred, shalt thou pay forfeit for my brother, whom thou slewest, speaker of high words, and mad'st his wife a widow in her bridal bower, and gavest grief and sorrow to his parents ; somewhat shall I stay their trouble and their groaning if I bring thy head and thy harness, and put them in the hands of Panthûs and of honoured Phrontis. And now not long, win I or lose I, shall the strife be unattempted and undebated."

X He said, and thrust against the equal shield ; the bronzen head went not through, but was bent in the firm shield. Then Atreus' son, Menelaus, prayed to Zeus, the Father, and approached and stabbed him, as he turned him back, in the roots of the gullet, and followed on with heavy hand, and leant his weight upon the blow ; and the point came out behind the tender neck : with a clash he fell, and his armour clanked above him. And his hair, beautiful as the hair of the Graces, was dabbled with blood,—the braided locks, that were braided with silver and with gold. As a man plants a plant of the goodly olive in a solitary place, where water wells abundant from the ground : it springs up fresh and fair, and tosses in the breath of every wind, and blooms with white blossoms ; then suddenly the wind comes, and the high storm, and they wrench it from its hole, and tumble it along the ground : so did Atride Menelaus kill Panthûs' son, Euphorbus, spearman good, and spoil him of his arms.

Like as a lion of the mountains, whose trust is in his strength, takes a choice heifer from the grazing flock ; first he breaks the neck with his firm-set teeth, and then he gorges blood and vitals, rending piecemeal ; and dogs and shepherds stand far off, and shout and yell, but dare not withstand him ; for green fear is on them : even so dared none withstand famous Menelaus. Then had Atrides lightly borne away the

arms of Panthûs' son, but Phœbus Apollo grudged him, who set on Hector, peer of rapid Ares. He took the likeness of a man, of Mentès, captain of the Ciconians; and thus he spake with winged words: "Hector, see how thou runnest a bootless race, after the horses of warrior Aeacides; but they are hard for mortal men to curb or drive, save for Achilles, whom an immortal mother bore: and meanwhile Atreus' son, brave Menelaus, bestrides Patroclus, and hath slain the bravest of the Trojans, Euphorbus, Panthûs' son, and quelled his martial might."

*Book  
XVII  
71—111*

So spake the god, and turned him back into the moil of men; and sore sorrow darkened Hector's swelling heart. He looked around, among the files of men, and soon he saw the one stripping off the famous arms, and the other laid upon the earth; and the blood was trickling from the welling wound. And he came through the foremost, armed in bright bronze, with a sharp cry, like fire of Hephæstus unquenchable; nor did Atrides not hear that sharp shout; but in trouble he spake to his valiant heart: "Woe's me, if I leave the goodly arms, and Patroclus, who lies here for sake of me and of mine honour, surely every Danaan that sees will wax wroth: and if I think shame to flee, and fight alone with Hector and the Trojans, many will compass me, who am but one: for at Hector's back come all the Trojans hither. But why debate I thus? Whoso fights with a god, with a man, I say, to whom a god gives honour, on him comes rolling swift calamity. Why then should any Danaan be wroth, who sees me give ground to Hector? He fights with help divine. Yet could I light on Ajax, warrior good, we two would still return, and do battle even against a god, if perchance we might drag away the dead man for Pelide Achilles: so were bad best."

While thus he pondered in heart and soul, the lines of the Trojans came on, and Hector at their head. Then Menelaus gave back, and left the dead man, facing often round, like a bearded lion, whom dogs and men drive away from the stalls with spear and noise; and his stout heart

*Book* freezes within his breast, and loth he goes from the stable-  
*XVII* court : so did fair-haired Menelaus go from Patroclus. But  
*112—147* he turned him round, when he was come to his own crew,  
and stood, looking for Ajax, Telamon's great son. And soon  
he spied him, on the left of all the war, cheering his fellows  
and heartening them to fight : for Phœbus Apollo had sent  
upon them fear and failing. And Menelaus ran, and quickly  
came to him, and spoke : " Ajax, come, friend of my soul, let  
us be doing about dead Patroclus, if perchance we may fetch  
the body to Achilles,—stripped ; for Hector of the tossing  
plume has the arms."

He spoke, and roused the rage of martial Ajax : and he  
came through the foremost, and fair-haired Menelaus with  
him. Now Hector had spoiled Patroclus of the famous arms,  
and drew him, that he might smite his head from his  
shoulders with the sharp bronze, and drag away the trunk,  
and give it to the dogs of Troy : but Ajax came near, and his  
shield was like a tower. Then Hector got him back into the  
press of his fellows, and leapt into his chariot : and he gave  
the goodly armour to the Trojans to carry into the city,  
that it might be a great glory to him. But Ajax covered  
Mencetius' son about with his broad shield, and stood like a  
lion over his whelps, when hunters have met him in the  
greenwood, leading his young brood : and glorying in his  
strength he draws down the skin of his brows, and hides his  
eyes : so did Ajax plant his feet about warrior Patroclus.  
And beside him stood Atreus' son, Menelaus, dear to Ares,  
and sore sorrow swelled within his breast.

But Glaucus, Hippolochus' son, captain of Lycian men,  
looked grimly upon Hector, and spake hard words : " Hector,  
fairest of favour, much thou lackest of heart : for all thy  
name and renown, thou art but a turnback. And now,  
bethink thee how thou canst save city and citadel, thy single  
self, with the men of Ilium ; for no Lycian will compass the  
city to do battle with the Danaans : seeing that we have no

thanks, although we fight your enemies for ever. How couldst thou save a meaner man, unfeeling, when thou hast left Sarpêdon, friend and familiar both, to be prey and booty of the Argives, he who helped thee much, thyself and thy city, while yet he lived; but now thou wilt not save him from the dogs. And now, if the Lycian men will be said by me, we will go home, and dire destruction will be shown upon Troy. Were there but strength and stoutness in the Trojans, staunch, such as men should have who for their country withstand the broil and battle of enemies, soon should we drag Patroclus within the walls of Troy. And had we dragged him from the fight, and brought him dead to high Priam's town, soon would the Argives yield the fair harness of Sarpêdon, and himself as well be fetched to Ilium. Have we not slain *his* follower, who by the ships is best of the Argives, he and his mighty men? But thou wouldst not stand up to valiant Ajax, when thou met'st him eye to eye in the hostile press, nor fight him front to front; for he is thy superior."

And Hector of the tossing plume looked grim on him, and spake: "Glaucus, why talkest thou so big? Woe's me, I surely took thee for the wisest of all them that dwell in loamy Lycia: but now I see thee wholly foolish: such are thy words. Thou say'st I will not wait for giant Ajax. I dread not the battle, nor the chariot din: but ever the mind of ægis-bearing Zeus is more than we: now will he appal the hardy, and take his victory from him, and now will he stir him to the combat. But now, dear heart, stand by me and see, whether I shall be all the day feeble, as thou sayest, or whether I shall stop some Danaan, eager though he be, from the rescue of dead Patroclus."

He spake, and shouted far, and called the Trojans: "Trojans and Lycians, and close-countering Dardans, play the man, and forget not martial might, till once I have put on the arms of the blameless Achilles, the fair arms, whereof I have spoiled the stout Patroclus."


BOOK  
XVII  
148—187

Book  
XVII  
188—220

So said Hector of the tossing plume, and gat him out of the battle. And he ran, and not long or far he came on fleet feet to his men, who bore to the city Pelides' famous arms. And he stood off from the baleful battle, and changed the armours; his own he gave to the warlike Trojans to take to holy Ilium, and the immortal armour he put on, the armour of Pelide Achilles, which the gods of heaven gave to his father dear; and he gave it to his son; for he was old: but the son grew not old in the armour of the father.

And him the cloud-compelling Zeus, where he sat apart, beheld arraying himself in the arms of the godlike son of Peleus: and he shook his head, and spake to his own soul: "Ah wretch, death is not in thy thoughts, which draweth nigh unto thee: but thou girdest thee with the immortal armour of a mighty man of war, before whose face many are afraid. His dear friend hast thou slain, a man courteous and of great valour, and hast stripped his harness in unseemly wise from his head and from his shoulders. But now at this time I will give thee amends, and will make thee to prevail mightily over thine enemies: for thou shalt not return back out of the battle, nor shall Andromache receive at thy hand the famous arms of the son of Peleus."

So said the son of Cronus, and nodded with his dark brows. And Hector drew the arms upon him, and they fitted him well; and Ares, terrible, of great fury, entered into his heart, and his limbs were filled with strength and might. And he went with a great shout towards his famous allies: and all beheld him, that he seemed to shine in the armour of the stout-hearted son of Peleus. And he passed through them, and spake words of encouragement to every man, to Mesthles, and Glaucus, and Medon, and Thersilochus, and Asteropæus, and Deisênor, and Hippothoüs, and Phoreys, and Chromius, and Ennomus the seer; to all these he spake winged words, and exhorted them: "Hear me, ye innumerable tribes of allies, that dwell around: not in desire nor in





need of a multitude have I brought you hither, every man from his own city; but that ye might zealously deliver the wives and the little children of the Trojans from the hands of the valiant Achæans. To this end I waste the substance of the people, that ye may have food and gifts, and be of good courage. Therefore now let every man go right onward, and either die or live; for this is the dalliance of war. But whoso shall drag Patroclus, even thus dead, among the ranks of the horse-taming Trojans, and beat back Ajax, to him I will impart half the spoils, and half retain myself: and his glory shall be even as mine.”

*Book*  
*XVII*  
221—258

So he said, and they set their faces against the Danaans, for heavy charge, holding up their spears: and their hope was high to drag the dead man from the feet of Ajax, Telamon's son: fools! many a life he took above Patroclus. And then said Ajax to Menelaus, warrior good: “Friend of my soul, nursling of heaven, Menelaus, no longer do I hope that we two shall return out of the battle. Not so much do I fear for the dead Patroclus, who soon shall gorge the Trojan dogs and vultures, as I fear for mine own self, lest evil befall me, and for thee, since everywhere that thundercloud of war surrounds us, Hector, and death and destruction are before our eyes. Go, call the champions of the Danaans, if perchance any may hear thee.”

Thus he said, and thus did Menelaus, good at need; he called aloud upon the Danaans: “O friends, lords, and leaders of the Argives, who drink of the public cup at the board of Atreus' sons, Agamemnon and Menelaus, and command the people; upon whom follow honour and renown from Zeus. Each captain I cannot well discern, so fiercely blazes the strife of war: come therefore, though I name not your names, and brook not that Patroclus be made a sweet morsel for the dogs of Troy.”

So he spake; and soon nimble Ajax, Oileus' son, heard him, and first he faced the Trojans, running through the press: and after him came Idomeneus, and the companion of Idomeneus,

*Book* Meriones, peer of Enyalios, slayer of men. But who can tell  
*XVI.* over in his thought the names of the other Achæans, who  
259—294 followed after those, and bore the battle ?

Then the Trojans bore forward in dense array, and Hector led them on. And as when, in the mouth of a rain-fed river, a great wave breaks roaring against the current, and the jutting headlands rebellow around, and the salt water is dashed back seaward ; with no less a shout came the Trojans on : but the Achæans stood firm, with one mind and one soul, around Menœtius' son, and fenced themselves about with their bronzen shields : and the son of Cronus shed thick mist around their glittering helmets ; for he hated not the son of Menœtius even before, while he was yet alive and followed Aeacides : but now he would not see him abandoned to the dogs of hostile Troy : therefore he stirred up his friends to fight over him.

And first the Trojans thrust back the quick-eyed Achæans and they left the dead man and fled away ; yet did not the haughty Trojans slay any of them with the spear, eager though they were, for they sought to drag away the dead man. But not long were the Achæans to be parted from him : for Ajax turned them round, Ajax, who was the fairest and the stoutest of the Greeks, after Peleus' blameless son. And he flew to and fro among the foremost, doing valiantly, like a wild boar among the mountain dells, who faces often round, and lightly scatters the dogs and the stalwart youths. So proud Telamon's son, the radiant Ajax, charged on, and lightly scattered the companies of the Trojans, who stood around Patroclus, and surely hoped to drag him to their city, and have much honour.

And him Pelasgian Lêthus' radiant son, Hippothoüs, was dragging by the foot through the hot skirmish, and had tied a baldric about the sinews of his ankle, that he might do service to Hector and the Trojans : but upon himself came evil suddenly, which none, however ready, might avert. For the son of Telamon, darting through the press, struck him

with close stroke through the bronzen morion; and the plummy helmet brake about the spearhead, smitten by the great spear and the heavy hand, and the bloody brains spirited from the wound upon the socket of the head. And there his strength was loosed, and he let fall the foot of the princely Patroclus from his hand upon the ground, that it lay: and he fell upon his face over the dead man, far from fertile Larisa, nor did he repay his dear parents for their care, but his life was briefly quelled beneath the spear of great-hearted Ajax. Then Hector cast his bright spear at Ajax, but he saw it, and moved aside a little from the bronzen spear; but great-hearted Iphitus' son, Schedius, bravest far among the Phocians, who dwelt in famous Panopeus and ruled over many men, was stricken fair beneath the collar-bone; and the bronzen point bare right through, and came out behind his shoulder. And with a clash he fell, and his armour clanked above him. Then Ajax smote a warrior brave, Phorcys, the son of Phænops, as he bestrode Hippothoüs, in the belly, and burst the hollow of his corslet, and rended his entrails: and he fell in the dust, and clutched the ground with his palm. Then radiant Hector and the foremost bare back: and the Argives shouted a great shout, and dragged away the dead, Phorcys and Hippothoüs, and stripped the arms from their shoulders.

Then had the Trojans retreated back to Ilium before the valiant Achæans, and been defeated in their feebleness, and the Argives had found honour even beyond the award of Zeus, by reason of their own strength and might: but Apollo himself stirred up Aeneas: and he made himself like to the herald Periphas, Epytus' son, who grew old in his office before old Anchises, and loved him ever: in his likeness the son of Zeus, Apollo, thus spake: "Aeneas, canst thou not deliver lofty Ilium, thou and these, in spite of heaven? I have seen men who put their trust in their own might and strength and number and stoutness, although their people were few. And

*Book*  
*XVII*  
295-330

*Book* we have Zeus of our part, and not the Danaans : yet ye fear  
*XVII* and flee, and will not fight.”  
 331—367

So he spake : but Aeneas looked upon him, and knew archer Apollo ; and he called on Hector aloud : “ Hector, and you captains of Trojans and of allies, it were sin and shame if we retreated back to Ilium before the valiant Achæans, and were defeated in our feebleness. And even now some god stood at my side, and told me that Zeus, the Counsellor, was with us in the battle : therefore let us stand up to the Danaans, and let them not have their ease to fetch the dead Patroclus to the ships.”

Thus he spake, and bounding far before the foremost stood ; and they turned them round about and stood up against the Achæans. Then Aeneas smote with the spear Leiocritus, son of Arisbas, follower good of Lycomêdes : and Lycomêdes, dear to Ares, was moved with pity, and he strode up, and flung his bright spear, and smote Hippasus’ son, Apisaon, shepherd of the people, in the liver beneath the midriff, and speedily his knees were loosed. He came from fertile Pæonia, and fought the best after Asteropæus. And brave Asteropæus was moved with pity, and he also ran, craving to fight with the Danaans : but he might not : for they stood around Patroclus, and fenced themselves about with shields, and held their spears before them : because Ajax went up and down, and straitly charged them, that they should neither flinch and abandon the dead man, nor fight vaingloriously before the other Achæans, but stand about Patroclus, and fight hand to hand. So colossal Ajax charged them ; and the ground ran with crimson blood, and corpses fell thick and close, of Trojans, and of high-hearted allies, and Danaans too ; for their fighting was not without blood : but of them far fewer died : because they ever remembered in the press to avert one from another the sudden stroke of death.

Thus they fought, like flames of fire : and no man might know whether the sun and the moon yet stood in heaven ; for

all the battle, where the bravest fought about Menœtius' slaughtered son, was wrapped in mist. But the rest of the Trojans and of the well-greaved Greeks had their ease to fight beneath the clearness, and the piercing brightness of the sun was spread abroad, and no cloud appeared upon all the plain or upon the mountains; and they fought by fits and rested, and stood far off each from other, and shunned the shot of deadly arrows. But they in the midst, that were the bravest, had toil and trouble with battle and with mist, and the pitiless iron entered into their soul. Also two warriors, men of renown, Thrasymêdes and Antilochus, knew not yet that blameless Patroclus was dead: but they deemed that still he lived, and fought with the Trojans in the forefront of the fray. Now they, heedful of the death and defeat of their fellows, yet fought apart: for so Nestor commanded, when he sent them to the battle from the black ships.

Thus all day long raged the dire debate of cruel strife. And with labour and with sweat incessantly their knees and their legs and their feet beneath and their hands and their eyes were begrimed, as they fought around the true follower of the swift *Æacides*. And as when one gives men to stretch a great bull-hide, swilled with grease, and they take it, and stand in a ring, and stretch it: and in a moment all moisture is gone, and the grease sinks in; for they that pull are many, and they stretch it every part: even so in little space they tugged the dead man this way and that: for the hope of the Trojans was high, to drag him to *Ilium*, and of the *Achæans* to drag him to the hollow ships. And around him raged wild war: not *Ares*, that maddens the people, nor *Athene*, though wrathful exceedingly, could see it and condemn.

Such was the struggle and labour sore of horses and of men that Zeus that day ordained above Patroclus. But the divine *Achilles* wist not yet that he was dead; because they fought far distant from the swift ships, beneath the wall of the Trojans. Therefore he thought not that he was dead, but

*Book**XVII*

368—405

Book  
XVII  
406—444

that he lived, and would draw near to the gates, and come again ; because he well knew that he would not take and sack the city without himself, no, nor with him : for often had he heard this privily from his mother, who told him all the mind of high Zeus. But the sore calamity that now was come she told him not : that his dearest friend was slain.

But they around the dead man set ever incessantly on one another with pointed spears, and slew one another. And thus some bronzen-coated Achæan would speak : “ O friends, it were dishonour to return to the hollow ships : rather let the black earth gape, and swallow us quick. Better it were so, and at once, if we are to leave Patroclus to the horse-taming Trojans, that they may drag him to their city, and have much honour.”

And thus again some high-hearted Trojan would say : “ O friends, what if our fate be to be slain beside this dead man ? Let no one blench from the brunt.” So would a man say, and exhort his fellow.

Thus they fought, and an iron clamour reached up to bronzen heaven through the unresting æther : but without the battle the horses of Aeacides were weeping, for they knew that their charioteer was fallen in the dust beneath slaughterous Hector. And Automedon, Diôres’ valiant son, sought to move them, much with stroke of the swift whip, and much with blandishment, and much with threat ; but they would not return to the ships and the broad Hellespont, nor yet to the battle of the Achæans : but like a pillar that stands fast above the tomb of a dead man, or of a dead woman, they stood steadfast, and with them the fair car, and hung their drooping heads. And hot tears fell from their eyes upon the earth, for love and lamentation : and their thick manes tumbled from the collar and the yoke on this hand and on that, and were soiled upon the ground. And Cronion saw them lamenting, and he was moved with compassion ; and he shook his head, and spake to his own soul : “ Ah, unhappy, why did we give you to king Peleus, a mortal man, you that are

without old age and immortal? Was it that ye might have trouble among miserable men? For among all things that breathe and go upon earth there is nought wretcheder than man. Yet Hector, son of Priam, shall in no wise ride upon you, or upon the noble chariot: for I will not have it so: is it not enough for him to hold the arms and vaunt himself? And I will put strength in your knees and in your hearts, that ye may save Automedon out of the battle, and bring him to the hollow ships: for to the Trojans I give yet more glory, and they shall slay until they come to the benched ships, and the sun set, and the sacred darkness fall."

He spake, and breathed into them strength and stoutness: and they shook off the dust from their manes upon the ground, and fleetly drew the swift chariot among the Trojans and Achæans. And Automedon grieved for his friend; yet he fought with the Trojans, and drove furiously, like a vulture that stoops on geese. Lightly he fled from the tumult of the Trojans, and lightly he flung upon them in the thick press. But he slew not any in his hot pursuit: for he might not, being alone in the sacred car, at once strike with the spear and rein the swift steeds. And at length a friend saw him, Alcimedon, the son of Laercus, Haemon's son: and he stood behind the chariot, and called: "Automedon, what god hath put a thoughtless thought within thy breast, and stolen away thy wit? See, thou fightest alone in the front of the press, and thy fellow is slain, and Hector bears on his shoulders the harness of Aeacides, and glories greatly."

Then answered Automedon, Diôres' son: "Alcimedon, what other Achæan deserved to have and hold the service and the strength of these immortal horses, except Patroclus, counsellor peer of gods, while yet he lived? But now death and fate are come upon him. Take thou the whip and the glittering reins, and I will get me down and fight."

He spake, and Alcimedon, leaping on the chariot of war, quickly caught whip and reins in hand; and Automedon

*Book* leapt down. And radiant Hector saw, and speedily he spake  
*XVII* to Aeneas, that stood hard by : " Aeneas, counsellor of the  
484—524 bronzen-coated Trojans, lo, here the horses of fleet Acacides,  
running through the war : and evil are they guided. Where-  
fore I trust we may take them, if thou wilt help : for never  
will they stand to face the onset of us twain, and join battle."

He spake, nor did Anchises' valiant son gainsay. Right  
on they went, their shoulders clad with dry and solid hide :  
much was there too of beaten bronze. And with them Chro-  
nius and Arêtus of feature divine went both ; and their hope  
was high to slay the two, and drive away the steeds of arching  
necks : fools ! not without blood were they to return back  
from Automedon. He prayed to Zeus the Father, and his heart  
was filled with strength and stoutness : and soon he spake to  
Alcimedon, his comrade true : " Alcimedon, keep not the horses  
afar off, but let them breathe upon my back ; for I trow that  
Hector, Priam's son, will not stay his hand till either he slay  
us both, and ride upon Achilles' goodly steeds, and terrify the  
files of Argive men, or be himself undone among the fore-  
most."

He spake, and called on the two Ajaces, and on Menelaus :  
" Ajaces, captains of the Argives, and thou, Menelaus, leave  
the dead man : let the bravest stand about him, and with-  
stand the files of foes : but do ye avert from us twain, who  
are yet alive, the day of doom : for Hector and Aeneas, the  
best of all the Trojans, press hard upon us in the woful war.  
Yet all is on the knees of the gods : I too will cast, and Zeus  
will dispose."

He said, and poised, and flung the long-shafted spear,  
and struck Arêtus on the equal shield : which kept not out  
the spear, but the head went on, and struck him through the  
girdle in the belly. And as when a strong man with a sharp  
axe strikes a bull of the field behind the horns, and shears  
away the sinew, and with a start he falls ; even so with a start  
fell Arêtus on his back ; sharp and soon did the spear that



quivered in his bowels dissolve his strength. Then Hector flung at Automedon his shining spear; but he saw and avoided: he stooped forward, and behind him the long spear stuck in the ground, and the butt quivered, until at length its rage was spent,—the rage it had from angry Ares. Then had the twain dashed eager each on other, sword to sword; but the two Ajaces parted them, who came hurrying through the press at the call of their fellow. Before those two Hector and Aeneas and Chromius of mien divine gave back again in dread, and left Arêtus lying there with cloven heart. And Automedon, peer of rapid Ares, stripped off the armour, and spake a word of triumph: “Surely I have a little lightened my grief for dead Patroclus, in that I have slain even a man inferior far.”

So he spake, and took the gory spoils, and put them in the chariot, and mounted himself: and his feet and his hands above were bloody, as a lion is bloody that has eaten a bull.

Then once more above Patroclus was joined the tug of hot encounter, fierce and dolorous; and Athene fanned the strife, coming down from heaven; for thunderer Zeus sent her to stir the Danaans: so his mind inclined. As when Zeus from heaven stretches over men a purple rainbow, to be a portent of war, or of inclement cold that stops men from their labours upon earth, and vexes the flocks; even so she wrapt herself in a purple cloud, and went among the Achæans, and stirred them man by man. But first to Atreus' son she spake in words of exhortation, to stalwart Menelaus; for he was near; and she was like to Phœnix in body and in unflagging voice: “Shame and dishonour were it to thee, Menelaus, if the swift dogs should tear the comrade true of princely Achilles beneath the wall of the Trojans. Keep fast thy hold, and set thy people on.”

And to her returned Menelaus, good at need: “Phœnix, thou good old man, if Athene would give me strength, and shield me from stroke afar!—then would I stand, and defend Patroclus; for my heart is distressed for him. But Hector is

*Book* terrible, as the might of fire, and there is no end of his slaying ;  
*XVII* for to him gives Zeus the glory."  
 566—602

He spake, and the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, rejoiced, because that of all the gods he prayed first to her ; and she put strength in his shoulders and in his knees, and made him bold as a fly, which, driven from the skin, yet longs to bite, for it takes pleasure in the blood of man ; with boldness like that she filled his darkening heart. He stood beside Patroclus, and cast his shining spear. Now among the Trojans was Podes, Eëtion's son, rich and brave ; and Hector honoured him above all the people, because he was his friend and dear familiar. Him fair-haired Menelaus smote in the belt, as he rushed into the rout ; and the spearhead went through him, and with a clash he fell ; and Atride Menelaus dragged the body from before the Trojans' face to his own crew.

And Apollo drew near, and stirred up Hector ; he took the shape of Phænops, Asius' son, who dwelt in Abydos, and was dearest of stranger-friends to Hector : in his semblance spake archer Apollo : " Hector, what other Achæan dost thou expect to fear thee ? Now thou runnest from Menelaus, who heretofore was but a weakling ! Lo, now, alone has he taken a dead man from the Trojans, and is gone from them, and hath slain thy true comrade, valiant in the van, Podes, Eëtion's son."

He said, and Hector's heart grew dark with grief and shame ; and he went through the foremost, armed in beaming bright bronze. And then the son of Cronus took his ægis-shield, tasselled, beaming, and wrapped all Ida in clouds : and he lightened, and thundered terribly, and shook the ægis ; and began to give victory to the Trojans and affright to the Achæans.

And first Boeotian Peneleös made retreat. He, whose face was ever to the front, was wounded in the shoulder by a passing shot : the spear of Polydamas gashed him to the bone. Then Hector with close blow wounded Leïtus upon the wrist, the son of high-hearted Alectryon, and stopped him from the

fight: and glancing round he fled, for he might no longer hope to hold the spear, or fight with the Trojans. Then Idomeneus smote Hector, as he sprang after Leïtus, upon the corslet in the breast by the nipple: but the head of the long lance broke off, and the Trojans raised a shout. Then Hector cast at Idomeneus, Deucalion's heir, as he stood upon the chariot; him he missed by a little, but struck the follower and charioteer of Meriones, Cœranus, who followed him from lordly Lyctus,—for Idomeneus came on foot at first from the benched ships; and the Trojans had gotten high renown upon him, had not Cœranus come swiftly, driving with his rapid steeds: to Idomeneus he came a light in darkness, and warded off the day of doom; but himself was slain beneath red-handed Hector: he struck him below the jaw and below the ear, and the spear-end knocked out the teeth, and shore the tongue in sunder; he tumbled from the chariot, and the reins were scattered on the ground: then Meriones stooped, and caught them from the plain, and bespake Idomeneus: "Ply the whip, until thou come to the swift ships: thou knowest full well that the day goes against the Achæans."

He spake, and Idomeneus lashed the goodly steeds towards the hollow ships: for his heart was afraid within him.

Then stout-heart Ajax knew, and Menelaus, that Zeus gave decisive victory to the Trojans: and then began great Telamonian Ajax: "Woe's me, a fool may know that Zeus the Father favours the Trojans; for their arrows hit, whoever shoots, or bad or good; Zeus guides them all: but ours fall idle on the ground. Come therefore, let us bethink ourselves how we may best drag off the dead man, and ourselves return and rejoice our comrades dear: they look hitherward, and their hearts are troubled, and they think that the valour and the hands untouchable of slaughterous Hector will no more be restrained, but that he will break in among the black ships. Would we had some one to bring word quickly to Pelides: for surely he wits not at all of our heavy news, that his dear

*Book* friend is slain. But such a one I see not : for men and horses  
*XVII* are wrapped about in mist. O Zeus our Father, deliver the  
643—683 sons of the Achæans from this mist, and make clear weather,  
and let us see with our eyes ; give us but light, and slay us,  
if thou wilt have it so."

He spake, and the Father took compassion on his tears ; at once he scattered the mist and swept away the fog, and the sun shone out, and all the battle was seen. And then said Ajax to Menelaus, good at need : " Look about, Menelaus, heavenly-bred, if thou canst see yet alive Antilochus, the son of noble Nestor, and send him speedily to warrior Achilles, to tell him that his dearest friend is slain."

He spake, nor did Menelaus, warrior good, gainsay ; and he went like a lion from the stable-court, that is weary of braving dogs and men ; they wake all night, and will not let him take the fatness of the kine ; he longs for the savoury flesh, and rushes on, but prevails not : for many a javelin flies against him from hardy hands, and blazing faggots, that repel his rage, and with the dawn he goes, chafed and angry ; so from Patroclus went Menelaus, good at need, loth and late : for much he feared lest the Achæans, in their sore affright, might leave the prize to the enemy ; and much he charged Meriones, and much the Ajaces both : " Ajaces, captains of the Argives, and thou, Meriones, now call to mind the gentleness of ill-fated Patroclus ; he was ever good and kind, while yet he lived : but now death and destiny are come upon him."

So spake fair-haired Menelaus, and went his way, glancing round like an eagle, whose sight, they say, is sharpest of all birds beneath the heaven ; high though he hangs, the fleet-foot hare escapes him not, crouching beneath a leafy bush ; he swoops upon him, and quickly he clutches him, and takes his life. So did thy keen eyes, Menelaus, heavenly-bred, run up and down the crew of all thy friends, looking for the son of Nestor, if yet he lived. And soon he spied him, on the left of all the war, cheering his friends, and prompting them to

fight. And fair-haired Menelaus drew near, and spake: *Book*  
“Antilochus, come hither, heavenly-bred, and hear unhappy *XVII*  
news—would God it were not so! Doubtless thou knowest, 684—721  
—for thine eyes may see—that God rolls ruin on the Danaans,  
and the Trojans have the better; and low lies the best of the  
Achæans, Patroclus; and sore we lack him. Therefore run  
speedily to the ships of the Achæans, and bid Achilles quickly  
come, and bring the naked body to his ship; for Hector of  
the tossing plume has the armour.”

He spake, and Antilochus heard, and shuddered. Long  
was his tongue tied, and his eyes were filled with tears, and  
his clear voice was choked. Yet loitered he not with the  
message of Menelaus; he ran, and gave his armour to his  
blameless friend, Laodocus, who near at hand controlled the  
whole-hooved horses.

Weeping he went, and his feet bare him out of the battle,  
carrying sore tidings to Pelide Achilles. Nor didst thou care,  
Menelaus, heavenly-bred, to help the hard-pressed companions  
whom Antilochus had left, though sore the Pylians lacked  
him. He gave the charge to noble Thrasymêdes, and himself  
returned to warrior Patroclus; he ran, and stood by the Ajaces,  
and quickly spake: “I have sent him to the swift ships, to  
tell fleet-foot Achilles; but I look not for him, however he be  
wroth with noble Hector; without his armour he may in no  
wise fight with the Trojans. Let us consider without him  
how we may best drag off the dead, and ourselves withdraw  
from the shouting of the Trojans, and escape death and  
destruction.”

And to him made answer great Telamonian Ajax: “Thou  
sayest well, thrice famous Menelaus: do thou and Meriones  
lift up the dead man upon you speedily, and bear him from  
the broil; and behind we two will fight with the Trojans and  
with hero Hector: we are alike in name, and alike in nature,  
and before now we have stood each by other, and abided  
the brunt of war.”

Book  
XVII  
722—end

He said, and they lifted up the dead man in their arms, and held him high : and behind the Trojan squadron yelled aloud, when they saw the Achæans lifting him up ; and they ran on like dogs, who rush upon a wounded boar before the hunter youths : awhile they run, and fain would tear him ; but when he wheels round, and meets them in his might, they fall back, and fly dispersedly. Even so the Trojans kept following in a crowd, stabbing with swords and with two-handed spears ; but when the two Ajaces faced about, and met them foot to foot, their countenance fell, nor did any dare to spring forward and dispute possession of the dead.

Thus zealously they sought to bear the dead man from the battle to the hollow ships : and about them was drawn the tug of war, wild as fire, that with sudden spread consumes a city of men, and the houses melt in the mighty conflagration ; and the roaring wind is loud : even so they, as they went, were pursued with clamour unassuaged of horses and of fighting men. And as mules, that are clothed in strength, drag from the mountain down some rocky track a beam or a great ship-timber, and their courage fails for labour and for sweat, as they strain along : with no less toil they bore away the dead. But, behind, the two Ajaces stemmed the strife, as a woody foreland stems the water, which juts far out into the plain, and curbs the ruinous strength of rushing rivers, and bends their course, and sharply turns them off into the plain ; nor can they break the bar, for all their force. So ever the Ajaces held back the battle of the Trojans, who followed hard upon them, and two in special, Aeneas, Anchises' son, and radiant Hector. But like a cloud of starlings or of pies, who flee screaming incessant, when they spy the hawk coming, the fatal foe of little birds ; so before Aeneas and Hector went the sons of the Achæans, screaming incessant, and forgot to fight. And all the way was strewn with fair armour of flying Danaans about and around the fosse ; and the battle was not assuaged.

## BOOK XVIII

### THE MAKING OF THE SHIELD

So they fought, like flames of fire : but fleet-foot Antilochus came with the tidings to Achilles : and he found him before the towering ships, forecasting what had befallen ; and in grief he spake to his high heart : " Woe's me, why are the long-haired Achæans discomfited, and driven over the plain to the ships ? Will the gods fulfil the trouble I forebode, of which my mother told me, that before I died the best of all the Myrmidons should leave the light beneath the hands of the Trojans ? Surely the stout son of Menœtius is dead : headstrong ! I bade him repel the hostile fire, and return to the ships, nor measure might with Hector."

*Book  
XVIII  
1—29*

While thus he pondered in heart and soul, the son of princely Nestor drew nigh, shedding hot tears, and spake his woful message : " Ah me, son of warrior Peleus, thou must hear unhappy tidings ;—would God it were not so ! Patroclus is fallen ; and they fight about his naked body ; for Hector of the tossing plume has the arms."

He spoke, and the black cloud of sorrow covered Achilles : and with both hands he took the grimy dust, and cast it on his head, and disfigured his fair face ; and the black ashes clung to his celestial garment. And flung at all his length he lay in the dust, and tore his hair, and marred it with his hands. And the women slaves, whom Achilles had taken in war and Patroclus, screamed loud in grief and sorrow, and

*Book*  
*XVIII*  
30-69

they ran out every one about warrior Achilles, and beat their breasts with their hands, and their limbs were loosed beneath them. And over against them Antilochus wept and wailed, holding Achilles by the hands, who groaned within his noble heart—for he feared lest he should lay the iron to his throat. And terribly Achilles groaned; and his lady-mother heard him, where she sat in the sea-deeps beside her aged sire, and she cried in anguish; and around her ran the goddesses, the Nereids of the deeps. There was Glauçê, and Thaleia, and Cymodocê, and Nesæa, and Speio, and Thoo, and large-eyed Haliê, and Cymothoê, and Actæa, and Limnôreia, and Melitê, and Iæra, and Amphithoê, and Agavê, and Dôto, and Prôto, and Pherûsa, and Dynamenê, and Dexamenê, and Amphinomê, and Callianeira, and Dôris, and Panopê, and glorious Galateia, and Nêmerthes, and Apseudes, and Callianassa; and there was Clymenê, and Ianeira, and Ianassa, and Mæra, and Oreithyia, and sweet-haired Amatheia, and many more, the Nereids of the deeps; and the white cave was filled with them. And all together beat upon their breasts, and Thetis led the lamentation: "Hear me, Nereids, my sisters, and know how many sorrows are upon my heart. Ah me, unhappy! ah, miserable mother of the bravest! who have borne a son bold and blameless, the chief of heroes! He came up like a green shoot; I reared him like a young tree in a fertile field: then must I send him in the pinned ships to Ilium, to fight with the Trojans; but I shall not receive him back, nor shall he return to his home, to the house of Peleus. And while yet he lives, and looks upon the light of the sun, he is afflicted, nor can I help him by my going; yet I will go, that I may see my dear child, who goes out to the war, and hear what trouble has come upon him."

She spoke, and left the cave: with her came the others, all in tears, and the wave of the sea was rent before them. And when they came to fertile Troy, they stepped in order up the beach, where the ships of the Myrmidons were drawn up thick



about fleet Achilles. Deep he groaned, and his lady-mother came beside him, loud lamenting, and took the head of her mighty son ; and with many a moan she spake winged words :  
“ My child, why weapest thou ? What trouble hath come upon thy mind ? Speak, keep not back : surely Zeus hath fulfilled what thou didst pray, with lifting up of thy hands, that the sons of the Achæans might be penned beside the poops, and be in need of thee, and suffer shame and sorrow.”

Then groaning deep fleet-foot Achilles made answer :  
“ Mother, all this the Olympian hath indeed fulfilled ; but what delights it me ? since my dear friend is dead, Patroclus, whom I honoured above all my friends, and cherished as myself. Him have I lost, and Hector hath stripped off the ample harness, beautiful, a wonder to behold, which the gods gave to Peleus, a goodly gift, in that day when they brought thee to the bed of a mortal man. Ah, would thou hadst dwelt as of old, with the immortal maidens of the sea, and Peleus had wedded an earthly wife ! But so they did, that thou might'st have sorrow infinite within thy heart for thy perished son, whom thou shalt not receive again, nor shall he come ever home ; for my heart will not let me live or walk with men, unless Hector first fall, smitten beneath my spear, and pay quittance for Patroclus, Menæceus' son.”

Then answered Thetis, dropping down the tear : “ So shall thy fate, my child, be speedy ; for thy doom is ready after Hector slain.”

And in sore sorrow answered fleet-foot Achilles : “ Let me die at once, since it was not mine to help my friend in death ; far from his fatherland he fell, and found not me beside him, to ward off woe. And now,—since I return not to my country dear, and succoured not Patroclus, nor many more my friends, who died before divine Hector, but sit unprofitable beside my ships, a cumberer of the ground,—I, who am such in war as is none other of the bronzen-coated Achæans ; yet in the

*Book  
XVIII  
70—106*

*Book*  
*XVIII*  
107—145

assembly there are better than I,—O would that strife might perish from among gods and men, and anger, that can make the wise man mad, anger, that is sweeter far than dropping honey, and swells within the breast like rising smoke! seeing that Agamemnon, king of men, hath provoked me to anger. But let us leave what is done, sorry though we be, and curb our heart to sad necessity. Now will I go to seek the slayer of my friend, Hector; and fate I shall meet, when Zeus willeth, and all the deathless gods. No, not the might of Heracles evaded fate, although he was most dear to Zeus the king, the son of Cronus: but fate quelled him, and Hera's rancorous anger. So shall I too lie, when I am dead, if I am doomed like him: therefore now let me win name and fame, and make some Trojan woman, some daughter of Dardanus, with both her hands to wipe the tear from her tender cheeks, and groan full loud: and let them know that *I* have long been absent from the war. Seek not, for all thy love, to keep me back: thou canst not move me."

Then replied the goddess, silver-footed Thetis: "Yea, my child, thou speakest right; it is well to ward off sharp death from friends hard pressed. But thy fair armour, bronzen, beaming, is taken of the Trojans: and Hector of the tossing plume bears it on his shoulders, and glories greatly: but not long, I think, shall he exult, for death is nigh unto him. Therefore get thee not into the rout of Ares, until thou see me come to thee again: in the morning will I return with the uprising sun, and bring fair armour from Hephæstus, the king."

So she said, and turned her from her son, and spake amid her sisters of the sea: "Do ye now get you into the sea's broad bosom, and wend your way to the hall of your father, the old man of the sea, and tell him all: but I go to high Olympus, to artificer Hephæstus, if perchance he will give my son famous arms, beaming bright."

She spoke, and presently they got them beneath the wave

of the sea : but she, Thetis, silver-footed goddess, went to Olympus, to fetch her dear son famous arms.

*Book  
XVIII,  
146—186*

Her then her feet bore to Olympus : but the Achæans with wondrous shouting were fleeing before slaughterous Hector, and came to the ships and the Hellespont. And scarce could the greaven Achæans drag dead Patroclus, comrade of Achilles, out of shot ; for yet once more did the men and the horses and Hector, Priam's son, mighty as a flame, come up to him : three times did radiant Hector catch him by the feet behind, and sought to drag him away, and shouted to the Trojans : and thrice did the two Ajaces, clothed upon with impetuous might, repel him from the dead. But evermore he trusted in his force ; now would he rush on in the fray, and now again would he stand, and shout on high ; but backward he went not at all. Like shepherds of the field, that cannot drive a lion from a carcass, for he is sore hungered : even so the soldier Ajaces could not fright Priamid Hector from the dead man. And now had he dragged him off, and won illimitable honour, had not wind-foot rapid Iris come running from Olympus to bid Pelides arm : and Zeus wist not, nor any god : for Hera sent her : and standing near, she spake winged words : " Arise, Pelides, most terrible of men, and help Patroclus, for sake of whom the dire debate stands joined before the ships : they slay each other, those in defence about the dead, and these, the Trojans, charge on to drag him off to windy Troy. But most of all does radiant Hector strive : he longs to shear the head from the tender neck and fix it upon a pale. Up, lie no longer, but think it shame that Patroclus be made a sweet morsel for the dogs of Troy : it were dishonour to thee, if the dead come home misused."

Then swift divine Achilles answered her : " Goddess Iris, what god sent thee on thy message ? " And wind-foot rapid Iris thus spake back : " Hera sent me forth, the glorious consort of Zeus : and high-daised Cronides wits not, nor any of the undying ones, who dwell about snowy Olympus."

Book  
XVIII  
187—226

Then answered and said fleet-foot Achilles : " And how shall I go into the broil ? Yon others have my arms : and my mother dear bade me not put on harness till mine eyes should see her coming back, for she purposed to fetch fair armour from Hephæstus. And I know not any other, whose famous armour I might put on, save indeed the shield of Telamonian Ajax : but he himself, I trow, is there among the foremost, rending with the spear beside dead Patroclus."

Then said to him wind-foot rapid Iris : " We know well that thy famous arms are not with thee : but nevertheless get thee to the ditch, and be seen of the Trojans, if perchance they may shrink before thee, and waver from the war, that so the soldier sons of the Achæans may have rest from their affliction : brief is the pause of war."

So spake fleet-foot Iris, and went her way : but Zeus-beloved Achilles rose and stood, and about his mighty shoulders Athene, goddess divine, cast her tasselled ægis, and about his head she set a cloud of gold, and made him all to burn with beaming flame. Even as the smoke of a city goes up to the sky, from an island afar, beleaguered of enemies ;—all day the townsmen sally from their town to grim debate of war ; but when the sun is set, beacon fires blaze thick and fast, and the gleam darts up on high, that perchance their neighbours may see, and come in their ships, and ward off woe ;—so from Achilles' head went up a glare to the sky. From the wall he went, and stood beside the fosse, but mixed him not with the Achæans : for he regarded his mother's wise command : there he stood and called, and elsewhere shouted Pallas Athene, and sent rout and ruin among the Trojans. Loud as the trumpet sounds of murderous enemies, that compass about a city : so loud shouted Aeacides. And when they heard the bronzen voice of Aeacides, their hearts were troubled ; and the deep-maned horses turned round their chariots : for they foreboded evil. And they that rode upon them stood aghast, when they saw the unwearied fire blazing terribly above the

head of high-hearted Pelides, the fire which the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, made to burn. Thrice across the ditch divine Achilles shouted high, and thrice the Trojans and the famous allies were confounded. And there twelve men of the bravest died among their own chariots and their own spears. But fain were the Achæans to drag Patroclus out of shot, and lay him on a bed : and his dear friends stood round weeping. And with them came fleet Achilles, shedding hot tears, for he saw his true friend lying on the bier, stabbed through with the sharp bronze. He sent him to the war with horses and with chariot, but he received him not back again.

Then broad-eyed lady Hera sent the never-tiring sun towards the streams of Ocean : for he was loth to go. The sun went down, and the divine Achæans had rest from hot skirmish and from equipoise of war.

And on the other part the Trojans gave back from the hot encounter, and unyoked their swift horses from the chariots, and held assembly ere they thought of food. They held assembly standing on their feet, nor any dared to sit ; for trembling was upon them all, because Achilles had come forth, who long was absent from the cruel fray. And sage Polydamas, the son of Panthûs, spoke the foremost : for he alone could see the present and the future. He was the friend of Hector, and they were born in one night : but the one excelled in speech, and the other with the spear : and he with loyal thoughts spoke forth and said : " Bethink you well, my friends. My voice is to return to the city, and not to wait for divine morning in the plain by the ships : we are far from the wall. While yonder man was wroth with divine Agamemnon, the Achæans were milder to meddle with : and my heart was glad, because I slept before the rocking ships, in hope to take them. But now I am sore afraid of fleet Pelides : such is his arrogancy, he will not brook to bide in the plain, where in the midst the Trojans and Achæans divide the luck of war, but will fight for city and for women. Be said by me, and let us

BOOK  
XVIII  
227—266

*BOOK XVIII*  
267—301 go back to the city : for thus will it be. It is immortal night that now hath kept back fleet Pelides : but if to-morrow he come out in armour, and find us here, many a man shall learn his mettle ; fain shall he be to come to holy Ilium who can escape, and many of the Trojans shall the dogs and vultures eat : ah, be the word far from mine ears ! but if we do according to my word, although our hearts be heavy, we shall keep our power all night in the muster-place, and the city will be fenced by its towers and lofty gates and the timbers that are upon them, long, polished, bolted fast ; and at break of dawn we shall gird us with our armour, and take our stand upon the towers : and it will be worse for him, if he choose to leave the ships and fight with us about the wall. Back will he go to the ships, when he has wearied his horses of arching neck with running to and fro, and ranging beneath the city. He will not seek to come up against us : and he will never take us : sooner shall the quick-foot dogs devour him."

Then Hector of the tossing plume looked grim on him, and said : " Polydamas, this that thou sayest, I cannot away with : thou biddest us go back, and herd within the town. Have ye not had enough of herding within the towers ? In times gone-by speech-uttering men called Priam's town a town of bronze, a town of gold ; but now the goodly hoards are perished from our houses, and many of our goods are sold, and gone to Phrygia and pleasant Mæonia, because high Zeus is incensed against us. But now that the son of wily-witted Cronus hath given me to win glory beside the ships, and pen up the Achæans by the sea, broach me not such thoughts, thou fool ! before the assembly of the people. Nor shall any Trojan give thee heed ; for I will not have it : but rather let us do as I shall tell you. For the present, take your meal in your ranks according to your companies, and look well to your watches, and all remain awake. And he among the Trojans that frets and fears about his goods, let him gather them together, and give them to be spend of the people ; it

were better they should enjoy them, and not the Achæans. And at break of dawn we will gird us with our armour, and wake sharp war about the hollow ships : and if indeed divine Achilles be risen from among his ships, it shall be worse for him, if so he choose. I will not flee him, or leave the clamorous battle, but meet him face to face, and he or I shall do a deed of note. Impartial is the God of Battles, and oft he slays the slayer."

Thus Hector spoke, and the Trojans shouted applause : fools ! for Pallas Athene took away their wit. The evil counsel of Hector found favour in their eyes, but Polydamas, who advised them wisely, found favour with none. So then they took their meal, and kept their ranks : but the Achæans all night made groan and lamentation for Patroclus. And Pelides led the loud lament ; he laid his deadly hands upon the breast of his friend, and groaned continually, like a bearded lion, whose whelps some hunter of the deer has stolen away out of the close coppice ; then after a while he comes again, and is troubled, and many a dell he visits, tracking the footprints of the man, if perchance he may find him : for poignant wrath is on him ; and thus Achilles spake among the Myrmidons, groaning deep : " Woe's me, I spake an idle word in that day, when I comforted warrior Menœtius in his halls, and said that I would bring back his son to Opus in glory, when we had taken Ilium and gotten a share of spoil. But Zeus fulfils not all the thoughts of men : here in Troy we both are doomed to dye the earth with red ; for I shall not return, nor shall old horseman Peleus receive me in his halls, nor my mother Thetis, but here shall the earth have me. And now, Patroclus, since after thee I go beneath the ground, I will not bury thee till I have brought hither the armour and the head of Hector, thy haughty slayer ; and twelve bright children of the Trojans will I behead before the pyre, in anger for thy slaying. And in the meantime I will let thee lie beside the pinneted ships ; and about thee the Trojan

Book  
XVIII  
340—377

women, the deep-bosomed daughters of Dardanus, shall weep, and shed the tear day and night, they whom we won with might and with long lance, when we sacked together the fat cities of speaking men."

So spake Achilles, and bade his men put a great kettle on the fire, that they might quickly wash the gory blood from Patroclus: and they set a bath-preparing kettle on the blazing fire, and poured in water, and fed with wood the fire below: the fire embraced the belly of the kettle, and the water was warmed. And when the water boiled within the beaming bronze, they washed him and anointed him with oil, and filled his wounds with ointment nine years old: and they laid him on a bed, and covered him from head to foot with a smooth linen cloth, and laid a white robe over him.

Thus all night about quick-foot Achilles the Myrmidons made moan and lamentation for Patroclus: but Zeus said to Hera, sister and wife in one: "So thou hast had thy will, Dame Hera, and hast aroused quick-foot Achilles. Truly thou art a mother to the long-haired Achæans."

And broad-eyed lady Hera answered: "Dread son of Cronus, what saying is this? Will not a man make good to his fellow, although he is mortal and not so wise as we? Then how should I, who am the chiefest of goddesses, by birth at once, and because I am called wife of thee, who art ruler of all the immortals, how should I not send trouble on the Trojans, with whom I am wroth?"

Thus spoke they each to other: but silver-footed Thetis came to the house of Hephæstus, imperishable, star-bright, the wonder of the immortals, all of bronze, which halt Hephæstus had wrought with his own hands. She found him sweating, bustling about the bellows, in heat and haste: for he was making twenty tripods, that were to stand about the wall of the gods' firm-founded hall; and he put golden wheels beneath them every one, that self-impelled they might come among the assembly of the gods, and then again return



to his own house ; a wonder to behold. They were well-nigh finished, but wanted yet the curious ears ; them he was fashioning, and beating out the rivets. And while he laboured them with craft and cunning, the goddess, silver-footed Thetis, drew nigh : and glossy-kerchiefed Charis came out and saw her, the spouse of halt-foot Hephæstus ; and she clasped her hand, and spake aloud, and said her say : “ Why, Thetis of the flowing robe, goddess dear and honoured, comest thou to our house ? Thou wert not wont before. But come with me, and let me set meat before thee.”

*Book  
XVIII  
378—413*

So spake she, goddess divine, and led her in ; and then she set her upon a silver-studded chair, fair, curiously wrought ; and there was a footstool beneath her feet. And she called on artificer Hephæstus, and thus she spoke : ‘ Hephæstus, come quick : Thetis would somewhat of thee.’ And then the famous Haltfoot answered her : “ Verily there is a dread and honoured goddess in my house, my saviour in that day when trouble came upon me, and I fell afar by fault of my shameless mother, who flung me out of her sight because I was lame : then had anguish come upon me, had not Eurynomê and Thetis received me in their bosom, Eurynomê, the daughter of circumfluent Ocean. Nine years with them I hammered many a trinket, brooches, and bracelets, and necklaces, and earrings, within a hollow cave ; and round about the stream of Ocean flowed illimitable, seething with foam ; nor did any god know of me, nor any mortal man, but Thetis alone knew, and Eurynomê, my preservers. And now is Thetis come to our house : surely I am bound to pay the price of life to sweet-haired Thetis. And now do thou set fair refreshment before her, until I put away my bellows and my tools.”

The enormous shape ended, and rose with halting foot from off the stithy ; and his lank legs went quick beneath him. He put away the bellows from the fire, and gathered all the tools, wherewith he wrought, into a silver coffer ; and

*Book*  
*XVIII*  
434—451

with a sponge he wiped his face and his two hands and his thick neck and his hairy breast, and put on his tunic, and took a stout staff, and came halting forth; and handmaids all of gold supported the king, made in the likeness of living maidens; there is understanding within them, and they have speech and strength, and they have learned cunning works from the undying gods. These moved beneath the king; and limping near, where Thetis was, he sat him down upon a glittering chair, and clasped her by the hand, and spake, and said his say: "Why, Thetis of the flowing robe, goddess dear and honoured, comest thou to our house? Thou wert not wont before. Speak all thy mind: I rejoice to do thy pleasure, if I can do it, and if it may be done."

Then answered Thetis, dropping down the tear: "Hephæstus, hath any goddess, of all that are in Olympus, endured so much of care and sorrow as Cronid Zeus hath laid on me beyond the rest? Of all the maidens of the sea he wedded me only to a mortal man, to Peleus, son of Aeacus, and I brooked the bed of a mortal, sore, sore against my will. And now he lies in his halls, borne down with feeble old age; but I have ever fresh sorrow, since Zeus hath given me a son to bear and breed, the chief of heroes; he came up like a green shoot; I reared him like a young tree in a fertile field; then must I send him in the pinneted ships to Ilium, to fight with the Trojans; but I shall not receive him back, nor shall he return to the house of Peleus. And while yet he lives, and looks upon the light of the sun, he is afflicted, nor can I help him by my going. The woman whom the sons of the Achæans gave to him, a choice gift, her did ruler Agamemnon take again from his hands: and for grief of her his heart bled; and the Trojans penned up the Achæans beside the poops, and would not let them forth: then did the elders of the Argives entreat him, and told him of many glorious gifts. But he would not himself succour them from bane; he put his own armour upon Patroclus, and sent him

to the war, and much people with him. And all day long they fought about the Scæan gate: and now had they taken the town that self-same day, but Apollo gave glory to Hector, and slew the stout son of Menœtius, among the foremost, after he had wrought sore harm. And for this cause am I come suppliant to thy knees, if thou wilt give my briefly-destined son a shield and helmet, and fair greaves, and clasps upon them, and a corslet; for that which he had his true friend has lost, who is slain of the Trojans; and he lies upon the ground, and his heart is sore."

And thus the famous Haltfoot answered back: "Be of good cheer, and be not troubled about the matter. Would I could so hide him from detested death, when woe and doom are come upon him, as I can give him fair arms, such as many a man hereafter shall wonder at, who looks upon them."

He said, and left her there, and went to fetch his bellows; and he turned them towards the fire, and bade them work: twenty bellows were there, that blew upon the melting-vat, and sent out a kindling blast, of every strength, to be at the bidding of Hephæstus, whether he should be in heat and haste, or whether he should choose to finish, and the work be done. He put in the fire unwasting bronze, and tin, and precious gold, and silver; and then he set the great anvil upon the stithy, and grasped in his hand the heavy hammer, and in the other he grasped the tongs.

First of all he made a shield, great and strong, and wrought it every way, and drew about it a bright rim, threefold, glittering, and hung to the shield a belt of silver. Five layers were there of the shield; and on it he wrought many curious things with cunning hands.

He made therein earth, and heaven, and the sea, and the untiring sun, and the full moon, and all the signs that gird around the sky, the Pleiades, and the Hyades, and the strength of Orion, and the Bear, whom others call by name the Wain,

*Book XVIII* which turns and turns and ever watches Orion, and alone  
488—526 partakes not of the baths of Ocean.

And he made therein two fair cities of speaking men. In the one were marriages and banquets, and brides were led from their bowers throughout the city by the light of torches, and the bridal-song was loud; and dancer youths twirled around, and among them flutes and lyres made music; and the women stood every one before her door, and wondered. And the people were gathered in the market-place; and there was a strife: two men strove about the price of a slain man: the one spoke to the people, and contended he had paid; and the other said he had received nothing: and both sought to make an end by the mouth of a witness. And the people took part with this or that, and shouted approbation; but the heralds kept them back. And the elders sat upon smooth stones in a sacred ring, and held in their hands the rods of far-heard heralds; holding these they rose up, and spoke their dooms by turns; and in the midst there lay two talents of gold, the prize of him who judged most rightly.

And again, about the other city sat two armies in shining armour, and they that besieged were divided in their mind, whether to sack the city altogether, or to require an equal half of all the lovely town enclosed within. And they of the city would not, but laid an ambush. Their dear wives and their little children stood and manned the wall, and those men who were stricken in years: but the others went forth. Before them went Ares and Pallas Athene, both of gold, and garbed in gold, tall and fair in armour, like gods indeed, and large to view: but the people were less to look upon. And when they were come where they thought meet to lay their ambush, beside a river, at a watering-place for the flocks, they sat them down, wrapped in bright bronze. And two scouts sat apart from the rest, waiting to espy the sheep and the horned oxen; and they came speedily, and with them two herdsmen, playing on their pipes; and they wist not of the

snare. And they that were in ambush saw, and ran on them, and speedily they took the herds of kine and the goodly flocks of white sheep, and slew the shepherds. Then when the others, who sat in their assembly, saw that there was much tumult about their flocks, they mounted behind their mettled horses, and soon they overtook them. And they stood, and fought a fight beside a river's banks, and shot each other with their bronzen spears. There was Strife, and Havoc, and fearful Fate: one man she held fresh-wounded, but yet alive, and another she left unwounded; and another that was dead she dragged through the rout by the feet: and the garment upon her shoulders was crimson with the blood of men. And they had to do with one another like living men, and fought, and dragged off the dead and slain, each from other.

And therein he made a soft fallow of fat land, broad, thrice-upturned: and many ploughmen turned about their ploughs, and drove them this way and that. And when they had turned, and come again to the field's end, there came a man, and put in their hand a cup of honey-sweet wine: then they went back along the furrow, eager to come to the end of the deep fallow. And the ground grew black behind, and seemed as though it had been ploughed, although the work was of gold: a surpassing marvel.

And he made therein a close, deep-cropped: and reapers were reaping, with sharp sickles in their hands. And of the handfuls, some fell thick to the ground upon the swathe, and some the binders bound in sheaves. There were three that bound: and behind them were lads that gathered the handfuls, and carried them in their arms, and gave them nimbly to the binders. And hard by stood the king in silence upon the swathe, a sceptre in his hand, glad at heart. And apart beneath an oak heralds were preparing food, and were dressing a great ox, which they had slain. And the women sprinkled white barley on the meat, and made a meal for the reapers.

*Book*  
*XVIII*  
561—600

And he made therein a fair vineyard, all of gold, laden with clusters ; the black bunches hung on high, and all the field was staked with poles of silver ; and he drew around it a ditch of blue steel and a fence of tin ; and there was but one pathway in, by which the bearers went, when they gathered in the vintage ; and youths and maidens, blithe at heart, carried the honey-sweet fruit in plaited baskets. And in the midst a boy played delightfully on the ringing lyre, and sang sweetly with his clear voice the song of Linus : and stamping all together they bounded with their feet, and went along with dancing and with shouting.

And he made therein a herd of high-horned kine ; and the kine were wrought of gold and tin ; and lowing loud they hastened from their stall to the pasture, beside a roaring river and a bed of waving reeds. And four herdsmen of gold walked along with them, and nine quick-foot dogs came behind. And two frightful lions fell upon the front of the herd, and caught a lowing bull, and dragged him off, bellowing loud : and dogs and men followed after. And the lions rent open the huge steer's hide, and gorged down flesh and black blood ; and the shepherds strove in vain to fright them, and set on their fleet dogs. But they shrank from fastening on the lions, and stood hard by, and barked, and kept aloof.

And therein the famous Haltfoot made a great pasture of white-woolled sheep, in a fair dell, and folds, and shedded cotes, and pens.

And therein the famous Haltfoot wrought a dancing place, like that which whilom in broad Cnôsus Dædalus built for love-locked Ariadné. And therein youths and cattle-compassing maidens were dancing, and held each other by the wrist. The maidens were in fine linen, and the young men were clad in close-spun tunics, lustrous with oil ; the maidens wore fair chaplets, and the youths golden hangers, in belts of silver. Now would they run lightly round with dexterous feet, as when a potter sits and tries the wheel that

is ready to his hand, if it will run : and now would they run towards each other in rows. And a great crowd stood in delight around the lovely dance : and among them a divine minstrel played and sang : and two tumblers, as he led their motion, tumbled in the midst.

*Book  
XVIII  
601—end*

And he made therein the mighty strength of the river Ocean, around the uttermost rim of the firm-framed shield.

And when he had made the shield, great and strong, he made him a breastplate, brighter than the flash of fire, and he made him a heavy helmet, fitting the temples, fair, curious, and set a golden ridge upon it, and he made him greaves of smooth tin.

So when the famous Halter had finished all the arms, he took them, and set them before the mother of Achilles. And like a hawk she leapt from snowy Olympus, carrying the beaming armour, which she had gotten from Hephæstus.

## BOOK XIX

### THE RENOUNCING OF THE WRATH

*Book*    *AND* saffron-vested dawn rose from the streams of Ocean,  
*XIX*    bringing light to mortal and to immortal ; and the goddess  
*1—24*    came to the ships, bringing the gift of Hephæstus. And she  
found her son lying, embracing Patroclus, weeping loudly;  
and many of his men stood round lamenting. And the divine  
goddess stood in the midst of them, and clasped him by the  
hand, and spake a word, and said her say—

“My child, despite our sorrow, let us leave the dead man  
lying, slain by the ordination of the gods ; and do thou receive  
from Hephæstus splendid armour, exceeding beautiful, such  
as man never wore upon his shoulders.”

So spake the goddess, and cast down the armour before  
Achilles ; the brilliant pieces rattled as they fell, and fear  
came upon the Myrmidons, and no man dared to look direct  
upon the blaze, but all shrank back. But when Achilles  
saw, his anger grew the deeper ; and his eyes flashed terribly  
beneath the lashes, like the gleam of the lightning ; he took  
the splendid gifts into his hands, and his soul was pleased.  
And when he had gazed on the magnificence, and taken  
delight, straightway he spake to his mother with winged  
words—

“Mother, the god hath given armour such as befits  
celestial workmanship, beyond the performance of man.  
And now I will arm me ; but I fear greatly lest meantime



the flies enter into the wounds of Menœtius' valiant son, rent with the bronze, and engender worms, and desecrate the corpse, for the life is slain in him, and make his flesh to rot from him." *Book  
XIX  
25—61*

Then answered Thetis, goddess of the silver sandal :  
 " My child, let not this thing trouble thee, I will keep from him the rapacious tribes, the flies, who eat the slaughtered in the battle ; and if he lie until the year come round, his flesh shall be as fair as now, or fairer. Go now, call to assembly the warriors of the Achæans, and renounce thine anger against Agamemnon, shepherd of the people ; and then accoutre thee to battle quickly, and gird thyself with might."

She spake, and filled him with confidence and courage ; and she poured ambrosia and red nectar into the nostrils of Patroclus, that his flesh might still be sweet.

And divine Achilles went along the sea-beach, shouting fiercely, and calling on the warriors of the Achæans. And they who remained before within the circle of the ships, the pilots, and the holders of the helm, and the purveyors, who dealt out the food, even these came now to assembly, because Achilles appeared again, who long was absent from the woful war. And there came along halting two ministers of Ares, steadfast Tydides and divine Odysseus, leaning on spears, for their deep wounds were green ; and they came, and sat down among the foremost places. And after them came Agamemnon, king of men, wounded also ; for Coön, Antenor's son, had stabbed him with the spear in the rough encounter. And when all the Achæans were congregated together, Achilles, swift of foot, arose and spake—

" Son of Atreus, agreement had been better for both of us, for thee and for me, when anger and emulation made us mad, and we contended for a woman in vexatious strife ; would that Artemis had slain her with an arrow among the ships in that day when I destroyed Lyrnêsus, and took her captive ! then had not so many Achæans bitten the wide ground



and all ye goddesses, until I speak the bidding of my heart ; this day shall Eileithyia of the labour-pains bring forth to light a man who shall rule over all who dwell around him, a man of their blood, who are of my begetting.' And Hera spoke to him deceitfully : 'Thou wilt evade thy word, and not fulfil the matter. Come now, Olympian, swear me a strong oath that he shall be the lord of all around him, who this day shall fall between the feet of a woman, being of their blood, who are thy progeny.' She said, and Zeus perceived not the snare, but swore a mighty oath, and therein was he much beguiled : and Hera left the promontory of Olympus, and flashed away, and came swiftly to Argos of the Achæans, where dwelt, she knew, the stately wife of Sthenelus, son of Perseus ; she was great with a son, and the seventh month was come ; but Hera brought him forth to light, before the time, and Alcmênê she kept from the birth, and stayed her pains of travail, and swift she came herself to Cronid Zeus to tell the tale, and spake : 'O Zeus, O Father, lord of the flaming bolt, I bring thee news. This day is born no mean man, one who shall rule over the Argeians, Eurystheus, the son of Sthenelus, the son of Perseus, a man of thy blood ; well may it become him to be the sovereign of the Argeians.' She said, and sharp anger touched him to the heart's core ; and straightway he caught Atê by the smooth ringlets, in the wrath of his heart, and swore a mighty oath, that never again should Atê, the mischievous, return to Olympus and the starry heaven ; he said, and whirled her round in his hand, and flung her headlong from the starry heaven ; and soon she lighted on the tilth of men : at thought of her he ever groaned, when he saw his son oppressed with cruel labours, the imposition of Eurystheus. And even so, when great Hector of the tossing plume was ravaging among the Argeians beneath the poops of the ships, I could not forget the infatuation that sometime possessed me. But seeing that I was deluded, and Zeus took away my wit, I seek to make amends, and pay full forfeit.

Book  
XIX  
101—138

*Book* Go, get thee to the war, and urge on all the people; and here  
*XIX* I offer thee upon the place the gifts every one, which divine  
139—178 Odysseus promised thee yestereven in thy booth; remain  
awhile, if so it please thee, although thou be eager for the  
war; and my followers shall take the gifts from my ship, and  
fetch them hither, that thou mayest see their goodliness."

And thus made answer swift-foot Achilles: "Illustrious  
son of Atreus, king of men, Agamemnon, give the gifts, if  
such be thy pleasure, befittingly, or keep them to thyself;  
that rests with thee. But let us immediately turn us to the  
battle; we must not dally or expatiate here; a deed is to be  
done. Once more shall Achilles be seen among the foremost,  
devastating the ranks of the Trojans with the bronzen spear;  
let each of you remember, and fight confidently."

And thus in his turn spake sagacious Odysseus: "Achilles,  
our most valiant, image of the gods, urge not the sons of the  
Achæans to go at once, fasting, towards Ilium, and fight with  
the Trojans; for the battle will not be short, when once the  
ranks of men have encountered together, of Trojans and of  
Achæans, their hearts alike inspired with might from heaven:  
but bid the Achæans partake of bread and wine beside the  
swift ships; in these is might and main. The man who has  
not eaten cannot stand up and fight all day till set of sun;  
for although his heart be never so eager, his limbs grow heavy  
unawares, and hunger and thirst come upon him, and his  
knees are hindered as he goes; but he who satisfies himself  
with food and wine may fight all day with his enemy, and  
his heart is resolute within him, and his limbs are not weary,  
until all draw off from the war. Command the people to  
disperse, and prepare their meal; and let the king of men,  
Agamemnon, have the gifts fetched into the mid assembly,  
that all the Achæans may behold them, and that thine own  
heart may be gratified; and let the king stand up among the  
Argeians, and swear thee an oath, that he knows not the lady,  
and hath not been with her; and so let thy spirit be appeased:

and afterward let him make reconciliation with a rich banquet, that thou mayest lack nothing of thy due. And thou, Atrides, at another time shalt be more just to another man; well it befits a prince, when he has provoked to anger, to appease the man, and make reconcilment.”

*Book**XIX*

179—218

And then returned the king of men, Agamemnon: “Son of Laertes, I rejoice to hear thy word; thou speakest with precision, point by point. Most willingly will I swear, with all my heart, and swear no perjured oath: and let Achilles abide here a little, although he be so eager; and do ye all remain until the gifts be come from my hut, and we have made sacrifice, and plighted friendship; and do thou thyself, Odysseus, take a charge from me; take to thee young men, the choicest of the Panachæans, and fetch hither from my ship the gifts which we promised to Achilles yesternight, and bring the women with thee. And let Talthybius go up and down the broad army of the Achæans, and purvey us a boar, to be a sacrifice to Zeus and to the Sun.”

And then in his turn spake Achilles, swift of foot: “Illustrious Atrides, king of men, Agamemnon, this business had been timelier at some other season, when there had fallen some interval of the war, and the heart was not so hot within my breast; but now the dead lie slain, whom Priamid Hector hath laid low in his day of glory, and ye would have us think of refection: but I myself would have the sons of the Achæans fight now, fasting and foodless, and wipe out their humiliation, and make them a great supper with the descending sun. Sooner nor food nor drink shall pass my throat, because my friend is dead, who lies within my hut, slain by the sharp spear, his feet towards the door, while his companions lament around; because of him I care not for this matter, but think of blood and of death and groans of agony.”

Then answered him sagacious Odysseus: “Achilles, son of Peleus, most mighty of the Achæans; thou art stronger than I, and thou prevailest more with the spear; but in

Book  
XIX  
219—254

wisdom I may well have the advantage, for I am older than thou, and of more experience: wherefore hear my word, and be awhile in patience. Quickly there comes to men satiety of conflicts; for therein the bronze spreads straw thickly on the ground, but the harvest is small, what time Zeus shakes the balance, who is the dispenser of war to men. Ask not the Achæans to lament the dead with abstinence; for day by day they fall many and successive; when then could they find intermission? Rather let us bury him who dies, and bewail him for a day, and harden our hearts to forget him; and as for us, who are left behind to wage on the melancholy war, let us remember to eat and drink, that we may have the more strength to put on the unwearing bronze, and fight continually with unfriendly men. And now let no man delay, expecting another summons to the war; an evil summons shall there be for him who remains behind among the ships of the Argeians; united let us go forth against the horse-curbing Trojans, and awake sharp war."

He said, and took to be his company the sons of illustrious Nestor, and Meges son of Phyleus, and Thoas, and Meriones, and Lycomêdes son of Creiontius, and Melanippus; and they proceeded to the hut of Atride Agamemnon. The word was spoken, and the thing was done; they brought from the hut seven tripods, according to the promise, and twenty glittering caldrons, and twice six horses; and they brought seven women, accomplished in delicate arts; and with these they brought the eighth, fair-cheeked Briseis. And first came Odysseus, bearing gold of the balance, ten full-weighed talents; and behind him came the others, the choicest of the Achæans, bearing the other gifts. And they set them down in the midst of the assembly, and Agamemnon arose; and Talthybius, whose voice was powerful as a god's, stood beside the shepherd of the people, a boar in his hand; and Atrides drew the knife, that ever hung beside his sword's broad scabbard, and cut the firstling hairs from the boar's head, and held up his hands to

Zeus, and prayed; and all the Argives sat still in decent silence, and listened to the king; and thus he prayed, looking up to broad heaven—

BOOK  
XIX

255—289

“Be Zeus my witness, great supreme of heaven, and Earth, and the Sun, and the Erinyes, who beneath the earth chastise the liar and the perjurer; that I have laid no hand on the lady Briseis, neither to know her, nor for aught else, but she hath remained untouched in my booths; and if I swear any whit falsely, may the gods send on me the penalties every one that are due to the sinner and the forsworn.”

He said, and cut the boar's throat with the pitiless blade; and Talthybius whirled the victim round, and flung it into the abyss of the gray sea, to feed the fishes: and Achilles rose up, and spoke among the warrior Argeians—

“O Zeus our Father, thou sendest strange passions upon man; not otherwise would Atrides have moved my heart within my breast so deeply, or taken away the lady against my will in his perversity; but it was the pleasure of Zeus that many an Achæan should die. Now get you gone to your meal, that we may the sooner mingle in the battle.”

He said, and broke up the assembly hastily; and the people dispersed, every man to his own ship; and the valiant Myrmidons took possession of the gifts, and bore them away to the ship of godlike Achilles, and laid them down, and found a place for the women, and drove the horses into the herd.

But when Briseis, image of golden Aphrodite, saw Patroclus lying, smitten by the sharp spear, she fell upon the dead man, and embraced him, and made loud lamentation, and tore with her hands her breast and her tender neck and her fair face; and thus she spoke weeping, divine in beauty—

“Patroclus, dearest to unhappy me, I left thee alive when I went from the hut; and now I return again and find thee dead, thou chieftain of the people; ah! evil upon

*Book* evil is my portion : the husband, to whom my father and my  
*XIX* lady mother gave me, I saw before our city slain with  
 290—325 the sharp sword, and three beloved brethren, the children  
 of my mother, who together found the day of doom. But  
 thou wouldest not suffer me to weep, when swift Achilles had  
 slain my husband, and taken the city of godlike Mynes, but  
 said'st that thou wouldest make me wedded wife of divine  
 Achilles, and bring me in the ships to Phthia, and make me  
 a wedding-feast among the Myrmidons ; wherefore I weep  
 and wail for thee, because of thy gentleness."

So spake she weeping, and the other women made lamenta-  
 tion with her, in seeming for Patroclus, but every one in  
 heart for her own calamity. And the elder of the Achæans  
 were gathered about Achilles, and besought him to eat with  
 them ; but he refused with groanings—

"I beseech you, my friends, if there be any of you who  
 will pleasure me, bid me not satisfy myself with food or  
 drink ; for grief and anger possess me utterly. But I shall  
 endure and continue till the sun be down."

He said, and the other princes departed, but the two  
 Atridæ remained behind, and divine Odysseus, and Nestor,  
 and Idomeneus, and aged Phoenix, driver of horses, who  
 sought to cheer him in his bitter grief ; but nought would  
 cheer him, except to enter into the mouth of bloody war ; and  
 as he remembered he heaved a heavy sigh, and spake—

"O luckless friend, and dear to my heart, thou it was  
 who didst use to set before me the grateful banquet in our  
 hut, with nimble readiness, when the Achæans were haster-  
 ing to carry melancholy war among the horse-curbng Trojans.  
 But now thou liest slain, and my heart cares not for meat or  
 drink, though they be here, because of thee : I cannot suffer  
 any greater evil ; not were I to learn that my father were  
 dead, who far off in Phthia sheds the tender tear, because he  
 has not me, his mighty son, who fights with the Trojans in a  
 foreign land because of detestable Helen ; not were he to die,



who grows up in Scyros, my son,—if indeed Neoptolemus of mien divine be yet alive. My hope within my breast was that I alone should perish here in Troy far away from horse-feeding Argos, and that thou shouldst return to Phthia, and fetch my son from Scyros in the swift black ship, and show him all that I have, my possessions, and my servants, and my great high-roofed hall ; for surely Peleus is either dead and gone, or with but a little life to live, weighed down by grief and despondent age, ever expecting melancholy news of me, the tidings of my death.”

*Book  
XIX  
326—364*

So spake he weeping, and the elders lamented with him, each man remembering what he had left at home ; and the son of Cronus saw their lamentation, and with winged words he spoke to Athene—

“My daughter, holdest thou aloof from thy valiant favourite, and is Achilles no longer thine especial care ? See how he sits before the pinneted ships, sorrowing for his dear friend, and the other Achæans are gone to their meal, and he is fasting and unfed. Go, shed into his breast nectar and delightful ambrosia, lest he be hungered.”

He said, and urged Athena, eager herself before ; and like a hawk, long of wing, sharp of cry, she leapt from heaven down through æther, and the Achæans were hastening to arm themselves throughout the host ; and she shed into Achilles' breast nectar and delicious ambrosia, that his knees might not fail from annoying hunger, and herself returned to the strong house of her almighty father : and the Achæans poured forth from the swift ships. And as the cold thick-falling snowflakes of Zeus fly forth, beneath the blast of clear-born Boreas, so thick, so dazzling, streamed far forth from the ships the flashing helmets and the bossy shields and the strong-folding corslets and the ashen spears ; and the gleam went up to heaven, and all the ground laughed with the lightning of the weapons ; and there was a din of trampling feet ; and in the midst divine Achilles armed himself.

Book  
XIX  
365—401

And there was a noise of the gnashing of his teeth ; and his eyes shone as it were a flame of fire ; and anger not to be borne entered into his heart ; and raging against the Trojans he put on the heavenly gifts, which Hephæstus made for him laboriously. First he fastened about his legs the goodly greaves, with their ankle-clasps of silver ; and then he fitted on his breast the corslet ; and he hung upon his shoulders the bronzen sword and the silver-studded sheath ; and he took the great solid shield, beaming like the moon. As when the blaze of a burning fire appears to mariners far out at sea, a fire that burns high on a mountain-side, in a place of shepherds ; and the squalls come, and drive the unwilling sailors far away from their friends over the fishy sea : so did the blaze from Achilles' shield, the fair, the curious-wrought, reach up to heaven. And he took up the heavy helmet, and set it on his head ; and the horse-plumed helmet sparkled like a star ; and the fair thick-clustering plumes of gold, which Hephæstus had planted on the crest, waved all around. And divine Achilles made trial of the arms, whether they fitted him well, and sat lightly upon his bright limbs ; and they were like wings to him, and lifted up the shepherd of the people. And he drew out from its case his father's spear, great, heavy, tough ; that spear might no other Achæan wield, save only Achilles himself ; an ash of Pelium, which Cheiron cut on Pelium's summit, and gave to Peleus, to be the death of many. And Automedon and Alcimius were busy with the horses, and harnessed them, and placed fair yokes upon them, and put bits between their jaws, and drew back the reins into the firm-joined chariot : and Automedon took in his hand the bright and supple whip, and leapt upon the car ; and Achilles, all arrayed, stepped up behind him, beaming in arms like the coruscant Sun ; and grimly spake he to the horses of his father—

“Xanthus and Balius, ye famous offspring of Podargê, see that ye fetch your master safe back into the concourse of

the Danaans, when we are weary of the war, and leave him not, dead upon the place, like Patroclus." *Book*  
*XIX*

Then spake to him from beneath the yoke the twinkling-footed steed, Xanthus; sharply he bent his head, and the mane slipped from the collar along the yoke, and fell to the ground; and the goddess, white-armed Hera, gave him a mortal voice— 402—end

"Surely we shall bring thee back again, mighty Achilles; yet is thy day of perdition nigh at hand; not we the cause; but a high deity and violent fate. Not through any slowness or sluggishness of ours did the Trojans strip the arms from the shoulders of Patroclus; but that great god, whom fair-haired L<sup>ê</sup>to bore, slew him among the foremost and gave Hector glory. We two could run, and match in running the blast of Zephyr, the swiftest, so they say, of all the swift; but thy fate is to die violently by the hand of a god and a mortal man."

He said; and the Erinyes allowed no more. And vexed and angry swift Achilles spake—

"Xanthus, why nam'st thou death? It needed not. Full well I know myself that my fate is to die here, far from my father and from my mother; but yet I will not hold my hand until I have given the Trojans surfeit of war."

He said, and shouting held his horses among the foremost.

## BOOK XX

### THE BATTLE OF THE GODS

*Book*    *Thus* then the Achæans were arraying themselves beside  
*Xλ*    the pinneted ships, around the son of Peleus, insatiate of  
*1-23*    battle; and on the other part the Trojans were getting  
them ready, upon the uprising of the plain: and Zeus bade  
Themis call the gods to assembly from the head of deeply-  
delled Olympus; and she went hither and thither, and bade  
them come to the house of Zeus. No river was not there,  
save only Ocean, no nymph of the pleasant groves, or the  
river fountains, or the meadow leas; they came to the house  
of cloud-compelling Zeus; and sat down in the polished  
vestibule, which Hephæstus had made for Zeus the Father  
with cunning art. So were they gathered in the house of  
Zeus; and the Shaker of the Land disobeyed not the call, but  
came out of the sea among the company, and sat down in the  
midst, and plainly asked the mind of Zeus—

“To what end, lord of the flashing lightning, hast thou  
summoned the gods to assembly? Dost thou take thought  
about the Achæans and the Trojans, whose war and battle is  
but now enkindled?”

And thus made answer cloud-compelling Zeus: “Shaker  
of the land, thou guessest the reason within my bosom, for  
which I have summoned you together; I have taken thought  
of them that perish. I myself will abide here, sitting in  
the dell of Olympus, and see the sight; and the rest of you

begone, and help the Trojans or the Achæans, at your several pleasure: for if Achilles unopposed shall contend with the Trojans, not an hour will they keep back the fleet son of Peleus; in time before they ran trembling at sight of him; and now that he is terribly in wrath because of his friend, I fear lest he forestall fate, and escalate the wall."

BOOK  
XX  
24—58

So said the son of Cronus, and wakened endless war; and the gods hastened to the battle, with divided mind: there repaired to the circle of the ships Hera, and Pallas Athene, and Poseidon, encompasser of the land, and Hermes, giver of benefit, chiefest in subtlety; and with them went Hephæstus, jubilant in his robustness, halting, thin of leg, but agile of step; and there joined the Trojans Ares of the waving helm, and with him Phœbus of the unshorn locks, and Artemis, shedder of arrows, and Lêtô, and Xanthus, and Aphrodite, lover of laughter.

And while the gods were not yet mingled with mortal men, so long the Achæans had the glory greatly, because Achilles had appeared, who long was absent from the unhappy fray; but trembling and dismay came upon the limbs of every Trojan when they saw the rapid son of Peleus blazing in his armour, terrible as Ares, the destroyer of men: but when the Olympians entered into the concourse of men, then Strife rose up, the violent, the instigator of the people; and Athene called aloud; sometime stood she by the deep-delved ditch, outside the wall, and sometime came her cry afar from the re-echoing promontories; and on the other side Ares shouted sharp on high, grim as the black tempest; now would he encourage the Trojans from the city top, and now would he run by Simoïs' brim upon Callicolônê's edge.

Thus then the blessed gods incited the antagonists to the conflict, and made breach and grievous strife among themselves: and the Father of gods and men thundered terribly from above; and beneath Poseidon shook the illimitable earth

Book  
XX  
59—94

and the high summits of the mountains; and all the feet of many-fountained Ida quaked, and all her heads, and the city of the Trojans, and the ships of the Achæans; and down below Aïdôneus, king of the under-world, trembled and cried out, and sprang from his throne in consternation, lest Poseidon, shaker of the ground, should rend in twain the earth above his head, and display to mortals and to immortals his dismal squalid region, the abhorrence of the gods. Such was the crash of the encountering deities. Opposed to Poseidon the king was Phoebus Apollo, with his winged arrows; opposed to Enyalios the goddess bright-eyed Athene; and matched with Hera was Artemis of the golden distaff, the sister of the Far-fatal, the shedder of arrows, the shouter in the chase; and there met with Lëto Hermes, the lord of substance, the giver of benefaction; and there fought with Hephæstus the great deep welling river, whom the gods call Xanthus, and men Scamander.

So then they faced each other, god and god; but Achilles longed to enter the throng where he might be face to face with Priamid Hector; for with his blood specially he sought to satisfy Ares, warrior with the shield of steadfast hide; and Apollo, instigator of the people, sought to send Aeneas against him, and breathed high courage into him; and he spoke with the voice of Lycaon, son of Priam; in his likeness spoke the son of Zeus, Apollo—

“Aeneas, counsellor of the Trojans, where be thy vauntings, and thy promises over the wine to the princes of Troy, that thou wouldst fight with Achilles, hand to hand?”

And thus Aeneas made him answer: “Son of Priam, why seekest thou to stir me, will I nill I, to fight face to face with lordly Pelides? Not for the first time to-day shall I stand up against fleet Achilles; for once already I fled before his spear, from Ida, when he fell upon the herds of our kine, and took Lyrnësus and Pêdasus; but Zeus was my preserver, who gave me strength and limbs of nimble flight; else had I been

slain beneath the hand of Achilles and of Athene, who went before him, and gave him solace, and bade him slay the Trojans and the Leleges with the bronzen spear. And therefore may no man stand against Achilles; for ever a god is with him, and keeps him from calamity. But his sole weapon of himself unhelped flies straight, and stops not till it pierces the flesh of men; yet were a god to hold the scale of battle even, he should not overcome me easily, although he boast to be of bronzen mould."

Then yet again spoke the prince, the son of Zeus, Apollo: "Brave man, pray thou also to the sempiternal gods; for thou, they say, art come of Zeus' own daughter, Aphrodite, and he comes of a lesser goddess; she is the daughter of high Zeus, and she of the old sea-god. Drive at him straight with the unwearing bronze, and let him not disarm thee with waspish word and terrifying threat."

He said, and breathed high courage into the shepherd of the people, and he passed among the foremost, weaponed with bright bronze; and white-armed Hera wist well that the son of Anchises sought out Achilles amid the throng of men; and she brought together a god and a goddess, and spoke to them—

"Bethink you now, Poseidon and Athene, what shall next be done; behold, Aeneas is gone forth, weaponed with the bright bronze, to find Pelides, and Phœbus Apollo hath set him on; come now, let us either turn him back forthwith; or let some one of us take place by the son of Peleus, and give him mightiness, and sustain his spirit, and let him know that the chiefest of the immortals love him, and that they are of small account who heretofore have holpen the Trojans in war and battle: and we three have come down from Olympus to join the encounter, lest he suffer aught at the hands of the Trojans this day; hereafter he shall undergo all that Fate spun him with her thread, when his mother bare him. And if Achilles will not accept the divine intimation, he shall be dismayed when a god confronts

*Book* him in the battle ; and hard it is to combat with gods in  
*XX* visible form."

131—167

Then answered her Poseidon, the shaker of the ground :  
"Hera, chafe not thus foolishly ; it needs not. I would not  
drive the gods to deeds of strife. Let us withdraw and turn  
aside, and sit down in some high place, and leave the battle  
to mortal men. And if Ares engage in the quarrel, or Phœbus  
Apollo, or trammel Achilles and suffer him not to fight, soon  
shall contention and conflict arise between us and them ; soon,  
I think, shall their mettle be tried, and themselves driven  
back into Olympus, into the convocation of the gods, defeated  
and discomfited beneath our hands."

So spake black-haired Poseidon, and led the way to the  
high round earthen fort of divine Heracles, which the Trojans  
and Pallas Athene cast up for him, that he might escape from  
the sea-beast, and find security, when it should drive him  
from the shore into the plain ; there sat down Poseidon, and  
the others with him, and they clad their shoulders in the  
unbroken cloud ; and the patrons of the Trojans sat over  
against them on Callicolônê's brow, around thee, archer  
Phœbus, and thee, Ares, despoiler of cities. So there they  
sat, on this side and on that, meditating counsels ; but both  
were loth to make beginning of melancholy war ; although  
Zeus sat on high, permitting them.

And all the plain was filled with horses and with men  
and with shining of arms ; and the ground resounded with  
the motion of their going. And two mighty men came forth  
into the midst, eager to fight, Aeneas, son of Anchises, and  
divine Achilles ; Aeneas stepped forth the foremost, to begin  
the fray, and his heavy helmet nodded menacingly ; he held  
a shield of might before his breast, and waved a bronzen  
spear ; and from the other side Pelides rushed to meet him,  
like a ravening lion, whom men seek to slay ; and all their  
posse is gathered together ; and he comes onward, nothing  
heeding at first ; but when some one of the swift valiant



youths has touched him with a spear, he gapes, and crouches together, and the foam stands about his teeth, and his great heart groans with rage within him, and he lashes his ribs and his thighs with whisking tail, and works himself up to fight, and with glaring eye he rushes onward straight, to slay a man, or to fall himself in the front of the concourse; so did his mightiness and his martial soul impel Achilles to match great-hearted Aeneas; and when they were drawn nigh to one another, then fleet divine Achilles first spake—

*Book*  
*XX*  
168—206

“Aeneas, why dost thou advance so far from out the crowd to stand here? Doth thy spirit bid thee fight with me, because thou hopest to rule over the horse-curbing Trojans with the dignity of Priam? But even if thou slay me, not therefore will Priam put his honour in thy hand; there be his own sons, and he is sound of mind, and dotes not yet. Or have the Trojans meted thee a choice demesne, goodly with plough-land and with orchard, to be thine own, when thou hast slain me? But that shall not be easy. Already once thou fleddest before my spear; hast thou forgotten, how thou wert alone, and I drave thee from the kine, and thou rannest down the hills of Ida with quick feet hastily? Thou lookedst not back in thy running. And thou camest safe to Lyrnêsus; but I went against it, with help of Athene and of Zeus the Father, and led away the women captives, and took from them the day of freedom; but Zeus preserved thee, and the other gods. But not again to-day, I think, will he preserve thee, as thy thought is; get thee back, and mingle with the multitude, before evil befall thee, and encounter me not: the fool is wise too late.”

And thus Aeneas answered him, and said: “Pelides, think not to frighten me with big words, like a child; well skilled am I myself to speak with jibe or with courteous phrase. We know each other's race, and each other's parents, for we have heard old famous tales of mortal men; but never sawest thou my parents, or I thine. Thou, they say, art the offspring

*Book* of blameless Peleus, and thy mother is love-locked Thetis,  
*XX* the lady of the sea; and I style myself the son of great-  
*207—246* hearted Anchises, and my mother is Aphrodite; and these  
or those shall mourn a son to-day; for scarcely shall we part  
company, or return back out of the battle, with only inter-  
change of frivolous words. But if thou wouldest know my  
generation, I will tell it thee, a generation known of many  
men; first of my line was Dardanus, begotten of cloud-  
compelling Zeus; and he builded Dardania, for holy Ilium  
was not yet builded in the plain, city of mortal men, but  
they dwelt in the skirts of many-fountained Ida. And  
Dardanus begat a son, Erichthonius the king, most opulent  
of mortal men; three thousand mares had he, that fed in the  
marsh meadow, each one exulting in a dainty she-colt; and  
Boreas the North-Wind saw them as they fed, and loved, and  
put on the likeness of a black stallion, and was with them;  
and they conceived, and brought forth twelve she-colts; and  
when they bounded o'er the corn-giving earth, they ran  
upon the tips of the ears of corn and broke them not; and  
when they bounded over the sea's broad back, they ran upon  
the topmost foam of the gray wave. And Erichthonius begat  
Tros, king of the Trojans; and to Tros were born three blame-  
less sons, Ilius and Assaracus and Ganymêdes, image of the  
gods, who was most beautiful of mortal men; him the gods  
caught up to heaven, because of his beauty, to be the cup-  
bearer of Zeus, and to be of their company. And Ilius begat  
a son, blameless Laomedon; and Laomedon begat Tithônus,  
and Priam, and Lampus, and Clytius, and Hicetaon, branch  
of Ares; and Assaracus begat Capys; and Capys begat  
Anchises; and Anchises begat me; and Priam begat noble  
Hector. Such is the blood and such the birth I boast; but  
the excellency of man Zeus gives and Zeus takes away, even  
as he will; for he is mightiest of all that are. And now no  
more; let us not prattle on, like children, standing idle in the  
middle of the battle and the controversy; for thou or I could

utter petulancies without end, more than would freight a ship of a hundred benches ; pliable is the tongue of mortal men, and there be words many and manifold, and there is large range of speech on every side ; whatever thou sayest, that may be retorted. But why should we wrangle with each other, and squabble in altercation, like women, who have quarrelled bitterly, and come into the middle of the street, and revile each other, truly or falsely, for anger finds the language ? Thou wilt not turn me with scornful words from doing valiantly, until I have fought with thee ; come therefore, let us speedily make trial of each other's force with the bronzen spear."

Book  
XX  
247—283

He said, and dashed the massy spear against the grim and terrible shield, and it resounded beneath the point ; and Achilles held the shield away from him with his firm hand, in fear ; for he thought that the long spear of great-hearted Aeneas would lightly pierce it through ; foolish ! who could not bethink him that the glorious gifts of the gods yield not easily, nor give way, to force of mortal men. The heavy spear of martial Aeneas brake not through the shield, for the god-given gold prevented it ; five beaten plates had the Halt-foot made in the shield, and two were pierced, but three remained behind ; two were of bronze, and two between of tin, and one of gold ; at that stopped the ashen spear.

And next Achilles flung the long spear, and smote Aeneas on the equal shield, hard by the rim, where the bull-hide was thinnest, and thinnest ran the metal ; and the ash of Pelium flew through and through, and made a loud ringing, ~~and burst asunder the double fold of the enveloping shield ;~~ and Aeneas cringed together, and held up the shield away from him in terror ; and the spear went over his back, and stuck in the ground, impatient ; and he rose up, when he had escaped the cast, and fear and consternation fell upon his eyes, because the lance was planted so near. And the rage

*Book* of Achilles was kindled, and he drew the sharp sword, and  
*XX* leapt upon him, shouting terribly; and Aeneas heaved up a  
284—320 mighty stone, no petty weight, more than two men could  
bear, as men be now; but he alone controlled it easily. Then  
had Aeneas stricken him with the stone in his assault on  
helmet or on death-averting shield, and Pelides had come  
upon him, and taken his life with the blade, had not Poseidon,  
shaker of the land, been quick to see; and soon he spoke  
among the gods his friends—

“Ah me, I am in pain because of great-hearted Aeneas,  
who soon shall fall before Pelides, and go down to the house  
of death; foolish! who listened to the biddings of far-fatal  
Apollo; but he shall not deliver him from destruction. Ah,  
why should he stand thus in much sorrow, without a cause,  
himself guiltless, by the fault of others—he who ever renders  
acceptable gifts to the gods who hold wide heaven? Come,  
let us rescue him from the stroke of death, lest Cronides be  
angry should Achilles slay him; also it is his fate to come  
off safe, that the line of Dardanus perish not, without seed,  
and vanish away; Dardanus, whom Cronides loved above all  
his children, who were born of himself and of mortal women;  
for Cronion loveth not the race of Priam any longer, but  
in days hereafter the might of Aeneas shall rule over the  
Trojans, he, and his children’s children, that shall come after  
him.”

Then broad-eyed lady Hera answered him: “Shaker of  
the land, consider with thyself, whether thou wilt save  
Aeneas, or let him be; but I and Pallas Athene have sworn  
and sworn again, in presence of all the immortals, that never  
will we keep back the day of evil from the Trojans, no, not  
when the martial sons of the Achæans shall kindle the  
city, and Troy shall burn with the conflagration of impetuous  
fire.”

And when Poseidon, shaker of the ground, heard that, he  
went into the battle, among the hurtling spears, and came

where were Aeneas and famous Achilles. And he poured obscurity upon the eyes of Pelides, and drew the bronzen-headed ash from the shield of great-hearted Aeneas, and laid it down at Achilles' feet, and lifted Aeneas from the ground, and whirled him away; and many a line of men, and many a line of horses did Aeneas pass over, as he bounded from the hand of the god; and he came to the verge of the tumultuous war, where the Caucônians were arming them for battle; and Poseidon, shaker of the ground, drew nigh, and spake to him with winged words—

*Book*  
*XX*  
321—358

“Aeneas, which of the gods bids thee put by thy reason, and fight hand to hand with proud Pelides, a man better than thou, and dearer to the immortals? See thou keep back, when thou meetest him, lest before thy time thou go down to the house of death; but when Achilles dies, and finds his fate, then fight thou confidently among the foremost; for not any other Achæan shall overcome thee.”

Thus intimated he, and left Aeneas there; and he withdrew the obscurity from before Achilles; and he looked abroad from out his eyes, and spake in vexation to his high heart—

“Most strange! I see a miracle with mine eyes: my spear lies here upon the ground before me, but the man I see not, at whom I cast it, seeking to slay him. Surely Aeneas, as he said, is dear to the undying gods; but I thought he vaunted in arrogancy. But let him go; he hath escaped rejoicingly from death, and he will not seek to match me again. Come now, let me cheer on the martial Danaans, and charge the other Trojans, and make trial of them.”

He said, and sprang onward to the Argive ranks, and cheered them every man: “Hold off no longer from the Trojans, ye noble Achæans, but let man make up to man, and fight zealously; it were impossible for me, although I am very mighty, to face at once so many men, and fight with each; not Ares, an immortal god, nor Athene herself, could occupy

*Book* the stretch of such a war, and do battle ; but whatsoever I  
*XX* can do with hands, and feet, and strength, shall not be lacking  
359—390 to the utmost. I will cut through and through the enemy's  
force, and that Trojan shall not be merry who comes too  
near my spear."

Such was his exhortation ; and radiant Hector called upon the Trojans, and encouraged them, and thought himself to cope with Achilles—

"Courageous Trojans, fear not the son of Peleus ; why, I myself might contend with the gods in words ; with the spear it were different, for they are superior to us ; and Achilles will not bring all his words to performance ; this will he do, and that leave incomplete ; and I will meet him, though his hands be as the fire, ay, as the flaming fire, and though his might be as the glittering iron."

So spake he cheeringly, and the Trojans lifted up their spears to charge ; and these and those were mingled together, and the shouting went up. And then Phœbus Apollo stood by Hector, and spake to him—

"Hector, seek not any longer to fight in the front with Achilles, but get thee to the crowd out of the hurly-burly, lest perchance he hit thee, or come near and smite thee with his sword."

He said, and Hector withdrew into the multitude of men, fearing, when he had heard the utterance of a god. And Achilles leapt among the Trojans, his heart girded with might, shouting terribly ; and first he slew brave Iphition, Otrynteus' son, commander of much people, whom a Naiad bore to Otrynteus, taker of cities, beneath snowy Tmôlus, in the fat land of Hydê ; him, as he rushed towards him, noble Achilles struck with the spear in the mid brow, and the head was split in sunder ; with a clash he fell, and Achilles vaunted above him—

"There liest thou, son of Otrynteus, most formidable of men ; thy place of death is here, but the house of thy race,

and the demesne of thy fathers, lie beside the Gygean lake, upon the banks of fishy Hyllus and eddying Hermus.”

*Book**XX*

391—424

So vaunted he, and darkness covered the other's eyes ; and the tires of the Achæan wheels cut him to pieces in the forefront of the battle ; and Achilles laid above him Dêmoleon, a valiant defender in the battle, Antênor's son, and stabbed him in the temple through the bronzen side-piece of the helmet ; and the bronzen helmet stood not out, but the hurrying spear went through, and crushed the skull, and all the brain was spattered about within ; and his impetuosity was quelled. And next he stabbed with the spear in the back Hippodamas, who had leapt down from his chariot, and was fleeing before him ; and he breathed out his life with a bellowing cry, as when a bull bellows, whom the young men drag along, in honour of Helicé's king ; in such the shaker of the land exults ; so bellowed he, and his manly spirit left his bones. And then Achilles turned with the spear toward godlike Polydôrus, son of Priam, whom his father permitted not forth to the fight, because he was the youngest born of all his brood, and his dearest ; and supereminent was he in speed ; and now in his foolishness, parading his fleetness, he darted through the foremost, until he lost his life ; him swift divine Achilles struck with the dart in the waist behind as he darted by, where the golden fastenings of the belt were clasped, and the twin folds of the corslet met ; and the spear-head went right through to the navel, and with a moan he fell upon his knee, and a black cloud compassed him about, and he slipped down and held his bowels to him.

And Hector saw his brother Polydôrus sunken down upon the ground, and holding his bowels in his hands ; and darkness was shed upon his eyes ; and he might no longer hold aloof, but came to meet Achilles, like a flame, shaking a sharp spear ; and Achilles saw him, and started, and spake a word aloud—

*Book* "Behold the man who above others hath touched my  
*XX* soul, and slain the friend I honoured ; not long might we  
425—459 shrink from each other among the battalions of the war."

He said, and bent his brow upon divine Hector, and spake—

"Come hither, and draw nigh to the end of death."

And then undauntedly spake Hector of the tossing plume :  
"Pelides, think not to terrify me with words, like a little child ; I have skill myself to speak with sarcasm, and to speak with courtesy. I know that thou art very mighty, and I am inferior ; but yet success lies in the lap of the gods, and I might strike thee with the spear, though feebler far, and take thy life ; for I too bear a weapon and a point."

He said, and waved the spear and flung it ; and Athene turned it aside from illustrious Achilles with a breath, a very gentle breathing ; and it came back to divine Hector, and fell before his feet. And Achilles sprang upon him vehemently, seeking to slay him, shouting terribly ; but Apollo snatched him away lightly, with hand divine, and wrapped him in much mist. Three times did rapid divine Achilles leap upon him with the bronzen spear, seeking to slay him ; and three times he struck only the deep mist ; but when he attacked the fourth time, terrible as a god, he cried indignantly in winged words—

"Dog, once again hast thou escaped from death ; but thou missedst nearly ; and now Phoebus Apollo hath preserved thee again, to whom doubtless thou prayedst, ere thou camest among the clattering of the javelins ; but I shall meet thee again, and make end with thee, if there be any god who is my favourer. And now I will assault the other Trojans, as I may find them."

He said, and stabbed Dryops with the dart in mid throat ; and he fell before his feet ; and he left him lying, and struck Demûchus, son of Philêtor, tall and valiant, with the spear upon the knee, and crippled him, and ran him through with



the broad sword, and took away his life. Then fell he upon Laogonus and Dardanus, sons of Bias, and dashed them from the chariot, him with the spear, and him with the sword. Then fell Tros, son of Alastor; he came to clasp his knees, if haply he would have mercy, because of equal youth, and let him go alive, and slay him not; fool! for he knew not that he would not hear: for not in complacency, and not in gentleness, went he, but in heat and eagerness; and he caught his knees, and sought to entreat him; but he stabbed him with the sword beside the liver; and the liver slipped out from him, and the black blood gushed over his bosom; and darkness covered his eyes, and life failed him. And he came near to Mûlius, and struck him; and the bronzen head went through from ear to ear. Then struck he Echeclus, son of Agênor, full on the head with the firm-hafted sword; and all the blade was warm with blood; and ruddy death and violent fate came down over his eyes. Then struck he Deucalion, among the joining sinews of the elbow; and he stood with his hand trammelled, seeing death before his eyes; and Achilles smote him with the sword upon the neck, and head and helmet flew away; and the marrow spirted from the bone, and the long trunk fell down upon the ground. Then turned he to the blameless son of Peires, Rhigmus, who came from loamy Thrace; him struck he in the waist with the dart, and the metal was planted in his belly, and he fell from the chariot. And Areïthoûs, his esquire, sought to turn round the chariot, and flee; but he stabbed him in the back with the sharp spear, and swept him from the car; and the horses fled distracted.

And as when the prodigious fire rages through the glens of a summer-dried mountain, and the deep forest is consumed, and the driving wind sways the flame hither and thither, so did Achilles dart to and fro, terrible as a god, seeking and slaying; and the black earth ran with blood. And as when a man yokes broad-browed bulls, to thresh the white barley in a goodly threshing-floor, and soon the tiny grains are

Book  
XX  
460—497

*Book* trodden out beneath the feet of the lowing steers ; so did the  
*XX* whole-hooved horses of valorous Achilles trample beneath  
498—end them shield and corpse ; and the axle was spattered with  
blood, and the chariot rims with drops cast up from the hoofs  
of the horses and the tires of the wheels ; and Pelides hurried  
on to win him glory, and his hands untouchable were fouled  
with gore.

## BOOK XXI

### THE BATTLE BY THE RIVER

BUT when they came to the passage of the fair-flowing river, of eddying Xanthus, begotten of immortal Zeus, then they who fled before pursuing Achilles divided; and some poured forth into the plain towards the city, where but the day before the Achæans were fleeing in consternation, when radiant Hector was in his fury; that way streamed they forth in flight, half; and Hera spread before them a deep mist, to be their hindrance; and half were pressed on into the deep-flowing silver-whirling river, and they fell into it with clash of armour and with splash of water, and the high banks around gave back the din; and shrieking aloud they floated this way and that, rolling among the eddies. And as locusts are lifted up before the sweeping fire, and flee towards a river, and the unwearying fire jumps up in sudden blaze, and they shrink into the water; so before Achilles was the sounding stream of deep-eddying Xanthus crowded confusedly with horse and man.

*Book*  
*XXI*  
1—23

But the heavenly-born left his spear there upon the bank, lying upon the tamarisks, and he bounded in, mighty as a god, sword in hand, with havoc in his heart; he turned and turned, and smote and smote; and a dismal groaning went up of men that were smitten, and the water was reddened with blood. And as other fishes flee in terror before the enormous dolphin, and fill the shallows of the

Book  
XXI  
24—58

sheltering haven; for whom he catches, he gorges down; so did the Trojans crouch beneath the overhanging banks in the tide of the terrible river. And when his hands were weary with slaying, he chose twelve youths alive from out the river, to be a retribution for the death of Menoetiad Patroclus; these led he forth from the river, terror-stricken as fawns, and bound their hands behind with clean-cut thongs, which they wore themselves above their mail-coats, and gave them to his men to bring them to the hollow ships, and himself turned round, and sprang on again, and thirsted to slay.

Then met he with a son of Dardanid Priam, as he fled from the river, Lycaon, whom himself had taken from his father's vineyard, and led away unwilling, in a sally by night; and he was hewing with the sharp axe the young boughs of a wild fig-tree, to be the rims of a chariot; and divine Achilles came upon him, a mischief unaware; and he sent him across the sea in ships to goodly Lemnos, and the son of Jason bought him; and from thence a friend ransomed him, for no small price, Eëtion of Imbros, who sent him to divine Arisbê; so escaped he, and thence he came to his father's house. And when he had come from Lemnos, eleven days he spent among his friends, blithely; and on the twelfth day heaven put him again into the hand of Achilles, who should send him down an unwilling traveller to the house of death. And when swift divine Achilles saw him, unarmed, without helmet and without shield, and the spear was not in his hand, for he had cast them all upon the ground, as he fled from out the river, tormented by sweat, and with knees that failed beneath him; then the thing irked Achilles, and he spake to his high soul—

“Aha, I see a miracle with mine eyes; surely the courageous Trojans, whom I have slain, will rise again, and return from the misty darkness, as now this man hath escaped the pitiless day, and come back, although he

passed the sea to goodly Lemnos ; and the expanse of the gray ocean hath not debarred him, which debars many, unwilling. But lo, now he shall taste of my spear's point, that I may see and note within my heart whether he shall come also again from *that* place, or whether the life-inspiring earth shall hold him fast, which harbours many a mighty man."

So thought he, and stood still ; and the other drew near in trepidation, seeking to clasp his knees, for he was very desirous to escape evil death and black fate. And divine Achilles lifted up the long spear, meaning to stab him ; but he bent down, and passed below, and caught him by the knees ; and the spear went over his back, and stuck in the ground, quivering with desire to be satiated with man's flesh ; and Lycaon caught him by the knees in supplication with the one hand, and with the other he held fast the pointed spear, and would not let it go ; and thus spake to him with winged words—

"I beseech thee, Achilles, have pity and mercy upon me ; I am a supplicator to thee, heavenly-bred, whom thou should'st favour ; at thy board first ate I of Demeter's grain, in that day when thou tookest me in the goodly vineyard, and sentest me across the sea, away from friend and father, to goodly Lemnos, where I brought thee the price of an hundred beeves ; and now am I released for thrice so much ; and this is the twelfth morn since I came to Ilium, after all my trouble ; and now hath deadly fate put me again into thine hands ; surely I am hateful to Zeus the Father, who hath given me again to thee ; brief of life did my mother bear me, Laothœ, daughter of aged Altes, Altes who rules over the valiant Leleges, king of lofty Pêdasus, beside the Satnois stream. His daughter Priam had to wife, and many more beside ; two were we her sons, and thou wilt be the slaughterer of both. My brother thou slewest among the foremost skirmishers, god-like Polydôrus, with cast of the sharp spear ; and now will evil come upon myself ; for I hope not to escape thy hands, my fate

Book  
XXI  
94—128

hath brought me to thee; but I will tell thee what thou shouldst weigh well; kill me not, for I am not of one womb with Hector, who hath slain thy friend, the gentle and the brave."

So spake the bright son of Priam with supplicating words, and heard a voice unmollified—

"Fool! name not, speak not to me of ransom; before Patroclus found his fatal day, it was my use rather to spare the Trojans, and the more part I took alive and sold; but now not any shall escape from death, whom heaven may put into my hand before Ilium; not any Trojan, and most of all, not any son of Priam. Man, die thou also; why dost thou weep and whine? Is not Patroclus dead, thy far superior? Behold me; I myself am tall and goodly; a prince begat me, and a goddess bare me; but over me also impend death and violent fate,—at morn or eve or in middle-noon—and some one in the battle will take my life, with casten spear or arrow from the string."

He said, and the knees and the heart of Lycaon were as water; he let go the spear, and spread out his two hands, and cringed down; and Achilles drew the sharp sword, and struck him over the collar-bone beside the neck, and the two-edged sword went wholly in; and he fell forwards on the ground, and lay along; and the black blood ran out, and wetted the ground; and Achilles caught him by the foot, and tossed him away towards the river, and vaunted over him with winged words—

"Wallow thou there among the fishes, who unremorsefully will lick the blood from thy wound. Thy mother will not lay thee on a bed, and make lamentation over thee, but Scamander in his whirlings shall carry thee into the sea's broad bosom, and many a fish, that bounds within the wave, will dart up into the black sea-fret, and eat the white fat from the bones of Lycaon.

"Perish, one and all, till we reach the city of sacred Troy,

you fleeing and I slaughtering the hindmost. The river shall not aid you, flowing fair with silver eddies, to whom surely ye have long sacrificed many bulls, and plunged in his eddies whole-hooved horses: even so ye shall perish by an evil doom, till ye have atoned for the death of Patroclus and the ruin of the Achæans, whom ye slew by the swift ships, when I was absent."

Book  
XXI  
129—165

He said, and the River-god was wroth exceedingly; and he meditated how he might stop divine Achilles in his ravaging, and avert destruction from the Trojans. And meanwhile the son of Peleus, the long spear in his hand, leapt upon Asteropæus, seeking to slay him, the son of Pêlegon, whom Axius of the broad current begat, and Peribœa conceived, oldest of ACESSAMENUS' daughters, who lay with the deep-eddying River; upon him leapt Achilles, as he came from out the river to meet him, a spear in either hand; and Xanthus put strength in him, for he was angry because of the slain youths, whom Achilles massacred within his stream, and had no pity; and when they were come near to one another, then fleet divine Achilles spake the first—

"What man art thou, and whence, who meetest me? Unhappy are they whose sons meet my spear."

And thus answered him Pêlegon's bright son: "Courageous Pelides, why ask my race? I come from loamy Pæonia, that lies afar, and I bring with me the long-speared Pæonians; and this is the eleventh morn since I came to Ilium. And my race is of Axius of the broad current, Axius, whose stream flows fairest upon earth, who begat Pêlegon of the famous spear; and he, they say, begat me. Come now, thou bright Achilles, let us encounter."

So spake he in defiance, and divine Achilles lifted up the ash of Pelium; and divine Asteropæus flung both his spears together, for he was double-handed; the one spear struck the shield, but brake not through, for the gold a god had

*Book*  
*XXI*  
166—202

given stopped the blow; and with the other he grazed the flesh of his right arm, and the black blood jumped out; and the spear went over him, and stuck in the ground, quivering, and longing to be fed with flesh. And next Achilles cast against Asteropæus the straight-intended ash, seeking to slay him; the man he missed, but struck the lofty bank, and planted the ashen spear up to the middle in the soil. And Pelides drew the sharp sword from his thigh, and sprang upon him furiously; and he could not with his firm hand draw the ash of Achilles from the steep bank; three times he tugged, and shook it as he drew, and thrice he desisted; and the fourth time he thought to bend and break the ashen spear of Aeacides, but Achilles was upon him, and took his life with the blade. He stabbed him in the belly by the navel, and all his bowels gushed out; gasping he fell, and darkness covered his eyes. And Achilles sprang upon his breast and stripped his arms from him, and spake a word of pride—

“There lie thou low! hardly may any contend with the children of omnipotent Cronion, although he be begotten of a river-god. Thou saidst thou wert the offspring of a broad-flowing river, but I proclaim myself descendant of high Zeus; and he who begat me was ruler of the many Myrmidonians, Peleus, son of Aeacus; and Aeacus came of Zeus himself; mightier is Zeus than the sea-commingling rivers, and mightier is the race of Zeus than the race of river-godlets; yet thou hast no mean river to thy helper, if he could help thee; but not any may contend with Zeus, with whom not lordly Acheloüs is compared, no, nor the mighty stream of profoundest Ocean, from whom flow all the rivers, and all the seas, and all the fountain-heads, and all the standing pools; he also fears the fiery bolt of Zeus, and his terrible thunder, and his fulmination from heaven.”

He said, and plucked the bronzen spear from the bank, and left the slain man lying amid the sand, in the black



plashing water ; and soon the fishes and the eels were busy with him, gnawing and nibbling away the fat about his kidneys. And Achilles fell upon the horse-plumed Pæonians, who had begun to flee along the eddying river, when they saw their bravest slain in the rough encounter beneath the hand and sword of Pelides ; there slew he Thersilochus, and Mydon, and Astypylus, and Mnêsus, and Thrasius, and Aenius, and Ophelestes ; and yet more of the Pæonians had fleet Achilles slain, but the deep-whirling River lifted up his voice in anger ; he put on the likeness of a man, and spoke from his deep eddy—

*Book*  
*XXI*  
203—235

“ Achilles, thou art very mighty, and thou doest very terribly above all men ; for the gods themselves are ever of thy part ; but if the son of Cronus have given thee to slay the Trojans utterly, at least turn them away from me, and do thy despite in the plain ; for my delightful stream is filled with dead men, and I cannot flow forth into the divine sea, because I am choked with corpses, and thou slayest ferociously. Desist, I pray thee ; I am displeased at thee, foremost of the people.”

And fleet divine Achilles answered him : “ Have thou thy will, Scamander, heavenly-bred ; but I leave not slaying the prideful Trojans until I have pent them up in their city, and made trial of Hector, man to man, whether he shall kill me, or I him.”

He said, and rushed upon the Trojans, like a god ; and the deep-eddying River spake to Apollo—

“ Woe’s me, O child of Zeus, O Silver-Bow, thou mindest not the bidding of Cronion, who straitly charged thee to stand by the Trojans, and help them, until late-falling twilight should prevail, and shadow the prolific earth.”

[He spake, and Achilles of the famous spear leapt into the midst, darting down from the bank, and the other rushed at him with impetuous wave. All his waters he roused in turbulent onset, and thrust along the many corpses which lay

*Book* in his stream—men whom Achilles had slain; these he  
*XXI* thrust aside to the banks, bellowing as a bull bellows; but  
 236—274 the living he rescued in his fair streams, hiding them in the  
 deep great eddies; and round Achilles rose the wave, dread  
 and turbulent; and the stream fell on his shield and thrust  
 him back, that he could not stand firm upon his feet. But  
 he grasped in his hands an elm-tree, tall and goodly, and it,  
 uprooted, tore away the cliff, and stayed the fair stream  
 with its thick branches, and banked the river, falling wholly  
 within the channel. And Achilles leapt up from the swirl,  
 to fly with swift feet over the plain, in terror, but the mighty  
 god stinted not. Black and swelling he dashed upon him,  
 that he might cause divine Achilles to cease from his labour,  
 and avert havoc from the Trojans.]<sup>1</sup>

And Pelides bounded away, a spear-cast length; and he  
 went as goes the black eagle, the hunter, strongest and swiftest  
 of all fowls that be; like him he flew, and the bronze clattered  
 terribly upon his breast; he fled before the river, and the  
 river pursued, roaring loud. And as a man makes a conduit,  
 and leads the water from the dark spring among the garden-  
 plants, mattock in hand, tossing the blockages from his little  
 trench; and the water flows on, and rolls the stones before  
 it; and it trickles murmuring down the sloping ground, and  
 outstrips its guider; so did the swell of the current come  
 upon Achilles, nimble though he was; the gods be mightier  
 than mortal men. And whenever fleet divine Achilles would  
 make a stand, and know if all the gods pursued him, who  
 possess wide heaven, so often the swell of the heaven-fallen  
 river staggered his shoulders above; and he would leap up  
 in much vexation; and the impetuous river flowed below,  
 and sapped the strength of his knees, and crumbled the  
 ground beneath his feet; and the son of Peleus groaned, and  
 looked up to broad heaven—

“O Zeus our father, how unhappy I, whom no god will

<sup>1</sup> Omitted in Mr. Purves's MS.—E. A.

save from out the river—then come what come will. But not any blame I so much of the heavenly ones as mine own mother, who comforted me with falsehood ; she said that I should die beneath the wall of the corsleted Trojans by the speedy arrows of Apollo ; would Hector had slain me, the bravest of this country ! then brave had been the slayer, brave the slain. But now I am doomed to die a caitiff death, entangled in a mighty river, like some swineherd brat whom the brook washes away crossing the winter ford.”

*Book  
XXI  
275—310*

So spake he, and speedily Poseidon and Athene came and stood beside him, in human semblance, and took hand in hand, and pledged him troth ; and thus spake first Poseidon, shaker of the land—

“ Achilles, fear thou not too much, nor flee ; two strong befrienders are with thee of the gods, myself and Pallas Athene ; and Zeus approves ; it is not thy fate to be a river’s spoil ; and soon will Xanthus be abated ; thyself shalt see. And now obey our bidding ; hold not thy heavy hand from balanced war, before thou have shut up within the famous walls of Ilium the Trojan men, whoso escape ; then take thou Hector’s life, and return to the ships ; for we allow thy victory.”

So spake they, and repaired to the immortals ; and he went toward the plain, as bade the strait injunction of the gods ; and the plain was full of inundating water ; and many goodly weapons floated there, and many corpses of battle-fallen youths. But high rose his bounding knees, as he pressed right onward, stemming the stream, and the broad-flowing river stopped him not ; for Athene put much strength in him. And Scamander desisted not from his striving, but was yet more wroth with the son of Peleus, and lifted up the wave of his current assauntingly, and called aloud to Simoïs—

“ Dear brother, let us join together, and repress the strength of this man ; or else he will carry the mighty city of Priam,

Book  
XXI  
311—347

the king, out of hand, and the Trojans will not stand firm in the battle; make haste, and help me, and fill thy stream with water from all thy fountains, and arouse thy brooks, and raise a great freset, and make a clattering of stones and tree-trunks, and let us repel this wild man, who now has the better, and rages as he were a very god; but not his force, I think, shall help him, nor his goodliness, nor his brave armour, which soon shall lie in the sea-bottom, sunken in the ooze; and himself I will wrap close in sand, and heap about him shingle plentifully, and the Achæans shall not know where to gather his bones, so deep shall be the slime that covers him; there shall be his sepulchre, nor shall there be need of earthen mound, when the Achæans make his funeral."

He said, and leapt upon Achilles turbulently, raging deep, gurgling with foam and blood and dead men; and the purple wave of the heaven-fallen river swelled up, and stood, and almost bare down Pelides. And Hera called aloud, for she feared lest the great deep-welling river should sweep away Achilles; and she spake to Hephæstus, her own son—

"Up, halt of foot, my child; we held thee to be matched in the battle with eddying Xanthus; make haste, and help, and display thy fire; and I will go and summon from the sea the heavy gale of the west wind and of the clear south, to bear abroad the deadly flame, and burn the weapons of the Trojans, and themselves; and do thou kindle the goodly trees, that grow upon the banks of Xanthus, and wrap himself in fire; and let him not turn thee back, neither with enticing words nor with imprecation; in no wise abate thy fury until I call to thee, and tell thee; and then repress the never-wearying fire."

She said, and Hephæstus sent out his inexpressible fire; and first the fire was kindled in the plain, and the dead men were burned, whose bodies floated thick there, whom Achilles slew; and all the plain was dried up, and the bright water stopped. And as the autumn north-wind dries up the new-

watered thrashing-floor; and the winnower rejoices; so was all the plain dried up, and the dead men were burned; and Hephæstus turned the blazing flame into the river-bed. And the elm-trees took fire, and the willow-trees, and the tamarisks, and the clover burned, and the rush-beds, and the sedge; all these grew luxuriantly beside the fair river; and the fishes and the eels were tormented, and they tumbled in their anguish this way and that among the eddies, before the fiery breath of artificer Hephæstus; and the powerful River himself was touched, and he spake, and said his say—

*Book  
XXI  
348—380*

“Hephæstus, none of the gods may measure himself with thee; I will not fight with thee flaming with fire; I cry thee mercy; let Achilles instantly drive the Trojans from their city; what have I to do with their contention and their alliance?”

He spake, and he burned with fire, and his fair stream was bubbling. And as a caldron boils, hastened by quick fire, melting the tallow of a fat-fed hog, simmering all over; and the dry wood lies beneath the pot; such was the burning, and such the ebullition; and he would no longer flow, but stopped; and he was tormented by the violent blast of cunning Hephæstus; and he earnestly entreated Hera with winged words—

“Hera, why hath thy son chosen out my stream, and fallen upon me so violently? Reproach not me so much as those other ones, the favourers of the Trojans. I will desist, if such be thy pleasure, and let him desist also; and I will swear moreover that never again will I seek to turn the day of evil from the Trojans, no, not if Troy shall burn altogether with furious fire, kindled by the valiant sons of the Achæans.”

And when the goddess, white-armed Hera, heard, she spake to Hephæstus her son—

“No more, Hephæstus, my famous child; it is not fitting thus to mishandle an immortal god because of mortal men.”

*Book*  
*XXI*  
381—415

She bade, and Hephæstus quenched his prodigious fire;  
and the stream returned, and the current ran down.

So, when the force of Xanthus was subdued, these twain  
desisted: for Hera stayed them, though her anger abided:  
but among the other gods fell strife, dismal and heavy, and  
their will went two ways; and they came together with a  
mighty noise, and the broad earth rang, and the great sky  
pealed above them; and Zeus heard, where he sat in Olympus;  
and his heart laughed for joy, because he saw the gods en-  
countering. Not long did they stand distant; and first in  
front was Ares, batterer of shields; before them all he leapt  
toward Athene, the bronzen spear in his hand, and spake a  
ribald word—

“Wherefore, O impudence, settest thou the gods at vari-  
ance, with prideful spirit and with effrontery? Rememberest  
thou not how thou madest Tydide Diomedes wound me, and  
tookest thyself the eye-engrossing spear in thy hand, and  
didst thrust at me, and mar me? Now will I pay thee for my  
injury.”

He said, and thrust against the tasselled ægis, the terrible  
shield, which not the bolt of Zeus prevails against; on that  
did blood-stained Ares dash the long spear. And she gave  
back, and lifted in her firm hand a stone that lay in the  
plain, big, black, and ragged, which men of old had set to  
be a landmark; with that she struck fierce Ares on the neck,  
and loosed his limbs; eleven score yards he covered as he  
fell, his hair in the dust, and his armour clashing about him;  
and Pallas Athene laughed, and spake triumphantly with  
winged words—

“Dunce, canst thou not frame to think how much I over-  
match thee, that thou measurest might with me? Take the  
accomplishment of thy mother’s curse; for she is angry, and  
seeks thy hurt, because thou hast left the Achæans, and  
helped the haughty Trojans.”

She said, and turned her bright eyes from him; and the

daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, took him by the hand and led him away, groaning deeply ; and scarce was his sense returned. And the goddess, white-armed Hera, saw, and called to Athene with winged words—

BOOK  
XXI

416—454

“ See now, thou child of Zeus, thou never weary, how that shameless one leads away pestilent Ares through the tumult from the burning battle ; follow thou after.”

She said, and Athene hastened after them, high in spirit ; she came upon Aphrodite, and smote her on the breast with firm hand ; and her knees and her heart failed her. There lay the twain upon all-nourishing earth ; and Athene spake above them a word of pride—

“ Would now it had been so with all the favourers of the Trojans, when they fought with the corsleted Argives, with every one so bold and impudent as this Aphrodite, who hath braved my might, and come to the relief of Ares ; then long ago had we made end of war, and taken Ilium’s goodly citadel.”

She said, and the goddess, white-armed Hera, smiled. And the lord, the shaker of the earth, spake to Apollo—

“ Phœbus, why stand we idle ? It is not meet, when others have begun. We shall lose honour if we return without a blow to Olympus, to the bronzen floor of Zeus. Begin ; thou art the younger ; I must not, who am thine elder and thy wiser. Simpleton, thou takest no thought ; hast thou forgotten all we suffered together, thou and I only, when we came from Zeus to be for a year the bondsmen of high Laomedon, for a bargained wage ; and he was our master and orderer : and I built for the Trojans the broad and goodly wall, to make their city unbreachable ; and thou, Phœbus, didst herd the horned clumsy-walking kine among the spurs and the forest-glens of Ida. But when the delectable seasons brought round the term of reward, then did Laomedon rob us of our wage, grimly, and sent us off with words of threat ; he said that he would bind us hand and foot, and sell us into

BOOK  
XXI  
455—493

islands far away; he made as though he would lop our ears with the unsparing bronze; and we came back again with angry heart, because of the hire, which he promised, and paid not. And now thou favourest his people, and seekest not with us how the haughty Trojans may perish utterly, themselves, their honoured wives, and their little children."

Then answered him the king, Apollo, who deals afar—

"Shaker of the land, wouldst thou not hold me mad, were I indeed to fight with thee because of miserable mortals, who are but as leaves? Now are they full of sap, and eat the fruit of the ground; and now they waste and perish. Let us make end of controversy; and let them fight themselves."

He said, and turned away; for he thought it not meet to mingle battle with his father's brother; and his sister, the lady of the chase, railed upon him—

"Fleest thou, far darter, and yieldest all the victory to Poseidon, and lettest him have the better? Infirm, thou bearest but an idle bow; let me not hear thee again boasting, as thou didst boast before, in our father's hall, among the immortal gods, that thou wouldest stand up, and fight with Poseidon."

So railed she; and Apollo, the dealer afar, answered not; but thus the spouse of Zeus indignantly—

"Hussy, how hast thou the hardihood to measure thyself with me? I am too great for thee, although thou bear the bow, which Zeus gave thee, to be a lioness to mortal women and to despatch them at thy pleasure. Better to kill the wild game and the roving deer among the mountains than to contend with thy superior. But if thou wilt have experience of war, take it, and know with whom thou balancest thyself."

She said, and caught her two arms by the wrist, and held them in her left hand; and with her right she plucked from her shoulders the bow and the quiver, and beat her with them, smiling, about the ears as she drew away her head; and the speedy arrows fell out. And all in tears the goddess fled



away, like a dove, which escapes before the hawk into the hole of the rock; for it is not her fate to be taken; so fled the goddess, in tears, and left her gear lying; and the messenger, the Argicide, spake to Lêtô—

*Book  
XXI  
494—529*

“Lêtô, I will not fight with thee; it is no jest to come to buffets with a consort of Zeus; boast thou with all thy heart, if thou wilt, among the deathless gods, that thou hast conquered me by very force.”

He said; but Lêtô was gathering together the bending bow and the arrows, which were fallen all about in the whirl of dust; she took them up and returned; and her daughter came to the house of Zeus, to the bronzen floor, and sat, all weeping, on her father's knee; and the immortal vestment trembled upon her; and the Father, the son of Cronus, drew her to him, and laughed sweetly, and asked—

“Which of the heavenly ones, dear child, hath ruffled thee?”

And thus answered the chapleted one, the shouter in the chase: “Thy wife, my father, hath beaten me, white-armed Hera, from whom strife and contention come among the immortals.”

So spake they together, but Phœbus Apollo went into holy Ilium; for he was anxious about the wall of the strong town, lest the Achæans should make entrance that day in spite of fate. And the gods who live for ever came to Olympus, some angry and sullen, and some exulting; and they sat down before Zeus of the black cloud.

And Achilles continued yet to overthrow the Trojans, horse and man; and as when a smoke goes up to broad heaven from a burning city, which the angry gods have visited, and all are in tumult, and many in destruction; so did Achilles bring tumult and destruction upon the Trojans.

And aged Priam stood upon the divine tower, and looked upon prodigious Achilles; and the Trojans fled before him in confusion, and there was no bravery; and with a moan he

*Book* in rout, were come crowding into the city, fain to flee, and  
*XXI* the city was filled with their crowd; and they had not  
607—end courage to await each other without the town and the wall,  
and to know who was dead in the battle, and who was  
escaped; but they poured hurryingly into the town, every  
man whom his feet and his knees could save.

## BOOK XXII

### THE DEATH OF HECTOR

So then the flying were fled into the city, like timorous fawns; and they cooled themselves from their sweating, and drank, and quenched their thirst, resting against the goodly battlements; and the Achæans drew near to the wall, sloping the long shields against their shoulders. But a destroying fate held Hector bound, and he remained there, in front of Ilium and the Scæan gate. And Phœbus Apollo spoke to Pelides—

*BOOK  
XXII  
1—23*

“Wherefore, son of Peleus, pursuest thou me with thy fleet feet? a mortal thou, me an immortal god? But thou discernest not that I am a god, and wouldest do somewhat. Hast thou forgotten the defeated Trojans, whom thou didst affright? They are gathered into the city; and thou art turned aside hither; and me thou canst not slay, who cannot die.”

And much in anger answered fleet-foot Achilles: “Thou hast baffled me, dealer afar, malignest of the gods, who hast drawn me hither from the wall; else many a man had bit the earth, before he came to Ilium and to safety. Thou hast defrauded me of much glory, and hast delivered the Trojans, wantonly, because thou hadst no fear of punishment; but I would punish thee, so I had the power.”

He said, and went towards the city, high and haughty; proudly he ran, as runs a prizier horse, who skirrs lightly

Book  
XXII  
24—63

the chariot o'er the plain; so Achilles plied foot and nimble knee.

And aged Priam was the first to see him, where he came hastening through the plain; resplendent was he as the autumn star, who shines effulgently among his fellows in the mirk of night; and they call him by name Orion's Dog. Brightest of all is he, but evil-omened; and he brings much fever to wretched mortals. So blazed the bronze about the runner's breast; and the old man lifted up his hands, and beat his head, and screamed, and cried aloud, entreating his son, who stood before the gates, fiercely desirous to fight with Achilles; and the old man besought him pitifully, holding out his hands—

“Hector, my child, await not yonder man, alone, unaided; lest speedily thou find thy fate, and be slain by Pelides; for he is the stronger. Ruffian! would he were dear to the gods as to me; then soon should the dogs and the vultures eat him where he lay, and great fear would be gone from my bosom; many brave sons hath he bereft me of, some slain, and some sold into islands far away; and even now two more I see not among the Trojans who are gathered into the city, Lycaon and Polydôrus, whom Laothoë bore me, princess among women. And if they live in the Achæan camp, we shall redeem them with copper and with gold; for of these I have much store, which old illustrious Altes gave his daughter; and if they be dead, and in the house of Hades, there will be grief for their parents, for their mother's heart and mine; and the people also will grieve, but not so greatly, unless thou also die, and be slain of Achilles. Ah son! come within the wall, and deliver the Trojans and the Trojan women, and give not a victory to Pelides, and lose thy life thyself; and have pity also upon me unhappy, who yet have reason,—unfortunate, whom Cronides the Father will yet destroy miserably upon the threshold of old age, after I have seen many wretchednesses, my sons slain and my daughters ravished

away, and the chambers desolated, and the little children dashed upon the ground in the wild riot; and my sons' wives humbled beneath the destroying hands of the Achæans; and myself the last the ravening dogs will eat in the entering in of my door, when spear or sword has made an end of me; the dogs, the door-watchers and the table-pets whom I fed in my house, they will drink my blood in their insanity, and glutted lay them down before the doors. Well it becomes a young man to lie slain in battle, disfigured by the blow of death; the dead man takes no shame; but when dogs defile the gray head, and the gray beard, and the nakedness of the old man slain—this is the extremity of human woe."

*Book  
XXII  
64—101*

So prayed the old man, and plucked with his hands the gray hairs from his head; but he persuaded not Hector. And on his other side his mother made her wail, and wept aloud, and bared her bosom, and showed her breast with her hand; and thus in tears she spake with winged words—

"Hector, my son, see and remember, and have pity upon me also, if ever I gave thee suck, and lulled thy pain; come in, dear child, and attack yon enemy from within the wall, and stand not forth to face him; wretch! for if he slay thee, I shall not lay thee upon a bed, and lament thee, dear branch of mine own flesh; but far from me and from thy rich-dowered wife the swift dogs will eat thee beside the ships of the Argives."

So wept they, and entreated their son, with much praying; but they prevailed not with Hector, and he awaited the coming of vast Achilles. And as a serpent of the mountain awaits a man beside his hole, fulfilled with venomous herbs and with malignity; and terrible is his eye, as he coils about his den; so indomitable was the spirit of Hector; he gave not ground, but rested his bright shield upon the jut of the wall, and spake disturbedly to his own soul—

"Ah me, if I retire within the gate and within the wall, Polydamas will be the first to upbraid me, who bade me

Book  
XXII  
102—145

withdraw the Trojans into the city this last fatal night, wherein divine Achilles hath arisen; but I would not listen; better if I had! And now that I have destroyed the people in mine obstinacy, I fear the Trojan men and the long-robed women, lest haply some my worser say of me, 'Hector hath trusted in his might, and hath undone the people.' So will they say; and it were better for me either to slay Achilles face to face, and so return, or die myself with honour before the city. Or if I lay from me bossy shield and heavy helmet, and lean my spear against the wall, and come to speech of Achilles, and promise him Helen and her appanage, all that Alexander brought to Troy in the hollow ships, and made beginning of strife—this for the sons of Atreus; and for the Achæans a donative of half the city holds, with an oath from the elders of the Trojans, that we conceal nothing, but make equal division——. But why debate I thus? Surely, if I solicit him, he will have no pity nor courtesy, but will slay me like a helpless woman, a naked man, who have put off mine arms; I may not talk with him from tree or stone, like man and maid, like maid and bachelor in amorous prate; better to close with him in speedy anger; so shall we know to whom the Olympian gives the glory."

So reasoned he, and stood; and Achilles came near, furious as Ares of the tossing helm, shaking the terrible ash of Pelium above his right shoulder; and the armour shone about him, like the blaze of burning fire, or of the uprising sun; and trembling came on Hector, when he saw; and he dared not stand; but left the gate behind, and fled away. And Pelides bounded after him, confident in his fleet feet; as a hawk among the mountains, swiftest of fowls that fly, takes lightly wing after a timorous dove; she flees before him, and with shrilly scream he snatches and snatches at her, in his greediness; so flew Achilles forward furiously, and Hector fled before him, beneath the wall of the Trojans, plying the nimble knee. And they ran along the waggon-way, past the wild fig-tree, and

past the place of watch, edging from the wall, until they came to the fair-flowing fountains; for there well up two springs from eddying Scamander; the one flows warm, and a smoke goes up, as of burning fire; and the other flows in mid-summer cold as hail, or frozen snow, or ice that is of water; and there beside them are the broad washing-places, builded of fair stone, wherein the wives and the fair daughters of the Trojans used to wash the shining garments, in time past, when peace was, before the sons of the Achæans came: past these they ran, the fleër and the pursuer; mighty was he who fled, but he who followed speedily mightier far; and they contended not for shield or fatling, such as men win in their races, but the prize of their running was the life of red-handed Hector. And as prize-winning horses run quickly round and round the course, and some great prize is set forth, tripod or woman slave, at some great one's burial; so thrice with flying feet they circled about Priam's town; and all the gods looked on. And thus spake first the Sire of gods and men—

"Ah me, I see one I love pursued about the city; my heart is vexed for Hector, who often burned for me fat thighs of kine, some in the tops of Ida of the many glens, and some on the high places of the city; but now divine Achilles pursues him with fleet feet about Priam's town. Consider, all ye gods, and take counsel; shall we deliver him from death, or shall Pelide Achilles slay him, brave though he be?"

Then answered him the goddess, bright-eyed Athene: "O Father, lord of the black cloud, of the flashing lightning, what hast thou said? A mortal man, long condemned by fate, wouldst thou redeem from evil-titled death? Do as thou wilt; but we gods applaud not."

And thus answered cloud-compelling Zeus: "Fear not, Tritogeneia, mine own child; I speak not very earnestly; and I would be indulgent to thee. Do as thy purpose leads, and shrink not back."

BOOK  
XXII  
186—221

He said, and spurred her, who before was eager ; and she went fleeting down Olympus' tops.

And swift Achilles pressed hard on Hector ; and as a hound among the mountains startles from his lair the fawn of a hind, and chases him through corrie and through glen ; and if he hide, crouching beneath a bush, yet still he runs and runs upon his track, until he finds him ; so Hector escaped not the rapid son of Peleus. And as often as he might double, to gain the Dardanian gate, and get beneath the stately towers, if haply they might succour him with shot ; so often would Achilles prevent him, and turn him off into the plain ; and himself kept always to the city side. And as in a dream one cannot overtake another ; neither can he attain, nor he escape ; so neither could Achilles run him down, nor Hector flee away. And how should Hector have escaped the fates of death at all, had not Phœbus Apollo been with him that one last time, and lent him strength, and nimbleness of knee ?

And divine Achilles beckoned with his head to the people, and would not let them shoot sharp arrows upon Hector, lest some man might strike, and win the victory, and outdo him. But when the fourth time they came to the fountain-springs, then the Father lifted up the golden scales, and laid in them two fates of destroying death, the one of Achilles, and the other of Hector, master of horses ; and he took the scales by the middle, and let them hang ; and Hector's day of fate was heavier, and his scale went down to the side of death, and Phœbus Apollo left him. And the goddess, bright-eyed Athene, came to Pelides, and stood near, and spake winged words—

“ Surely now, thou bright Achilles, beloved of Zeus, shall we two bring a great glory to the Achæans at their ships, when we have slain Hector, the insatiate of battle ; for now not in any way can he escape us—no, not if Apollo, the dealer afar, abase himself, and grovel on the ground, before



our Father's chair. Now therefore stand, and breathe thyself, and I will go and persuade him to stand up, and fight with thee." *Book  
XXII  
222—258*

So spoke Athene, and he obeyed her and rejoiced ; and stood resting on the bronzen-headed ashen staff ; and she went from him, and came to divine Hector, like to Deiphobus in form and unwearying voice ; and she stood beside him, and spake winged words—

"Sir, my brother, Achilles does thee indignity, who pursues thee with his fleet feet around the city of Priam : come, let us stand, and resist him."

Then answered her great Hector of the tossing plume :  
"Deiphobus, thou wast ever dearest to me of all my brothers, the sons of Priam and of Hecabê ; but now I hold thee yet the dearer still, because thou hast seen me, and for love of me hast dared to come without the wall, when the rest abide within."

Then said to him the goddess, bright-eyed Athene :  
"Brother, our father and our mother both besought me by my knees, and our companions also, to remain in the city ; so were they terror-stricken ; but my heart within me was wrung with vexation. And now, let us make up to him, and fight, and spare not the spear-cast, and know whether Achilles shall slay us, and carry the bloody spoils to the hollow ships, or shall himself lie low beneath thy spear."

So spake she treacherously, and led him on ; and when the two were come nigh together, great Hector of the tossing plume spake the first—

"Son of Peleus, I will no longer flee thee ; thrice have I fled around the great city of Priam, and have not tarried to abide thy coming ; but now my soul enjoins me to withstand thee ; I would slay, or be slain. Come, let us call the gods to evidence ; they shall be witnesses and guardians of our covenant ; I will not do thy body contumely, if Zeus give me the endurance, and I take thy life ; but when I have stripped

BOOK  
XXII  
259—294

off thy famous arms, Achilles, I will give thee back to the Achæans; and do thou likewise."

And swift Achilles scowled on him, and spake: "Hector, mine enemy, speak not of agreement; the lion makes not treaty with the man, nor do the wolf and the lamb have any concord; but each is ever at enmity with each; and thou and I can never be friends, or pledge our faith; but one of us shall fall, and glut with his blood Ares, the warrior of the hide-bound shield. Now summon up thy bravery; approve thyself the spearman and the man of war; for thou shalt not escape, but Pallas Athene will lay thee low beneath my hand; and thou shalt pay to the uttermost for my much-loved friends, whom thou slewest in the raging of thy spear."

He said, and swung, and threw the ashen spear; but Hector saw it coming, and avoided; for he bent down, and the bronzen point went over him, and stuck in the ground, and Pallas Athene caught up the spear, and gave it back to Achilles; and Hector, shepherd of the people, saw not. And he spake to blameless Pelides—

"Thy cast is naught, Achilles, image of the gods, and my fate is not yet known to thee from Zeus; thou thoughtest; and thou spakest glibly with perfidious words, to terrify me, and make me forget manliness. Thou shalt not drive thy spear through my coward back; rather, if thou be permitted, pierce me advancing on thee through the breast; and now beware my spear; would it were planted in thee to the grip! then should the Trojans have an easier war, thou slain; for thou art their discomfiter."

He said, and shook, and cast the ashen spear, and struck Pelides in the middle shield, and missed not; but the spear glanced far away. And Hector was enraged, because the weapon was gone from his hand in vain; and he stood aghast, because he had but one spear; and he called aloud on Deiphobus of the white shield, to bring him another; but

he was not found. And Hector knew within himself, and spake—

“Woe’s me, the gods have called me to my death; I thought that brave Deiphobus was here; but he is within the wall, and Athene hath betrayed me. And now is evil death not far, but near; nor is there any rescue; for doubtless this is the pleasure of Zeus, and Zeus’ archer son, mine ancient saviours; and fate is come upon me. Yet let me not die, inglorious, without a blow, but mightily, that men hereafter may have remembrance.”

He said, and drew the sword, sharp, broad, and long, that hung beneath his side; and he gathered himself, and rushed on, like an eagle from the sky, who swoops towards the plain through the murky clouds, to snatch the tender lamb or the timid hare; so rushed on Hector, shaking the sharp sword. And Achilles met him, his heart full of wild wrath; and he held before his breast the fair rich-figured shield, and tossed upon his head the gleaming double-crested helmet; and the fair golden hairs quivered around, which Hephæstus had planted thick in the plume. And as a star among the stars of night, the evening star, that stands the fairest in heaven—such was the shining of the whetted spear, which Achilles shook in his right hand, malignant against Hector, scanning his fair flesh, where most he were vulnerable. And all the rest was covered by the bronzen arms, the fair arms, which he took from valiant Patroclus, whom he slew; but there showed a place, where the collar-bones that knit the shoulders meet, and bear up the neck and gorge; there soonest passes the life; and there Achilles struck him with the spear, as he came rushing on; and the point went through the tender neck; but the heavy weapon divided not the throat, and he could speak and answer; and he fell in the dust, and Achilles triumphed above him—

“Hector, thou slewest Patroclus, and thoughtest to be safe; and madest no account of absent me. O fool! for I

*Book  
XXII*

295—333

*Book* was left behind among the hollow ships, a mightier than he,  
*XXII* to take revenge; and now thy knees are loosed. The dogs  
334—370 and birds shall tear thy carrion; but for him the Achæans  
will make funeral."

And feebly answered Hector of the tossing plume: "I beg thee by thy life, and by thy knees, and by thy parents, let not the dogs of the Achæans eat me beside the ships, but take the store of silver and of gold, the gift my father and my mother will give thee, and restore my body to my home, that the Trojans and the wives of the Trojans may give me to the fire."

And swift Achilles scowled on him, and spake: "Dog, knee me no knees, and parent me no parents; would that my heart would let me hack thy flesh, and eat thee raw, for what thou hast done to me; not any one shall save thee from the dogs—not if they bring a ransom hither ten and twenty fold, and weigh it out, and promise more beside; no, not were Priam, blood of Dardanus, to buy thee for thy weight in gold; thy mother shall not lay thee in thy bed, or make lament over her child, but the dogs and the birds shall consume thee."

And dying Hector answered once again: "I look upon thee, and I know thee well; my prayer was idle; for thy heart is iron. But yet consider, lest the gods be angry with thee because of me, in that day when Paris and Phœbus Apollo shall quell thy prowess in the Scæan gate."

He said, and final death encompassed him; and his soul flew from his limbs towards the house of Death, lamenting her fate, leaving youth and manliness. And thus Achilles spake above the dead—

"Die thou for one; but I accept my fate, when Zeus shall doom me, and the deathless gods."

He said, and drew out the spear, and put it from him, and stripped the bloody harness from the shoulders; and the sons of the Achæans ran all around, and marvelled at the

stature and the goodness of Hector; and none drew near but added him a wound. And thus a man would speak and look toward his neighbour—

*Book  
XXII  
371—405*

“Aha, Hector is milder to meddle with than when he burned the ships with flaming fire.”

So one would speak, and stab him as he lay. And when swift divine Achilles had made an end of slaying him, he stood among the Achæans, and spake winged words—

“O friends, O lords and leaders of the Argives, now that the gods have made this man to fall, who has done us much evil, more evil than all the rest together, let us take arms around the city, and make trial, and know the mind henceforward of the Trojans; whether they will abandon the high city, he fallen, or whether they will remain, although he be no more. But why speak I thus? *He* lies dead beside the ships, unwept, unburied—Patroclus, whom I will not forget, so long as I live among the living, and my knees bear me; and if there be forgetfulness in death, yet even then will I remember my friend. Come, therefore, men of the Achæans, let us raise the song of victory, and return to the hollow ships, and take this man with us; we have achieved much glory; we have slain divine Hector, to whom the Trojans in their city paid adoration as to a god.”

He said, and devised indignity for divine Hector; he pierced the sinews of his feet behind, between the ankle and the heel, and passed through the holes thongs of neat's hide, and fastened them to the chariot, and let his head trail behind. And Achilles gathered up the noble armour, and stepped into the chariot, and touched the horses with the whip; and they flew forward eagerly. And the dust rose up as he was dragged along, and his black hair was scattered abroad, and his head, that was so gracious before, lay on the ground; for Zeus had permitted his enemies to do him indignity in the land of his fathers.

So was the head of Hector smirched with dust; and his

BOOK  
XXII  
406—441

mother tore out her hair, and flung away her rich coif, and wailed very bitterly as she beheld her fallen son; and his father groaned pitifully; and all the people throughout the city were turned to groaning and to wailing; and distraction was, as if Ilium on her lofty hill were burning high and low with smoke and fire. And scarcely might the people hold their suffering king, so wildly strove he to go forth from the Dardanian gate; and he rolled himself upon the grimy earth, and made his plaint to them, and named each man, and called him by his style—

“Have done, my friends, with your compassionateness, and suffer me to go forth alone toward the ships of the Achæans. I will make supplication to this wanton man, this worker of outrage; perhaps he will have reverence for mine age, and take pity upon my years; for he too has a father such as I, Peleus, who begat and bred him to be the destroyer of the Trojans, and to bring grief upon me beyond you all; so many stately sons hath he slain me; but them together I bewail not so much, although I mourn them, as that one, my grief for whom will bring me down to death—Hector. Might he have died in mine arms! then had we had our fill of weeping and of lamentation; we, his unhappy mother, and myself!”

So spake he weeping, and his Trojans groaned. And Hecabê began the loud lament among the women—

“Ah child, ah wretched I! How shall I live in my calamity—thou dead? By day, by night, thou wast my pride throughout the city, and the general joy; the Trojan men and the Trojan women paid salutation to thee, as to a god; for thou wast their glory, while yet thou livedst; but death and destiny are come upon thee.”

So spake she weeping. And the wife of Hector knew not yet; for no faithful messenger had come to tell her that her husband remained without the gate; and she wove a web, retired within her chamber, a purple garment, patterned with

gay flowers. And she bade her maidens set a great caldron on the fire, to heat a bath for Hector, when he should return from the battle; poor fool! who knew not that, far from any bath, bright-eyed Athene had slain him by the hand of Achilles. But she heard the shrieking and the wailing from the wall; and her limbs shuddered, and the shuttle fell from her fingers; and she gave directions to her fair-haired maidens—

“Come, two of you follow me, for I will see what is befallen. I have heard the reverend voice of Hector’s mother, and my heart is in my throat, and beats, and beats, and my knees are numb beneath me; some disaster approaches the children of Priam: ah! be the word a stranger to my ear! but I fear, I fear, lest divine Achilles have cut off daring Hector from the city, and driven him, left alone, into the plain, and made an end of his adventurousness, which hath possessed him to his doom; for never would he abide among the concourse, but ran the foremost man; because he would not be surpassed of any.”

She spake, and her heart beat wildly; and she hurried through the hall like one distraught; and her maidens followed. And when she came to the wall and the multitude, she stood upon the tower, and gazed around, and saw him dragging before the city; and the swift horses drew him callously towards the hollow ships of the Achæans. And blinding night came down upon her eyes, and she fell backward, and her breath went from her; and all the bravery fell from her head, ribbon and net and plaited snood, and the coif, which golden Aphrodite gave her in that day when Hector of the tossing plume led her from Eëtion’s home, after he had given unbounded gifts. And her husband’s sisters crowded round and his brothers’ wives, who supported her in that passion unto death. And when her breath was come again, and her sense returned, she fell a wailing, and spake among the Trojan women—

“Ah Hector! ah miserable me! to one calamity were we

BOOK  
XXII  
478—end

born, thou here in Troy in the house of Priam, and I in Thebè beneath woody Placus, in the house of Eëtion, who brought me up a child, he ill-fated me more ill-fated; would he had not begotten me! And now thou goest to the house of Hades and the gulfs of earth, and leavest me in misery and sorrow, a widow in thine hall, and thy boy an infant, the child of two unfortunate; and he will not be a succour to thee, Hector, for thou art dead, nor thou to him; for if he escape the Achæans, and the lamentable war, his portion always will be sorrow and care; and others will partition his land: and the day of bereavement leaves a child alone; he has no companion, and he hangs his head, and his cheeks are wet with tears; and in his indigence he steals up to his father's friend, to him and him, and plucks him by the coat, or by the cloak; and some one takes pity upon him, and holds out his cup for a moment, and wets his lips, but not his mouth within; and some lad, whose father and whose mother live, thrusts him from the banquet, with angry hand and word of reproach: 'Begone; thy father sits not here with us.' And all in tears he will go back to his widow mother, he, Astyanax, who sometime sat upon his father's knee, and ate of marrow only and of sheep's rich fat; and when sleep came upon him, and his childish mirth was done, he slept upon his bed, in his nurse's arms, laid on soft clothing, his heart satisfied with good things; and now he will suffer misery, for his father is not; he, Astyanax, whom the Trojans call the Prince of the City; for thy sole self defended their gates and their high walls. And now thou liest beside the pinned ships, far from thy parents; and the crawling worms will eat thee, when the dogs are full; naked thou liest; though there be stores of garments in thy house, fine-spun and beautiful, the work of women; all these will I burn in the destroying fire; thou needest them not, for thou wilt not be wrapt in them; but it shall be thine honour before the Trojan men and the Trojan women."

So spake she weeping, and they moaned in answer.



## BOOK XXIII

### THE FUNERAL GAMES

So then the women made lamentation in the city. And when the Achæans came to the ships and the broad Hellespont, they separated, every man to his own ship. But Achilles would not let the Myrmidonians separate; and thus he spake among his mighty men—

*BOOK  
XXIII  
1—23*

“Ye Myrmidons, who ride upon swift horses, companions of my choice; let us not yet unyoke; but let us go, with chariot and with man, and make mourning for Patroclus, and pay him the honour of the dead; and when we have tasted the satisfaction of miserable weeping, let us unloose our horses, and take our meal.”

He said, and led their going; and they made lamentation together. Three times around the dead man went the chariots, and the horses with the full manes; and the men groaned; and Thetis filled them with the desire of weeping. The sand was wet with tears, and the armour of the men was wet; so much they mourned for that great warrior. And Pelides laid his fatal hands on the breast of his friend, and led the unison of lamentation—

“Hear, O Patroclus, in the house of Death; I come unto thee, to make good my promise; Hector have I dragged hither, to be a carrion for dogs; and twelve bright children of the Trojans bring I, to cut their throats, and lay them on thy pyre; so am I angry for thee.”

BOOK  
XXIII  
24—63

He said, intending indignity for divine Hector; he flung him along, before the bier of Menœtius' son, upon his face in the dust. And every man put off his bronzen glittering armour, and unyoked his neighing steeds; and they sat down beside the ship of swift Aeacides, very many; and he provided them a funeral feast. Many a sleek steer writhed on the broaching steel, and many a sheep, and many a bleating goat, and many a white-toothed boar, fat and well-liking, was stretched to broil above the fire of Hephæstus; and all around the dead man the blood ran cupful deep.

But meantime the chieftains of the Achæans conducted the prince, the fleet son of Peleus, to divine Agamemnon, after much persuasion, because of his anger for his friend. And when they came to the hut, they bade the heralds set a great tripod on the fire, if perchance they might persuade Pelides to wash away the clotted gore; but he refused obstinately, and swore an oath—

“Not so; it may not be; water shall not come nigh me, before I have laid Patroclus in the fire, and heaped up a mound above him, and cut off my hair; for never again will grief like this touch upon my heart, while yet I live among the living; but natheless let us taste of hateful food; and in the morning, Agamemnon, king of men, do thou give order to bring wood, and to make provision of all that a dead man should have, who goes beneath the darkness; that the unwearying fire may consume him out of our sight, and the people return to their occupation.”

So spake he, and they heard, and did his bidding; they made haste, and prepared a meal, and ate, and were satisfied; and when they cared no more to eat and drink, each man returned to his hut, and slept; but Pelides lay among his Myrmidons, beside the shore of the much-murmuring sea, groaning heavily, on the open space, where the waves broke up against the shore. And sleep that knows not waking was diffused upon him, and dissolved his trouble; for he was very

weary with chasing after Hector around windy Troy. And then came to him the ghost of hapless Patroclus, his very self in stature, and in voice, and in bright eyes, and in familiar garments; and he stood above his head, and spake—

*Book  
XXIII  
64—104*

“Thou sleepest, Achilles, and rememberest not me; but I, whom thou forgettest, am not alive, but dead; bury me speedily, and let me pass within the gates of Death. The spirits will not let me be with them, the shadows of the dead, nor will they suffer me to cross the river; but I wander solitary in the wide house of Hades. And now yet once give me thine hand, I beseech thee, for I shall not return from Hades, after I am given to the fire; never again shall we sit apart, and hold our counsel together, but wretched fate hath overwhelmed me, the fate of my hour of birth; and thou likewise, Achilles, image of the gods, must die beneath the wall of the high-descended Trojans. And I will charge thee, if thou wilt perform; lay not thy bones away from mine, Achilles, but let us be together, as when we grew together in thy hall, thou a lad and I a lad, whom Menœtius fetched from Opus to thy father’s house, because of a homicide, in that day when I slew the son of Amphidamas, I, a child, innocently, because we quarrelled at the knuckle-bones; then horseman Peleus received me in his house, and brought me up tenderly, and named me to be thy familiar; in like brotherhood let one vessel hold the bones of both.”

And thus the swift Achilles answered him: “Wherefore, O dearer than a brother, hast thou come, to lay this injunction upon me? Surely I will do all thy bidding. But come thou nearer, let us embrace each other for a moment, and take delight of miserable weeping.”

He said, and reached out his hands, and caught him not; and like a smoke the spirit fled away beneath the ground, shrieking; and in bewilderment he started up, and clapped his hands together, and spake a word of affliction—

“Woe’s me, there continues in the house of Hades a spirit

*Book* and an image, without life ; for in the night the soul of  
*XXIII* hapless Patroclus stood beside me, his perfect semblance  
105-141 weeping, and wailing, and commanding me."

He said, and all who heard were filled with desire of weeping ; and while they made moaning and mourning about the dead man, the rosy-fingered Dawn appeared to them. And ruler Agamemnon sent forth from every hut mules and men to fetch in wood ; and over them all was a mighty man, Meriones, the friend of great Idomeneus. And the men went forth, with woodmen's axes in their hands, and lengths of twisted rope, driving the mules before them ; and up they went, and down, and sideways, and zigzag. And when they came to the knees of many-fountained Ida, they made haste to fell the tall oaks with the long-edged axes ; and the trees came crashing down. And the Achæans split them up, and hung them on the mules, who stamped the ground, longing to pass from the thick coppice to the open plain ; and every hewer carried his log, according to the command of Meriones, companion of high Idomeneus, and they laid them down upon the beach together, on the place where Achilles intended a great barrow for himself and for Patroclus.

And when they had disposed the mighty heap, they sat them down and waited, a great company. And Achilles bade the mighty Myrmidonians gird on the bronze, and yoke the chariots ; and they rose up every man, and did on their armour ; and charioteer and spearman mounted up. First came the horsemen, and after them the cloud of uncounted foot ; and in the midst his friends bare their friend Patroclus. And he was clothed, as with a garment, with the locks of hair which they had cut from their heads, and laid upon him ; and behind the corse came divine Achilles, very heavy ; for he was bearing his friend's head to the grave.

And when they came to the place which Achilles showed them, they set him down, and heaped up profusion of fuel. Then swift divine Achilles did yet another thing ; he stood

back from the pile, and cut off the auburn lock, full and flowing, which he let grow for Spercheius, the river ; and heavily he spoke, looking over the wine-dark sea—

*Book  
XXIII  
142—176*

“Spercheius, vainly did my father Peleus pray to thee, and promise that when I returned to yon land of my fathers, I would cut this lock for thee, and give thee a holy hecatomb, and shed the blood from the throats of fifty rams into thy fountains, in thy demesne, beside thy fragrant altar. So prayed the old man, but thou fulfillest not his petition. And now, since I shall not return to the land of my fathers, I fain would give this hair to Patroclus, to take with him.”

He said, and laid the lock in the hand of his dear friend ; and all who saw were filled with desire of weeping : and the sun would have gone down upon their lamentation, but that Achilles spake to Agamemnon—

“Atrides, give thou direction to the Achæans, for thy word is most with them. There is satiety of weeping also ; bid them break up, and leave the place of funeral, and make their meal ; and we, who are the nearest to the dead, will look to the burning ; and we would have the princes remain with us.”

And when the king of men, Agamemnon, heard, he gave order, and the people dispersed among the balanced ships. And they who were the chief mourners remained, and heaped up the wood, and made a pyre a hundred feet each way, and laid the dead man on the top, with heavy heart. And many a goodly sheep, and many a crumple-horned heifer, did they strip of their skins before the pile ; and Achilles gathered the fat, and wrapped up the dead man from head to foot, and placed the flayed carcasses around him ; and he took jars of honey and of oil, and set them against the bier ; and four horses of arching neck he cast on the pyre, groaning heavily. Nine dogs had the prince, which fed beneath his table ; and he cut the throats of two. And twelve brave sons of the high-hearted Trojans he butchered with the sword ; for havoc was in his heart. And

BOOK  
XXIII  
177—210

he cast into the heap the iron force of fire, to pass upon it. And then he moaned, and called upon his friend—

“Hear me, Patroclus, in the house of Death ; I have kept word with thee. There be twelve brave sons of the high-hearted Trojans, whom the fire eats along with thee ; but Hector, son of Priam, I give not to the fire, but to the dogs.”

So spake he grimly ; but the dogs had not been busy with Hector ; for night and day the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, kept them off ; and she anointed him with oil of immortal roses, lest Achilles should fray his skin in his violences. And Phœbus Apollo drew down a murky cloud from heaven to earth, and shadowed all the place where the dead man lay, lest the strength of the too potent sun should parch the skin about his sinews and his limbs.

But the pile of dead Patroclus caught not yet the fire ; and swift divine Achilles did another thing ; he withdrew himself, and prayed to the brother Winds, to the North Wind and the West Wind, and promised them a noble sacrifice ; he poured libation from a golden bowl, and supplicated them to come, that the wood might make haste to burn, and the corpses be consumed in the fire. And swift Iris heard his invocation, and flew to bear the message to the Winds ; and they were all assembled in the house of the tempestuous West, and making holiday ; and Iris stayed from her running, and stood upon the threshold that was stone ; and when they saw her, they started up, and every one would have her sit by him ; but she would not sit, but spake her errand—

“I may not stay ; for I go onward to the stream of Ocean, to the land of the Aethiopians, who now make offering of hecatombs to the immortals, that I also may have my part. But Achilles would somewhat of you : he calls upon the North and upon the boisterous West, and promises them a noble sacrifice if they will come, and make the fire to burn,

where lies Patroclus, for whom all the Achæans make lamentation."

*Book  
XXIII*

211—244

She said, and went her way; and the Winds flew forth, with sound and vehemence, whirling the clouds before them; and soon they launched themselves upon the sea; and the wave grew rough beneath the whistling gale; and they came to loamy Troy, and fell upon the pile; and the prodigious flame leaped crackling up. All night the loud winds blew, and fanned the fire; and all night the swift Achilles, now and now, took the cup, and drew wine from the golden bowl, and poured it forth, and drenched the ground beneath, and called upon the soul of hapless Patroclus. And as a father mourns, who lays his son in the fire, a young bridegroom, who dies and leaves his father and his mother desolate; so did Achilles mourn because of his dear friend; he crept about the fire, and groaned heavily.

And at what hour the morning star goes forth, the harbinger of light to men on earth, whom following the saffron-vested Dawn is spread above the sea, by that hour the fire began to wane, and the flame went out. And the Winds departed again to their own place, across the Thracian sea; and the billow boiled and groaned beneath them. And Pelides turned away from the fire, and laid him down in his weariness; and sweet sleep leapt upon him. But Atrides, and all the company, gathered about him; and the noise of their voices and their feet awaked him. And he sat up, and spake to them—

"Atrides, and ye notables of the Panachæans, first of all put out the embers with bright wine, and all whereon the fire has passed; and then let us gather together the bones of Patroclus, son of Menœtius, distinguishing them; but they will not be hard to find; for he lay in the midmost fire, and the other creatures in the skirts of the burning, confusedly, horse and man. And we will wrap them in folded fat, and put them in a golden vessel, until I myself go down

*Book*  
*XXIII*  
245—281

to hidden death. And I would not have you make a very great mound, but one of some seeming; for ye Achæans will make one broad and high enough, when I leave you among the ships of many banks of rowers."

He said, and they obeyed the swift son of Peleus; first of all they put out the fire with bright wine, all where the flame had spread and the ashes had sunk on an heap; and with tears they gathered together the white bones of their gentle friend into the golden vessel among the folded fat, and put them in the booth, and covered them with smooth linen. And they made round the place of the grave, and laid a foundation of stones about the fire, and heaped up the mounded earth; and when they had done, they turned away. But Achilles kept the people together, and ranged them round in a broad ring, and brought from the ships prizes, tripods and caldrons, horses and mules, and mighty head of steers, and slender-waisted women, and gray iron.

And first he set forth prizes for the rapid chariots; a female slave, accomplished in womanly works, and a tripod with ears, two-and-twenty measures in size; this for the first; and for the second a mare of six years old, unbroken, great with a mule foal; and for the third he placed a goodly caldron, white and untouched by fire, four measures large; and to the fourth he gave two talents of gold; and to the fifth an unused cup of double bowl. And he stood up, and spake among the Argives—

"Son of Atreus, and all ye well-greaved Achæans; ye see in your midst the prizes that await the charioteers. Were we contending at the funeral of another, myself would win the first prize, and bear it to my hut; well ye know the pre-eminence of my horses; for they are immortal, and Poseidon gave them to my father Peleus, and he transmitted them to me; but I will take no part, I, nor my horses; so great and glorious a charioteer have they lost, their gentle fosterer, who oft would wash them with bright water, and pour the



smoothing oil upon their manes. For him they mourn as they stand, and their manes droop down to the ground, and they move not in their sorrow. But ye, the others of the army, make you ready, every Achæan who thinks well of his horses and his firm-built car."

BOOK  
XXIII  
282—319

So spake Pelides ; and the swift horsemen gathered. Up much the first sprang the king of men, the master of the rein, Eumêlus, son of Admêtus ; and after him rose up the son of Tydeus, valiant Diomedes, who brought beneath the yoke the horses of Tros, which he had taken from Aeneas, when Apollo stole away the man himself ; and after him came the son of Atreus, auburn Menelaus, blood of heaven, who brought beneath the yoke two swift horses, Aethê, that was Agamemnon's, and his own Podargus ; her, the mare, Echeplûs, son of Anchises, gave in a gift to Agamemnon, that he might not follow him to windy Troy, but take his pleasure, and abide at home ; for Zeus had given him much wealth, and he dwelt in Sicyon of the broad acres ; her Menelaus yoked, who panted for the race. And fourth in order Antilochus gat ready his long-maned horses, the bright son of Nestor, the lofty king, the son of Neleus ; and the swift horses of Pylus drew his chariot. And his father stood beside him, and spake wisely in a wise man's ear—

"Antilochus, thou art young ; but Zeus and Poseidon have loved thee well, and taught thee all the art of horsemanship ; thou needest not much direction. Thou knowest well how to wheel about the turn ; but thy horses are the slowest of pace ; and this may be thy undoing. Their horses are lighter of foot, but themselves have no advantage of thee in discretion. Therefore, my friend, bethink thee of every advantage, that the prize go not by thee. By thought the woodman performs more than by strength ; by thought the pilot, in the wine-dark sea, directs his swift ship, when the winds buffet her ; and by taking thought charioteer outstrips charioteer. He who confides in speed of horses alone, and

*Book*  
*XXIII*  
320—359

sweeps away to this side and to that, his horses wander over the course unrestrained ; but he who is sagacious, although his horses be not so good, looks ever to the goal, and takes the turn as near as may be, and watches when first to put the stress upon the rein of hide, and holds on steadily, his eye upon his foregoer. And now will I show thee the plain endmark, which thou canst not miss ; there stands a sapless stock, a fathom's height above the ground, of oak or pine, which the rain rots not away, and a white stone on either side supports, where the two ways conjoin, and the smooth course wheels round ; whether it be the tomb of one dead long ago, or whether it was a goal-mark of men aforetime, which swift divine Achilles hath employed again. To that drive close, with chariot and with horses ; and lean thyself a little to the left ; then urge thy right-hand horse, and call on him, and slack his rein ; but let thy left-hand horse approach the goal, until the nave of the firm wheel seem almost to touch ; but see thou graze not the stone, lest thy horses be wounded, and thy chariot broken, and thou become an exultation to the others, and a shame to thyself ; be wise and wary ; for if thou get the advantage as thou turnest round the mark, no one may catch thee up, although he bound after thee, or outstrip thee, not were divine Arion himself at thy heels, the fleet steed of Adrastus, who was of heavenly race ; nor the horses of Laomedon, the best of this country's breeding."

So spake Neleian Nestor, and sat down again in his place, when he had shown his son the gist of every point.

And fifth Meriones got ready his long-maned horses. Then they mounted into the chariots, and cast the lot ; Achilles shook the helmet, and there leaped out the lot of Antilochus, son of Nestor ; and after him came the turn of princely Eumelus ; and after him came the son of Atreus, Menelaus of the famous spear ; and after him Meriones ; and the last place fell to Tydides, the valiant captain. They stood in a cross row ; and Achilles had appointed the turning-place far off in the level

plain, and had placed beside the mark godlike Phoenix, his father's friend, that he might observe the courses, and bring him a true report.

*Book  
XXIII  
360—393*

And all together lifted up the lash, and shook the reins upon the backs of their horses; and called upon them vehemently; and rapidly they sped across the plain away from the ships; and beneath their breasts the dust rose up and stood, like a cloud or a rain-squall; and their manes fluttered in the gusts of air; and now the chariots would come down upon all-fostering earth, and now they would spring into the air; and they who drove stood upright in the chariots, and their hearts beat fast with desire for victory; and every one encouraged his own horses; and the horses flew over the dusty plain.

But when the swift horses were accomplishing the last round, returning to the gray sea, then was the excellence of each charioteer displayed, and the horses ran their utmost; and rapidly the fleet horses of Phêrês' grandson bore him to the front; and after him came foremost the stallions of Diomedes, the horses of Tros; they were not far behind, but very close; they seemed continually as if they would spring upon the chariot of Eumêlus, and his back and his broad shoulders were warm with their breath; for they laid out their heads to him as they flew along. And now would Diomedes have passed him by, or made the victory doubtful, had not Phœbus Apollo been angry with the son of Tydeus, and made him drop the shining whip. And tears of vexation started to his eyes, because he saw the mares of Admêtus increasing their pace, and his own horses slackening, because they were not urged. But Athene saw well that Apollo had put a trick upon Tydides; she darted after the shepherd of the people, and put the whip in his hand, and inspired strength in his horses. And she passed on in anger to Admêtus' son, and brake the yoke of his horses; and they started away to either side, and the pole dashed upon the ground; and himself was tumbled

*Book*  
*XXIII*  
393-432

from the chariot beside the wheel, and the skin was peeled from his elbows, and from his mouth and nose, and his forehead was bruised above the brows; and his eyes were filled with tears, and his clear voice was choked. And Tydides turned his horses aside, and held right on, bounding far before the rest; for Athene put mettle in his horses, and gave himself the glory: and after him came on the son of Atreus, auburn Menelaus; and Antilochus called upon the horses of his father—

“Now mend your pace, and strain your uttermost; I bid you not contend with yonder steeds, the horses of valiant Diomedes; Athene hath imparted strength to them, and given their master the victory; but put on, and overtake the horses of Atrides, and be not beaten of them, lest Aethê, who is but a female, put you to shame; why do ye lag, my brave ones? See, I will tell you, what shall be your fate; ye shall have no harbourage of Nestor, shepherd of the people, but he will kill you with the pitiless knife, if by your remissness we win the lesser prize. Follow hard upon him, and put forth your speed; and I will ply my skill and all my wit to give him the go-by in the narrow way; I shall know when.”

He said, and they shrank beneath the reproof of their master, and increased their pace for a little; and presently Antilochus espied the narrow place of the hollow way: the ground was broken, and the rain water had gathered, and eaten half the path, and made a pool; and Menelaus held on, avoiding the locking of wheels; but Antilochus turned a little aside, and followed hard after, keeping his horses outside the course; and the son of Atreus called to him in fear—

“Antilochus, thou drivest like one mad; hold in thy horses, nor let the chariots touch, lest thou do us both a mischief; and pass me, if thou canst, in the broader way.”

He said; but Antilochus drove yet more furiously, plying the goad, as one who heard him not; as far as is the pitch of a quoit, that is pitched from behind the shoulder, when a

young man makes trial of his strength, so far his horses ran on ; and the horses of Atrides started back ; for he forbore to urge them, lest the teams should come together on the way, and the chariots be overturned, and themselves be tumbled in the dust, because of their eager contention ; and auburn Menelaus cried out angrily—

*Book  
XXIII  
433—467*

“Antilochus, thy injuriousness passes ; a plague on thee ! the Achæans said not true that thou wert wise, but thou shalt not have the prize without an oath.”

He said, and spake, and called upon his horses : “Stand not, nor lose ground, because of your vexation ; their feet and their knees will be weary sooner than yours ; for beasts and master both are mad with youth.”

He said, and they shrank beneath the reproof of their master, and increased their pace, and gained upon Antilochus.

And the Argives sat in the ring, beholding the race ; and the horses came flying over the dusty plain ; and first Idomeneus, captain of the Cretans, distinguished them, for he sat a little apart, higher than the others, where he could see ; and he heard the cry of encouragement, although the crier was yet far off ; and he made out the horse that was the foremost ; for all the rest was bright bay, but in his forehead there was a white spot, round as the moon ; and he stood upon his feet and spake among the Argives—

“O friends, O lords and leaders of the Argives, do I alone descry the horses, or do ye also ? Another pair, it seems to me, come forward the foremost, and another charioteer ; and the mares that went out before them have fallen behind in the plain ; they were the first—for I saw—to pass the turning-place, but now I spy them not, although my eyes glance everywhere up and down the Trojan plain ; perhaps the reins have slipped from the charioteer, and he has been disabled at the dangerous place, and missed the wheeling of the turn, and his chariot has been broken, and himself thrown forth,

BOOK  
XXIII  
468—501

and the mares have started away wildly, in frantic career. But stand ye also up, and look, for I discern not clearly ; but surely he that comes is that lord whose race is of Aetolia, although himself be king among the men of Argos, the son of Tydeus, master of horses, the valiant Diomedes."

Then Ajax, swift of foot, Oileus' son, began to flout him : "Idomeneus, why so loud before the time? For the high-stepping coursers run far off, over the wide plain. Thou art not so much the youngest among the Argives, nor do the eyes of thy head look out the sharpest ; but thy words are ever loud, although vehemency becomes thee not, for there be here thy betters. And the horses are foremost, which before were foremost, the horses of Eumélus, and himself stands mounted behind, and holds the reins."

And thus in anger spake back the captain of the Cretans : "Ajax, thou master of jeering, thou sour of temper ! thou art the least among all the Argives, because of thy discourtesy. Come, let us make a wager, for a tripod or for a caldron, and let Atride Agamemnon be judge between us which horses are the foremost ; and thou shalt know, when thou must pay the forfeit."

He said, and swift Ajax, Oileus' son, was rising in his anger to answer him with rough words ; and their contention had proceeded further, but that Achilles rose himself, and spake—

"Dispute no longer, Ajax and Idomeneus, with harsh ungracious words, for it becomes you not ; and ye would be angry with another, who should do as much ; but sit you down among the rest, and watch the race ; soon will the chariots be here, in hot haste for victory ; then every man shall know the horses of the Argives, who come the foremost and who fall behind."

He said, and Diomedes drew nigh in his career, plying the whip with stroke from shoulder down ; and his horses bounded and bounded, speeding on their way. And ever,

as he drove, the grains of dust pattered upon him, and the chariot, that was bound with gold and tin pressed up against the cruppers of the horses ; and little track was there behind of the wheel-tires in the light soil ; so galloped they along. And he drew up amid the company, and the abundant sweat welled up upon the horses' necks and dripped from their withers upon the ground ; and he sprang down from the resplendent chariot, and leaned the whip against the yoke. And valiant Sthenelus lost not his time ; he ran, and took the prize, and gave the woman and the two-eared tripod to his courageous fellows to carry away, and then unyoked the horses.

And next Antilochus, blood of Neleus, drove up his horses, having passed Menelaus by trickery and not by speed ; but yet Menelaus and his swift steeds followed hard upon. As far as a horse is distant from the wheel, who transports his master over the broad plain, straining at the chariot ; there is little room between, so close he runs, and the hairs of his tail graze the wheel-tire ; so much was Menelaus short of blameless Antilochus ; at first he was left behind a quoit's throw, but soon he caught him up, for the mare of Agamemnon, Aethê of the lovely coat, was put upon her mettle, and if the race had been continued on, he would have passed him, and left no dubiety. And Meriones, the valiant friend of Idomeneus, attained not to glorious Menelaus by a spear-cast, for his horses were the slowest of all, and himself drove most gently of the competitors. And last of all came the son of Admêtus, dragging the fair chariot and driving the horses before him ; and fleet divine Achilles viewed him with compassion, and rose among the Argives, and spake winged words—

“Last comes the best of all the charioteers ; come, it were proper, let us give him the second prize, but let the son of Tydeus have the first.”

He said, and all assented to his word ; and he had given

Book  
XXIII  
541—577

Eumêlus the mare, the Achæans applauding, but Antilochus, son of great-minded Nestor, rose up, and pled his right—

“Achilles, I shall have cause of anger, if thou dost this; for thou wilt take away my prize because thou pitiest the overthrow of chariot, and of swift horses, and of stout charioteer; he should have prayed to the immortal gods, that had he not been last in the career. But if thou art sorry for him, and it be thy pleasure to give him a gift, thou hast store of gold and copper in thy hut, and thou hast cattle, and women-servants, and whole-hooved horses; of these take some hereafter, and give him even a greater prize, or do so here and now, and be applauded of the Achæans, but the mare I will not give up; let *him* pretend to her who is ready to do battle with me.”

He said, and swift divine Achilles smiled, rejoicing in Antilochus, because he was his dear friend; and thus he answered him with winged words—

“Antilochus, if thou wilt have me give Eumêlus an additional gift of my goods, so be it given; I will give him the corslet which I took from Asteropæus, a corslet of bronze, and round is run a casting of bright tin, a piece of estimation.”

He said, and bade his follower Automedon bring it from the hut; and he went, and fetched it.

Then up arose Menelaus, indignant of mood, fuming against Antilochus; and a herald put a rod in his hand, and bade the Argives keep silence; and thus the godlike man began his plaint—

“Antilochus, once wise, what hast thou done? Thou hast put shame upon my skill, and kept my horses back, advancing thine own, which were inferior. Come therefore, O lords and leaders of the Argives, do right between us, without partiality; that none of the bronzen-coated Achæans may have it to say, ‘Menelaus hath put down Antilochus with pretences, and carried away the mare; his horses were the slower, but



himself was greater in rank and mightiness.' Hear my arbitration, which not any Danaan, surely, will impugn; for it is just: Antilochus, come hither, heavenly-bred, as the manner is, and stand before the horses and the car, holding the pliant whip, wherewith thou dravest, and lay thy hand upon the horses, and swear by the encompasser of the earth, the shaker of the ground, that thou didst not scheme to keep back my horses."

*Book  
XXIII  
578—616*

And wise Antilochus made answer back: "No more; for I am much thy younger, Menelaus the king, and thou art elder and superior. Thou knowest the flightinesses of a young man; his head is hot, and his sense is small; wherefore be pacified, and I will freely give thee the mare, which I have won; and wouldst thou ask any greater thing of my possession, I would give it thee here upon the place, rather than be in thy discountenance, and in the condemnation of the gods."

So spake the son of great-minded Nestor, and led the mare, and put her in the hand of Menelaus; and his heart was melted, as the dew melts upon the corn-ears, when the heads are filling, and the stems grow stiff; even so, Menelaus, was thy heart melted, and thus thou answeredst him with winged words—

"Antilochus, myself will yield, and be no more angry; thou wert not wont to be a madcap or a scatterbrain; but young blood hath had the better. Another time seek not to overreach thy greater. Not so soon had another Achæan prevailed with me; but many are thy labours and thy troubles, thine, and thy good father's, and thy brother's, because of me; wherefore I listen to thy reparation, and will yield thee the mare, although she be mine, that all here may know that there is not malice nor arrogancy in me."

He said, and gave her to Noëmon, follower of Antilochus, to lead away; and himself accepted the shining caldron. And Meriones took the two talents of gold, who drave the fourth. And the fifth prize was left lying, the cup of double

BOOK  
XXIII  
617—655

bowl; and Achilles bore it through the company of the Argives, and gave it to Nestor, and said—

“Take, aged friend, and add this to thy treasures, to be a memorial of the burying of Patroclus; for him thou wilt see no more among the Argives; be this thy prize without contest; because thou canst not box, nor wrestle, nor contend with the javelin, nor run upon thy feet; for stern old age is on thee.”

He said, and put the goblet in his hand; and he received it joyfully; and thus he spake to him with winged words—

“Dear son, thou sayest well; my feet fail me, and my arms ply not nimbly around my shoulders. Would I were young, and strong as once I was, when the Epeians made the burying of princely Amarynceus, in Buprasium, and the sons of the king gave the prizes; then no man was found mine equal, not of the Epeians, nor of mine own Pylians, nor of the generous Aetolians: in boxing I overcame Clytomêdes, son of Enops; and in wrestling Ancaeus of Pleuron, who stood up against me; and with my feet I outran Iphiclus, no mean man; and with the spear I overcast Phyleus and Polydôrus: only in the horse-race the sons of Actor excelled me, by number; they grudged me that victory; and so the choicest prize was left with them. Two were they; one drove, and drove only; and the other urged the whip. Such was I once; but now let younger men attempt such doings; I must give way to melancholy age; but then I was not the least among warriors. Continue; pay thy friend the honour of games; thy gift I take gladly, and my heart is pleased, because thou rememberest me thy favourer, and forgettest not the honour, wherewith it becomes the Achæans to honour me; for the which may the gods requite thee with pleasantness.”

He said, and Pelides took his way through the dense company of the Achæans, when he had heard all the tale of Neleus' son. And next he set forth the prizes of the boxers' fortitude; he brought, and tethered in the ring a female mule,

of six years old, unbroken, the hardest beast to break; and to the conquered he assigned a cup of double bowl. And he stood upon his feet, and spake among the Argives—

*Book  
XXIII  
656—691*

“Atrides, and ye Achæans, who wear the greave, we invite two men, whoso are most in art, to clench the lifted hand, and buffet each other; and he to whom Apollo or Athene gives endurance, and the Achæans adjudge him the better, shall lead away the long-laborious mule, and return to his hut; but he who is overcome shall have the goblet.”

He said; and there started up a champion brave and tall, a master of his hands, Epeius, son of Panopeus; and he laid hold of the laborious mule, and spake—

“Let him approach who seeks to win the bowl; for no Achæan, I think, will box me down, and lead away the mule; I boast myself the best. Enough, that I fight not in the battle so well as some; no man can be proficient everywhere. But I will tell you what shall befall my matcher; I will thump his body, and break his bones; let his kinsmen be in waiting, every one of them, to carry him away when I have done with him.”

He said, and all were silent without speech: only Euryalus rose up against him, a man divine, the son of Mécisteus the king, who was the son of Talaüs; once came he to Thebes, to the burial-feast of departed Oedipus; and there he conquered all the Cadmeian men. And now Tydides of the famous spear was busy about him, and speaking words of cheer; for much he wished his victory. And first he girded about him a waistcloth, and then he put upon his hands the well-shaped thongs of ox-hide. And when they were equipped, they stepped into the middle ring; and they lifted up their mighty arms, and fell upon each other, and their heavy hands were intermingled. Terrible was the gnashing of their teeth; and the sweat ran down their bodies; but divine Epeius leapt upon his man, and struck him, as he cast his eyes about, upon the cheekbone; not long stood he; for his

BOOK  
XXIII  
692—724

bright limbs failed beneath him. And as a fish leaps out of the sea-fret, when the north-wind blows, beside the weedy shore, and the black wave covers him again ; so leapt he up when he was struck, and fell. And generous Epeius took him in his arms, and lifted him ; and his friends gathered around, and led him through the concourse with dragging feet, spitting out thick blood, and dangling his head ; and they brought him, and set him down amongst them, still all confounded, and took with them the cup of double bowl.

Then yet a third time Achilles set forth prizes in the sight of the Danaans, prizes of the enduring wrestlers ; to him that should overcome he assigned a mighty tripod, to stand upon the fire, it seemed to the Achæans of the value of twelve beeves ; and for him that should be conquered he placed in the midst a woman-servant, cunning in women's works, and her price was of four beeves. And he stood upon his feet, and spake among the Argives—

“Up, ye who would contest the wrestlers' prize.”

He said, and there arose great Telamonian Ajax ; and against him stood up sagacious Odysseus, master of his art. And when they had girded themselves, they stepped into the midst, and gripped each other with their mighty arms, like the roof-couples of a lofty house, which some famous carpenter joins together, defying the stormy winds ; and the muscles cracked beneath the tug of hardy hands, and the thick sweat ran down ; and many a weal, purple with blood beneath, sprang up on rib and shoulder ; so stiffly contended they for the precious tripod. And Odysseus could not shake his man, nor throw him down ; nor could Ajax of his part, for the firm strength of Odysseus withstood him. But when the Achæans, who wear the greave, were beginning to grow weary, great Telamonian Ajax spake—

“Son of Laertes, heavenly-born, Odysseus of the much resource, lift me, or let me lift thee ; the rest belongs to Zeus.”

He said, and lifted him ; but Odysseus lacked not a trick ; he struck him with his heel behind the knee, and brought him down ; he tumbled backwards, and Odysseus fell upon his breast ; and the people looked on admiring. Then in his turn enduring divine Odysseus sought to lift Ajax ; he moved him a little from the ground, but he could not lift him ; but he bent his knee ; and they fell on the ground side by side, and were befouled in the dust. And they started up, and a third time they would have grappled together, but Achilles arose and stopped them—

“ Assault no longer, and abate your stress ; the victory is with you both ; accept an equal prize, and go your ways, that others of the Achæans may have their turn.”

He said, and they heard, and did his bidding ; and wiped away the dust, and put on their garments.

Then yet again Achilles set forth a prize, of swiftness ; a bowl of silver, beautifully wrought ; six measures it held, and in beauty it was the goodliest upon earth ; for cunning Sidonians had wrought it admirably, and Phœnician men brought it over the misty sea, and moored in Lemnos harbour, and gave it a gift to Thoas ; and Euneüs, son of Jason, gave it to warrior Patroclus in ransom of Lycaon, son of Priam : and now Achilles made it a prize in memory of his friend, for him who should be speediest upon flying feet ; and for the second runner he brought forth a steer, big and fat ; and the third prize was a half talent of gold. And he stood upon his feet, and spake among the Argives—

“ Up, ye who would contend in speed of foot.”

He said, and there sprang up swift Ajax, Oileus' son, and sagacious Odysseus, and the son of Nestor, Antilochus ; for in running he excelled all the young men. The course was before them from the starting-line ; and immediately the son of Oileus bore away ; but divine Odysseus pressed close upon him ; as close as is the winding-rod to the breast of a fair-girdled woman, who stretches it out before her, yet holds

BOOK  
XXIII  
763—800

it near her breast, as she draws the woof through the warp, so close Odysseus ran to Ajax, and bounded on his footprints before the dust could settle down; and his breath came upon his head; and the Achæans applauded as he ran, and shouted encouragement. But when they were ending the last round, Odysseus prayed to bright-eyed Athene in his thought: "Hear, O goddess, and be my gracious lady in this race." So prayed he, and Pallas Athene heard, and made his limbs nimble, his feet and his arms above; and when they were about to spring in upon the prize, then Ajax slipped in his running, for Athene tripped him, where the offal of the slaughtered beeves was scattered about, which fleet-foot Achilles slew above Patroclus; and his mouth and nose were filled with nastiness. And enduring divine Odysseus carried off the bowl, for he came first; and bright Ajax took the steer; and he stood, holding the horn of the grass-fed beast, spitting out the filth, and spake among the Argives—

"Ah me, the goddess hath tripped up my feet, who ever stands like a mother beside Odysseus, and is his helper."

He said, and all laughed merrily. And Antilochus bore away the last prize; and he smiled, and spake among the Argives—

"My friends, I tell you what ye knew before, that the immortals exalt men who are elder; for Ajax is mine elder by a little, and Odysseus is of elder men, and the elder generations; a green old age is his; scarcely may any Achæan contend with him in running, save only Achilles."

So spake he, glorifying the swift son of Peleus; and with such words Achilles answered him—

"Antilochus, thy flattery shall not go unpaid; I add to thee the other half of the talent."

He said, and laid it in his hand, and he received it gladly. Then Pelides brought into the midst, and laid down, a spear of long shadow, and a shield, and a helmet, the arms of

Sarpêdon, which Patroclus stripped from him; and he stood upon his feet, and spake among the Argives—

*Book  
XXIII*

801—836

“Two warriors we invite, the most of skill, to put on their harness, and take in hand the lacerating spear, and make trial of each other before this company. And whoso first shall pierce the armour and touch the tender flesh, and draw blood, I will bestow on him this goodly Thracian sword, with studs of silver, which I took from Asteropæus; and the armour let them bear away in common. And we will make them a noble feast in our house.”

He said, and there rose up great Telamonian Ajax; and there rose up the son of Tydeus, valiant Diomedes. And when they had put on their armour, on this side of the company and on that, they stepped into the midst intrepidly, bending grim brows; and awe came upon the Achæans. And when they had drawn near each other, three times they made assault, and three times they clashed together; and Ajax lunged through the equal shield, but touched not the flesh; for the corslet within saved him; and Tydides ever aimed above the rim of the great shield, to touch the neck with the point of his bright spear; and the Achæans feared exceedingly for Ajax, and bade them cease, and take an equal prize. But the hero brought the great sword, and gave it to Tydides, with the scabbard and the rich baldric.

Then next Pelides set forth a great mass of rough-cast iron, which once the might of Eëtion was wont to throw; but swift divine Achilles slew him, and brought away the block in his ships with the other stuff; and he stood upon his feet, and spake among the Argives—

“Up, ye who would contend with cast of hand; whoso possesses this, shall have its use for five revolving years; though his fat land be distant from the city, ploughman or shepherd who lacks iron shall not need to go thither, but this shall suffice.”

He said, and there rose up Polypœtes, staunch in battle,

*Book*  
*XXIII*  
837—876

and the mighty strength of godlike Leonteus, and Ajax, son of Telamon, and divine Epeius; and they stood in order; and divine Epeius took the ball, and whirled it round, and threw; and the Achæans laughed. And Leonteus, branch of Ares, threw the second; and third, great Telamonian Ajax flung the mass from his heavy hand, and surpassed them both. But when Polypoetes, staunch in battle, took up the metal,—as far as a neatherd throws his crook, and the crook flies whirling among the kine of the herd,—so far he tossed it beyond all the place; and the people shouted. And the followers of strong Polypoetes rose up, and carried their prince's prize to the hollow ships.

Then again set he forth for the archers prizes of livid iron; ten axes of double, and ten of single face; and he set up the mast of a black-prowed ship far off upon the sand, and bound a timorous dove to it by the foot with a slender cord, and bade them shoot at her. "Whoso shall strike the fluttering bird, shall take the double axes home with him; but he who shoots not so well, and misses the dove, but cuts the cord, shall obtain the single axes."

He said, and there rose up the might of Teucer the prince, and Meriones, brave companion of Idomeneus. And they took lots, and shook them in a bronzen helmet; and the lot fell to Teucer. And he shot an arrow mightily; but he promised not to the king a famous hecatomb of first-born lambs; the bird he missed, for that Apollo withheld, but he struck the cord beside the foot, that tied the bird, and the sharp arrow cut it through; the dove darted up skyward, and the cord fell slack towards the ground; and the Achæans halloed. And in a moment Meriones snatched the bow from his hand; the arrow he held ready, while yet Teucer aimed; and he promised to Apollo, the Archer afar, a famous hecatomb of first-born lambs. And he saw the frightened dove high up beneath the clouds; and, as she circled round, he struck her in the midst beneath the wing, and the shaft went through



and through, and fell again to earth, and stuck before the foot of Meriones; but the bird lighted on the mast of the black-prowed ship, and her neck hung down, and her thick feathers drooped; and speedily the life fled from her limbs, and she fell far from the pole; and the people looked on in admiration. So Meriones won the ten axes of double edge; and Teucer carried the single axes to the hollow ships.

*Book  
XXIII  
877—end*

Then again Pelides brought into the midst, and laid down, a spear of long shadow, and a caldron embossed with flowers, untouched by fire, brilliant, worth a steer; and the casters of lances arose. Up rose the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, and up rose Meriones, brave companion of Idomeneus; and fleet divine Achilles spake to them—

“Atrides, we know thy superiority, thy greatness, and thy mastery of the spear; take thou the prize, and bear it to the hollow ships; and the lance we will give to warrior Meriones, if thou consentest; so I would propose.”

So spake he; and Agamemnon, king of men, said not nay. So Meriones had the bronzen spear; and the chieftain gave the splendid prize to Talthybius his herald.

## BOOK XXIV

### THE RANSOMING OF HECTOR

*Book*  
*XXIV*  
1—24

So then the concourse of the people broke up, and the nations separated, each to their own ships. They turned them to their meal, and to delight of pleasant sleep; but Achilles wept, remembering his dear friend, and sleep, the all-subduing, lulled not him; he tossed and tossed about, lamenting the manliness and the might of Patroclus, and recalling the suffering and the trouble he had encountered with him, breasting the battle and the perilous wave; all this he remembered, dropping the big tear; now would he lie on this side or on that, now on his back, and now upon his breast; and again he would rise upon his feet, and wander frantically along the shore; and ever he beheld the Dawn that broke above the sea and the sea-beach. And when he would yoke his swift horses, and fasten Hector to trail behind the chariot, three times would he drag him around the tomb of Menecius' son, and make an end at his hut, and fling the corpse along upon his face, and leave him in the dust. But Apollo had pity upon the dead man, and would not suffer him to be disfigured, even in death; he covered him about with his golden ægis, lest his flesh should be marred in his maltreatment.

So then he did despite to noble Hector, in his anger; but the blessed ones beheld, and had compassion; and they would have the keen-eyed, the Argicide, to steal him away,

and all the gods approved, save only Hera, and Poseidon, and she of the grey eye; they changed not; for fortress Ilium was hateful to them as of old, and Priam, and his people, because of the misdoing of Alexander, who flouted the goddesses, when they came to him in the sheepcote, and gave *her* the prize, who bribed him with pernicious concupiscence. But when at length the twelfth morn was come, Phœbus Apollo spake among the immortals—

*Book  
XXIV  
25—63*

“Gods, ye are hard and heartless; when did Hector fail to offer you thighs of oxen and of unblemished goats? And now ye have not the heart to rescue his dead body, that his wife may look upon it and his mother and his child and his father Priam and all the people, and that they may speedily burn him in the fire, and give him rites of funeral; rather ye take the part of murderer Achilles, whose mind is unjust, and his spirit implacable, and his mood savage as a lion’s, who yields himself to his mighty strength and his adventurous heart, and falls upon the flocks of men, seeking a meal; so hath Achilles cast pity aside, and thinks no shame. There is, who hath lost some other dearer person, a brother of one womb, yea, or a son; he weeps for him, and makes lamentation, and there an end; for the Fates have put patience in the hearts of men: but this man, when he hath taken Hector’s life, binds him to his chariot, and drags him around the tomb of his friend; that is not well done or worthily. Well, if we are not with him, noble though he be; for it is the dumb earth which he affronts in his rage.”

Then white-armed Hera spake indignantly: “Ay, Silver-Bow, thy word might then prevail, did we rank Hector and Achilles in one esteem; Hector was but a mortal, and sucked a woman’s breast; but Achilles is the offspring of a goddess, one whom myself brought up and bred, and gave to be the consort of a prince, of Peleus, the well-beloved of the immortals. And all ye gods sat at the bridal feast; thyself wast there, the lyre in thy hand, thou friend of wretches, thou devoid of faith.”

Book  
XXIV  
64—102

Then answered her the cloud-compelling Zeus : "Hera vent not thy wrath upon the gods ; the two shall not be in one esteem ; yet Hector was dearest to the gods of all who live in Ilium ; so was he to me, for his gift was ever ready ; never at my altar was there lack of the equal banquet, or of libation, or of sweet savour,—our proper honour. But let us think no more of stealing away bold Hector ; nor may it be done without the privity of Achilles ; for his mother walks beside him night and day. Come, some of you, call Thetis to our presence, that I may give her a wise counsel, that Achilles take a gift from Priam, and let Hector go."

He said, and stormfoot Iris rose to bear the message ; and midway between Samos and rugged Imbros she plunged in the black sea ; and the wave roared loud above her. She dived to the bottom, like a bait's lead sinker, that rides upon the neat-horn, and carries destruction to the voracious fishes. And she found Thetis in her hollow cave, and around her sat assembled the goddesses of the sea ; and she in the midst was lamenting the fate of her blameless son, who was soon to die in loamy Troy, far from the land of his fathers. And fleet-foot Iris drew near, and spake—

"Arise, O Thetis ; for Zeus of the immortal counsels calls thee."

Then answered Thetis of the silver foot : "Why doth that great one summon me ? I shrink from coming among the immortals, for my soul is troubled with distress ; but I will go ; for his word may not be made vain."

So spake she, divine among goddesses, and took her veil, that was sable ; darker robe never was. She went, and windfoot rapid Iris went before ; and the sea wave divided before them. And they went up the beach, and took flight to heaven ; and they found Cronides, the thunderer afar ; and about him sat assembled the blessed gods, who live for ever. And she sat down by Zeus the Father, and Athene gave her place ; and Hera put a fair golden cup in her hand, and spoke

words of cheer: and Thetis drank, and gave it back. And thus began the Sire of gods and men—

*Book  
XXIV*

103—140

“Thou art come to Olympus, goddess Thetis, in thy trouble, and in thy heart is grief without solace; I know well; but I must tell thee wherefore thou art called. Nine days a strife hath been among the gods because of Hector slain and of Achilles, taker of cities; and some would have the keen-eyed, the Argicide, steal away the dead man; but I would accord Achilles yet another glory, and engage thy duty and thy affection. Get thee to the host, and lay injunction on thy son; tell him that the gods are angry with him, and I especially, because in his madness he keeps Hector beside the pinned ships, and lets him not go; perhaps he will fear me, and release the dead man. And I will send Iris to great-hearted Priam, and bid him go to the ships of the Achæans, and redeem his son, and take a gift to Achilles, that may appease him.”

He said, and silver-sandalled Thetis gainsaid not; and she came fleeting down Olympus' tops. And she came to her son's booth, and found him, groaning heavily; and around him his companions were busy preparing the morning meal, from a great shaggy ram, that lay there slain. And she majestic sat down beside him, and caressed him with her hand, and spake a word, and said her say—

“My child, how long wilt thou lament and mourn, and eat thy heart, forgetting food and sleep? for it is good to be with a woman. Thy life will not be long, and death and violent fate draw nigh to thee. Attend, for I come on the errand of Zeus; he says the gods are angry with thee, and himself particularly, because thou art beside thyself, and keepest Hector by the pinned ships, and lettest him not go. Give up the body then, and take a price.”

And thus the swift Achilles answered her: “So be it; let him who brings the ransom take the body; if the Olympian be peremptory.”

*Book*  
*XXIV*  
141—179

Such winged words spake mother and son together amid the circuit of the ships. And Cronides sent Iris to holy Ilium—

“Go now, swift Iris, leave the seat of Olympus, and hie thee to Troy, and tell great Priam to redeem his son; let him go to the ships of the Achæans, bearing a ransom, that may appease Achilles’ mood, himself alone; let not any Trojan go with him, save one old herald, to guide the mules and smooth-running wain, and bring back again to the city the slain man, whom divine Achilles slew. And let not death be in his thought, nor fear; for he shall have the Argicide to his conductor, who shall conduct him, till he bring him to Achilles; and when he shall be come within the booth, he will not slay him, nor suffer any other; for he is not brainsick, nor insensate, nor presumptuous; he will be clement to the suppliant.”

He said, and stormfoot Iris sprang forth to do his bidding; and she came to the house of Priam, and found there clamour and lamentation. Within the court the sons sat around their father, and sullied their garments with tears; and in the midst was the old man, wrapped tightly in his mantle; and there was much filth upon his head and upon his neck, which he had cast upon himself as he wallowed there. And in the house his daughters and his daughters-in-law made wailing, remembering the many and the brave, who lay low, having lost their lives beneath the hand of the Argives. And the messenger of Zeus stood nigh to Priam, and spake to him, softly; for trembling came upon his limbs—

“Priam, son of Dardanus, take heart and fear not; I come not to thee with announcement of evil, but with good intent; I come to thee the messenger of Zeus, who from afar taketh pity and compassion upon thee. The Olympian bids thee redeem divine Hector, and take a present, to appease Achilles; go by thyself, and let not any Trojan be with thee, save one old herald only, to guide the mules and the smooth-running car, and bring back again to the city the dead man,

whom Achilles slew. And let not death be in thy thought, nor fear; for thou shalt have the Argicide to thy conductor, who shall conduct thee, until he bring thee to Achilles. And when thou shalt be come within the hut, he will not slay thee, nor suffer any other; for he is not brainsick, nor insensate, nor presumptuous; he will be clement to the suppliant."

*Book  
XXIV  
180—216*

So spake swift Iris, and departed thence. And he bade his sons prepare the body of the mule-waggon, and bind the carriage upon it; and himself went down to the fragrant chamber, whose roof was high, whose wall was cedar, the treasury of many splendid things; and he called to Hecabe his wife, and said—

"Madam, a messenger from Zeus Olympian hath come to me, and bids me go to the ships of the Achæans, and buy back my son, and take a present, to appease Achilles. Come, tell me, what thinkest thou thyself? for my heart and spirit urgently bid me go thither, into the broad encampment of the Achæans."

He said, and she shrieked out, and answered him: "Ah me, where is thy wisdom, for which thou once wert famous among foreign men and among thine own people? How seekest thou to go alone to the ships of the Achæans, to meet a man who hath slain thy sons, many and brave; surely thy heart is iron; for if he shall behold thee, and have thee in his hand, ruffian and traitor, he will have no mercy, nor any reverence: let us withdraw into our house, and sit and weep; and let it be with the dead according to the thread which violent Fate span him, when he was born, when I brought him forth, that he should gorge the running dogs, far from his parents, slain by the man of war—would I could set my teeth in his heart and eat it! then were there retribution for my son; for he slew him not in cowardwise, but standing to defend the Trojan men and the Trojan women, thinking not of flight or of evasion."

Book  
XXIV  
217—254

Then spake the old man, Priam of mien divine : "Keep me not back, who seek to go ; nor let me have an evil omen in mine own house ; thou canst not move me. Had any man that goes on ground given me this bidding, or any seer, such as priest or augur, I had esteemed it false, and put it from me ; but mine ears have heard the goddess, and mine eyes have seen ; I will go, and my word shall stand. And if it be my fate to die beside the ships of the bronzen-coated Achæans, so would I choose ; let me but embrace my son, and weep my fill, and let Achilles slay me on the place."

He said, and opened the goodly lids of his coffers, and took thence twelve robes, exceeding beautiful, and twelve cloaks of single fold, and carpets as many, and twice six fair mantles, and tunics no fewer ; and he weighed out of gold ten full talents ; and he brought out two glittering tripods, and four caldrons, and a glorious goblet, which the Thracians gave him, when he went to them on embassy, a great possession ; but the old man spared it not, so sorely longed he to redeem his son. And he thrust forth the company from the porch, with sour and taunting words—

"Begone, ye wretches, ye disgraceful crew ! have ye no trouble at home, that ye come hither to vex me ? Is it not enough for you that Cronid Zeus hath visited me, and I have lost the bravest of the brave ? Yourselves shall smart also ; for the Achæans will slay you more easily, now that *he* is dead. But as for me, before I see my city sacked and spoiled, let me go down into the house of Death."

He said, and overawed them with his staff ; and they slunk out before the angry king. And he called angrily to his sons, to Helenus, and Paris, and noble Agathon, and Pammon, and Antiphonus, and Polites good at need, and Deïphobus, and Hippothoüs, and stately Dius ; to these nine the old man shouted angrily—

"Villains, make haste, ye sons of my disgrace ! would all of you had been slain before the swift ships of the Achæans



in lieu of Hector! O hapless hapless I, who begat sons, the bravest in broad Troy, and now not any is left! Mëstor the godlike, and Troilus, fighter upon horses, and Hector, who was a god among men; he bore him not as the son of a mortal man, but as the son of a god; them Ares has taken from me, and ye who are left are disgraces, perjurers and skippers, whose feet are light only in the dance, who make foray of lambs and kids among their own people. Make ready the waggon with all speed, and lay these goods upon it, that I may hasten upon my journey."

BOOK  
XXIV  
255—289

He said, and they shrank beneath their father's rebuke, and brought forth the underpiece of the goodly mule-car, new of frame, firm of wheel, and bound the carriage upon it: and they took down from the pin the yoke for the span of mules; of boxwood was it, with knob and with side-standing horns; and with the yoke they brought the strap, that was nine cubits long; and they placed the yoke upon the smooth pole, at the pole's end, and put the ring upon the holdfast; and thrice they bound the yoke tight by the knob, and wound what was left round the pole, and bent in the tongue beneath. And they brought from the treasury the immense ransom of Hector, and heaped it up upon the polished car; and they put in the hard-hooved mules, the workers in harness, which once the Mysians gave to Priam, a noble gift; and for Priam himself they yoked horses, which the old man kept to his own use, and fed at the smooth-wrought manger.

Now then king and herald were yoked and ready before the lofty house; much thought they both. And there drew near to them Hecabe, anxious of mind, bearing delicious wine in her right hand, in a golden bowl, that they might make libation ere they went; and she stood before the chariot, and spake—

"Take, pour libation to Zeus the father, and pray that thou come safe home again from among men thine enemies, since thy heart impels thee toward the ships; but I consent not.

Book  
XXIV  
290—326

Now make thy prayer to Cronion of the black cloud, the lord of Ida, whose eyes look down upon all Troyland, and ask for an omen, a bird, the swift messenger, the mightiest of all fowls, the bird he loves the best; let him appear upon the right, that thou mayest see him with thine eyes, and take confidence, and go to the ships of the swift-riding Danaans: and if Zeus will not accord thee his messenger, I rede thee, go not to the ships of the Argives, although thou be so eager."

Then answered the old man, Priam of mien divine: "Lady, I will not slight thy urgency; it is good to lift up hands to Zeus, if perhaps he may have pity."

So said the old man, and bade a handmaid pour fair water upon his hands; and she drew near with basin and with ewer. And he washed his hands, and took the cup from his wife, and prayed, standing in the middle court, and poured forth wine, and looked up to heaven, and spake a word, and said—

"O Zeus our father, who rulest from Ida, most glorious, most great; grant that I may find in the dwelling of Achilles kindness and compassion; and send me an omen, thine own swift messenger, the mightiest of fowls, the bird thou lovest the best; let him appear upon the right, that I may see him with mine eyes, and take confidence, and go to the ships of the swift-riding Achæans."

Such was his prayer; and Zeus the Counsellor heard him. And immediately he sent an eagle, the nonpareil of birds, the hunter, the dusky one, whom some call sable: as wide as is the portal, close-fitted, bolted fast, in the high-roofed treasure-chamber of a wealthy man, so wide spread out his wings; and he appeared to them upon the right, sailing over the city. And they saw, and rejoiced, and their spirit was refreshed within them.

And the old man made haste, and mounted upon the chariot, and drove forth from the porch and the resounding corridor. In front the mules drew along the four-wheeled waggon, which Idæus guided skilfully; and behind came the

horses, which the old man managed with the whip, and drove quickly through the city: and all his kin accompanied, weeping and wailing, as for one who went to death. And when they were come down from the city, and had reached the plain, his sons and his sons-in-law returned again to Ilium; but Zeus, who speaks afar, beheld well the two, when they came into the plain; and he saw the old man, and had compassion. And soon he spake to Hermes, his own son—

*Book  
XXIV  
327—361*

“Hermes, thou loved most to consort with man, and givest ear to whom thou choosest. Go now, and conduct Priam to the hollow ships of the Achæans, so that none of all the Danaans may see him, nor perceive, until he be come to Pelides.”

He said; and the Conductor, the Argicide, gainsaid not; he bound beneath his feet the fair sandals, immortal, golden, that bear him over the wave and over the infinite land, swift as the breezes; and he took the rod, wherewith he lulls to rest the eyes of men, or awakes them again from slumber; with that in his hand flew forth the potent one, the Argicide; and soon he came to Troyland and the Hellespont, and walked on ground, in the likeness of a princely boy, whose beard is just coming, and his beauty in its freshness.

And when they had driven past the great monument of Ilus, they stopped the horses and the mules in the river, to give them water; and darkness had fallen upon the earth. And the herald perceived Hermes approaching nigh, and he spake to Priam, and said—

“Beware, son of Dardanus; for wariness is needful. I see a man; and I fear lest we shall come to disaster. Come, let us flee upon the chariot; or shall we clasp his knees, and entreat him, if perhaps he may have mercy?”

He said, and the old man's mind was confounded, and he was in terror, and the hair of his flesh stood up, and he was astonished; but the Beneficent one himself drew nigh, and took the old man's hand, and spake a question—

Book  
XXIV  
362—402

"Whither, father, journeyest thou with horses and with mules, through the immortal night, when other men are sleeping? Fearest thou not the Achæans, breathing might who lie hard by, hostile and unfriendly? Should some of them espy thee, through the swift black night, conveying so many treasures, what were thy counsel then? Thou art not young, and thy companion is old, nor could ye stand up against a man in anger; but I will do thee no harm, but rather defend thee, and I esteem thee as a father."

Then answered him the old man, Priam of mien divine: "Dear child, it stands indeed as thou sayest; but once again the hand of some god is over me, who hath allowed me to meet one like thee on my way, in happy hour, one so stately and so fair; thy speech is wise, and happy are thy parents."

Then spake in turn the Conductor, the slayer of Argus: "Old sir, thou speakest well; but tell me truly, dost thou transport these many precious treasures to the land of foreign men, to have them safe, or are ye all deserting sacred Ilium, in your fear, because so great a champion is dead, thy son, who ever coped with the Achæans?"

Then replied the old man, Priam of mien divine: "Who art thou, noble sir, and of what parents, who knowest so well the fate of my poor son?"

And thus returned the Conductor, the slayer of Argus: "Thou wouldst make trial of me, old sir, and ask of noble Hector; often have mine eyes beheld him in the glorifying battle, when he would drive the Achæans to the ships, and slay them with stroke of the sharp sword; and we stood still and wondered; for Achilles would not let us fight, because he was angry with Atrides; his man am I, and one good ship brought us hither; and I am of the Myrmidonians, and my father is Polyctor; rich is he, and old like thee, and six sons has he, and myself the seventh; we cast lots, and the lot fell upon me to come hither. And now I am passing from the ships into the plain; for in the morning the full-eyed Achæans will

set their battle about the city ; they fret because they sit idle, and the princes of the Achæans cannot withhold them from the eager war."

*Book  
XXIV  
403—439*

Then answered the old man, Priam of mien divine : " If thou be indeed a follower of Achilles, come tell me now the truth ; is my son yet beside the ships, or hath Achilles hewn him limb from limb, and cast him to his dogs ? "

And thus returned the Conductor, the Argicide : " Old man, nor dog nor bird hath touched him ; he lies as he was beside Achilles' ship, within the hut ; twelve morns have seen him lie, but his flesh is not decayed, and the worms eat him not, which eat the bodies of the slain. Doubtless Achilles drags him ruthlessly about the burial-place of his dead friend, at springing of the day ; but he disfigures him not ; thou wouldst wonder to behold him, how dewy-fresh he lies, the blood washed from him, nor is he befouled ; and all the wounds are closed, wherewith he was wounded ; for many drove their weapons into him. So do the blessed gods, who live for ever, take care of thy brave son, though slain and dead ; for they loved him well. "

He said, and the old man rejoiced, and answered : " Surely, my child, it is good to offer befitting gifts to the immortals ; for never did my son—my son no more ! forget in his house the gods who hold Olympus ; and they have remembered it to him, though he be in the doom of death. Come, take from me this goodly cup, and be my convoy, and protect me, with the helping of the gods, until I be come to the hut of Peleus' son. "

Then spake again the Conductor, the slayer of Argus : " Old man, thou makest trial of thy younger ; but thou persuadest not me to take a gift without the knowledge of Achilles ; too much I fear and reverence him to rob him, lest evil come to me thereafter ; but I will be thy convoy, were it as far as famous Argos, thy true companion by land or in swift ships ; no man shall do thee violence, or make light of thy defender. "

Book  
XXIV  
440—477

So spake the Lord of Increase, and leapt upon the chariot, and took whip and reins in hand; and he breathed spirit into the horses and the mules. And when they came to the palisade and the entrenchment of the Achæans, the watchmen were preparing of their meal; but the Conductor, the Argive, shed sleep upon them, and opened the gates, and put aside the bars, and brought in Priam and the splendid present upon its wain. And they came to the lofty hut of Peleus' son, in which the Myrmidonians made for their king; they hewed the beams of fir-wood, and covered them above with downy thatch, gathered from the meadow; and around they made a great court with thick-set pales; and the gate was secured with one bolt of fir, one strong fastening, which three Achæans shot into the staple, and three drew back again; but Achilles put it to with his own hand. And Hermes, the Benefactor, opened the gate for the old man, and brought in the splendid present for the fleet son of Peleus, and stepped from the chariot to the ground, and spake—

"Old man, I who have come to thee am an immortal god, Hermes; for my father sent me to be thy conductor: and now I will return again, nor come into the sight of Achilles; it were not well that an immortal god should so openly favour mortal men. But do thou enter, and clasp the knees of Pelides, and beseech him by his father, and by his mother of the lovely locks, and by his son, that thou mayest work upon his mood."

So said Hermes, and departed towards high Olympus: and Priam leapt from the chariot upon the ground, and left Idæus there, who remained holding the horses and the mules; and the old man went straight to the house, where sat Achilles, dear to Zeus; and he found him within; his companions were sitting elsewhere. Two only, warrior Automedon and Alcimius, branch of Ares, were bustling to and fro; he was but newly finished with his meal, with eating and with drinking; the table stood beside him. And high Priam entered,

but they saw him not; and he drew near, and embraced the knees of Achilles, and kissed the terrible, the slaughterous hands, that had slain him many a son. And as a man who has fallen into a great crime, who has slain his neighbour in his own land, and fled into another country; as he comes into some rich man's house, and all look upon him with astonishment; so did Achilles look with astonishment upon Priam of mien divine; and the others were astonished, and looked to each other; and Priam spake, and thus he made his prayer—

“Remember thy father, Achilles, image of the gods; for I am old as he, upon the dismal threshold of old age: and he is molested of his neighbours, who dwell around, nor is there any to keep from him disquiet and vexation; but yet he hears that thou art alive, and takes comfort, and hath continual hope to see his son returning from Troyland; but what have I of comfort, who have begotten so many sons, the leaders of the land, and now not one is left? Fifty had I, when the sons of the Achæans came; nine and ten from one womb, and the others handmaids bare me in my house. And all the rest are dead in battle broil; but he, mine only one, the defender of my city and my people, him thou slewest as yesterday, fighting for his own land, Hector; because of him am I come to the ships of the Achæans, to buy him of thee, and I offer no petty price. Think, O Achilles, of the jealous gods, and have pity on the dead; and remember thine own father, for I am more miserable than he; and I have endured what earthly man hath never endured, that I should put to my mouth the hand of him who slew my son.”

He said, and moved him to desire of weeping, because of his father; and he took the old man by the hand, and put him gently from him. And they wept together, bitterly; he remembering red-handed Hector, sunken down before Achilles' feet, and he remembering his father, or sometimes Patroclus; and the noise of their weeping went through the

Book  
XXIV  
513-551

room. But when divine Achilles had taken delight of weeping, he sprang from his chair, and raised the old man by the hand, compassionating the hoary head and the hoary beard: and thus he spake to him with winged words—

“Unhappy, verily thou art acquainted with sorrow; hast thou ventured to come alone to the ships of the Achæans to visit a man, who hath slain thy sons, many and brave? Surely thy heart is iron. Come, sit thee down upon the char, and though we be in affliction, let us suffer our grief to rest in our bosoms; for there is no profit in melancholy weeping. But so the gods have spun the thread of miserable mortals, to live in wretchedness, themselves without a pain. Two jars there be, that stand upon the threshold of Zeus, one full of good, and one of evil givings; and if Zeus, the hurler of the lightning, mingles them for any, sometimes he meets with evil hap, and sometimes with good; but if he give *him* wholly of the evil, his state is abject; and ravening hunger drives him over the divine earth, and he wanders, disallowed of gods and men. And even so the gods gave to Peleus magnificent gifts from his beginning; for he excelled all men in riches and in wellbeing, and he was ruler of the Myrmidonians, and though he was a mortal, they gave him a goddess to his bride: but he also found evil from heaven; no race of princes had he in his hall, but one only son, one now about to die; and I attend him not in his old age, for I keep leaguer here in Troyland, far from my country, besetting thee and thy children. And thou, old man, we have heard tales of thy prosperity; whatever Lesbos the abode of Macar to the south confines, and Phrygia on the upper east, and the unbounded Hellespont, all this, old man, hast thou outdone in opulence and in the numerousness of thy sons: but since the Heavenly Ones have brought calamity upon thee, thy city is surrounded with battle and carnage. Be brave, and weep not unsubsidingly; thy weeping will not help thy valiant son, nor wilt thou bring him again, before new evil come.”



Then answered the old man, Priam of mien divine : " Bid me not sit in chair, thou heavenly-bred, while Hector lies within thy house, an unregarded thing : give me him, that I may see him, and take the abundant ransom ; enjoy the treasure, and return to thine own land, since thou hast let me pass freely."

*Book  
XXIV  
552—590*

Then grimly scowling spake the fleet Achilles : " Old man, provoke me not ; my mind is set to give up Hector ; for a messenger came to me from Zeus, my mother, she who bare me, the daughter of the old man of the sea. And well I know, O Priam—thou deceivest not me—that some god hath brought thee to the swift ships of the Achæans. There lives not man, no, not the mightiest, who might adventure into this camp, nor could any elude the sentinels, or lightly shoot back the bolt of my gate ; therefore touch me not with irritation, lest I keep not my hand from the suppliant in my house, and sin against the admonition of Zeus."

He said, and the old man feared, and obeyed. And Pelides bounded from the chamber, like a lion ; not alone ; with him went two companions, warrior Automedon and Alcimus, whom most he cherished of his men, after the dead Patroclus ; they loosed the horses and the mules from the yoke, and brought in the herald, the summoner of aged Priam, and set him in a seat, and took from the waggon with the goodly tires the mighty ransom of the head of Hector ; but they left two mantles and a fine-spun tunic, that he might wrap the dead in it, and give him up, to be carried to his home : and he called out serving-women, and bade them wash the dead man, and anoint him, and do this privily, that Priam might not see his son ; lest in his provocation he might not contain his anger, and Achilles be stirred up to passion, and slay him, and sin against the admonition of Zeus. And when the women had washed the dead man, and anointed him, and put the goodly mantle upon him, and the tunic, Achilles lifted him himself, and laid him on the bier ; and the others placed

*Book* it on the smooth-wrought waggon. And with a moan he  
*XXIV* named his dear dead friend—  
591—625

“Patroclus, be not angry, if thou learn, even in the house of Death, that I have given up divine Hector to his father, and taken of him no unbecoming price; and thou shalt have thy proper moiety.”

So spake divine Achilles, and returned into the hut, and sat him down again in the rich-carven chair, whence he arose, beside the opposing wall, and spake to Priam—

“Thy son, old man, is thine, as thou desiredst, and laid upon his bier; thou wilt behold him with the springing day, when thou takest him hence; but now let us think of food. For even Niobe remembered food, Niobe of the lovely tresses, whose twelve brave children perished in her house, six daughters, and six manly sons; and these Apollo slew from the silver bow, and those Artemis, shedder of arrows; for they were angry with Niobe, because she compared herself to Lëto; she said she had borne two children, and herself many; but the two were the destruction of the many. Nine days they lay in their blood, and there was none to bury them, for Cronion had turned the people into stone; and on the tenth day the gods, the Heavenly ones, buried them. She also remembered food, for she was faint with weeping. And now among the rocks, upon the pastoral mountains, in Sipylus, where, so they say, are the sleeping-places of the goddesses, the nymphs, who wildly dance about the Achelôüs, she stands a stone, and thinks upon her troubles. Come, aged friend, let us also think of refreshment; and put off thy weeping for thy son, till thou have brought him to Ilium; well bewept will he be.”

So said the swift Achilles, and sprang up, and slew a white-fleeced sheep; and his companions flayed him, and dismembered him, and cut him in pieces neatly, and ran them through with skewers, and roasted them deftly, and drew them off again; and Automedon took bread, and set it round the

able in goodly dishes; and Achilles served the meat: and they put out their hands to the good things before them. And when the desire of eating and drinking was appeased, Priam, son of Dardanus, looked wondering upon Achilles, upon his stature and his quality; for he seemed of port divine. And Achilles looked wondering upon Dardanid Priam, hearing his word, and beholding his comely aspect. And when they had taken gratification of mutual looks, first spake the old man, Priam of mien divine—

“Show me to my rest, heavenly-bred, and let us take delight of pleasant sleep; for I have not closed my eyes beneath my eyelids, since my son lost his life, at thy hand; ever have I been groaning and revolving immeasurable troubles, rolling in the mire, in the enclosure of my house-court; but now I have eaten meat, and sparkling wine hath passed my throat; before I had not tasted.”

He said, and Achilles bade his followers and the serving-women set out bedsteads beneath the portico, and put in them fair dyed garments of purple, and lay rugs upon them, and spread thick woollen wrappings, to be a covering above; and the women went out of the house, with torches in their hands, and soon they prepared two beds. And swift Achilles spake a merry word—

“Dear sir, sleep outside my house; perchance some of the counsellor Achæans, who sit with me and take counsel, as custom is, may come hither; should one of these espy thee in the swift black night, he might tell it to Agamemnon, shepherd of the people, and there would be delay in the release of the dead. Come now, tell me the very verity; how many days meanest thou to make funeral for noble Hector, that I myself may abide at home, and keep back the people?”

Then answered him the old man, Priam of mien divine: “If thou indeed permittest me to make funeral for noble Hector, this much, Achilles, would I petition of thee. Thou knowest how we are blockaded in the city, and it is a long

*Book*  
*XXIV*  
663—699

way to bring wood from the mountains, and the Trojans are in fear; nine days let us lament him in my house, and on the tenth day let us bury him, and make a feast for the people; and on the eleventh day let us raise a mound above him; and on the twelfth day we will fight again, if needs must."

And swift divine Achilles answered him: "Priam the aged, thy request is granted; I will defer the war for the time thou askest."

He said, and took the old man by the right hand, to remove his fear. So they two, the herald and Priam, men of wisdom both, went to their rest in the vestibule; but Achilles slept in the alcove of his firm-built hall, and beside him lay Briseis of the lovely cheek.

So gods and horse-plumed men slept all the night, weighed down with pleasant sleep; but sleep came not upon Hermes, the Lord of Benefit, for he considered how he might send Priam the king from the ships, and the stout sentinels not see; and he stood above his head, and said—

"Old man, hast thou forgotten danger, that thou sleepest so sound in the midst of enemies, because Achilles let thee pass unharmed? Thou hast redeemed thy son, for a great price; but thy sons, who yet remain, would give three times so much to have thee back alive, were Atride Agamemnon to know of thee, or any of the Achæans."

He said, and the old man feared, and aroused the herald; and Hermes yoked for them the horses and the mules, and drove them through the encampment rapidly, and no man knew.

And when they came to the ford of the fair-flowing river, of eddying Xanthus, whom immortal Zeus begat, then Hermes departed to high Olympus; and saffron-vested Dawn was diffused upon the earth. And they drove on the horses to the city, with moaning and with groaning, and the mules bare along the dead man. And none perceived them, of men or of fair-girdled women, until Cassandra, semblance of golden

Aphrodite, went up to Pergamus, and descried her father standing in the chariot, and the herald, the proclaimer of the city; and she saw the other lying upon his bier in the mule-waggon; and she shrieked out, and called through all the town—

*Book  
XXIV  
700—732*

“Come hither, Trojan men and Trojan women, and look on Hector; come, if ever in his lifetime ye rejoiced when he returned from the battle, the sunshine of the city and the people.”

She said, and not any Trojan man nor any Trojan woman remained within the city; for grief insufferable pricked them all; and they met the bringers of the dead hard by the gates. And before the rest his wife and his reverend mother rushed to the well-wheeled waggon, and put hand to their heads, and tore their hair for him; and the crowd stood weeping around. And all day long, until the setting sun, had they stood weeping and mourning for Hector before the gates, had not the old man spoken from the chariot—

“My people, suffer me to pass through you with the mules; ye shall have sufficiency of weeping when I have brought him to my house.”

He said, and they made way, and let the waggon pass. And when they had brought it within the stately house, they laid him in a bed of curious work; and around him stood the singers, the leaders of lamentation; they began the chant of mourning, and the women wailed in cadence; and the leader of their wailing was white-armed Andromache, who held between her hands the head of red-handed Hector.

“Husband, thou diest young, and leavest me a widow in thy house; and our child is but an infant, the child of our unhappiness; nor do I hope that he will reach to manhood; for before that this city will be utterly spoiled; since thou art gone, her tutelary, who didst defend her, and protect her wives and her little children; but soon they will be carried away in the hollow ships, and I among them; and thou, my

Book  
XXIV  
733—769

child, perhaps wilt go with me, and **learn to ply some** becoming task, the drudge and bondslave of a brutal master; or haply some Achæan will catch thee **by the arm**, and fling thee from the wall, a grisly death, some **angry man**, whose brother Hector hath slain, or his father, or **his son**,—for very many Achæans have bitten the infinite soil **beneath the hand** of Hector; thy father was not soft-handed **in the raging battle**. Because of all this, Hector, do the people **mourn** for thee throughout the city, and thy parents sit in **grief and desolation**; but most of sorrow thou bequeath'st to **me**; **thou** heldest not out any hand to me from thy bed of death, **nor spake** any comfortable word, which I might remember, **while I weep** for thee night and day."

So spake she weeping, and the women wailed **again**; and Hecabe then began the loud lament—

"Hector, thou best beloved of all my sons, **while yet thou** livedst, thou wert dear to the gods; and they have been **mindful** of thee in the fate of death; for my other sons, **whom he** took prisoner, fleet-foot Achilles would sell away, beyond the never-wearied sea, to Samos, or Imbros, or Lemnos, **land of smoke**; and when he had taken thy life with the **long edge**, he dragged thee, day by day, about the tomb of his friend, Patroclus, whom thou slewest; but he brought him not **back again**: and now thou liest dewy-fresh before me, like one new slain, as if Apollo of the silver bow had visited thee with his **gentle arrows**."

So spake she weeping, and the endless wail rose again; and after her Helen lifted up her voice—

"Hector, thou dearest of my Trojan brothers, thy brother is my husband, Alexander of mien divine, who brought me hither; would I had died the sooner! and now the twentieth year is come about, since I came away, and left the land of my fathers; but never have I heard from thee word of reproach, or of discourtesy; rather, if any had spoken harshly to me, a brother, or a husband's sister, or a brother's wife, or the queen

my mother,—for the king is ever tender as a father,—thou woudest have won them with soft speech, and kept them from me, with thy forbearance, and thy gracious words; wherefore I weep for thee, with breaking heart, and for myself unhappy; for now I have no longer any in broad Troyland who will be kind to me, or pity me; but I am become an abhorrence.”

So spake she weeping; and the innumerable concourse wailed. And aged Priam spake among the people—

“Go now, ye Trojans, and fetch me wood to the city; and fear not any hidden ambush of the Argives; for Achilles promised me, when he sent me from the black ships, that he would make no battle until the twelfth morning come.”

He said, and they yoked mules and oxen beneath the wains, and assembled before the city. Nine days they brought in wood abundantly; but when the Dawn, that is the lamp of men, returned the tenth time, they brought out gallant Hector, weeping sore, and laid him on the summit of the pile, and put to the fire.

And when the rathe and rosy-fingered Dawn appeared, the people assembled about the pyre of famous Hector. First they put out the blaze with sparkling wine, where yet the fire prevailed; and then his brothers and his friends gathered together the white bones, weeping; and the big tear trickled down their cheeks; and they took them, and put them in a box of gold, and wrapped it about in folds of purple, and laid it in a hollow grave, and made a pavement above of broad close-fitted stones; and they heaped up a mound, and posted watchers all about, lest the well-greaved Achæans should fall upon them before they were done; and when they had heaped up the mound they went their way. And they assembled together, and made magnificent banquet in the hall of the king, of Priam heavenly-bred.

Such was the burial of Hector, master of horses.

*Printed by R. & R. CLARK, Edinburgh*





